THE LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.

UTOPIAN EDITION

THE LIBRARY *of* POETRY AND SONG

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

REVISED AND ENLARGED WITH RECENT AUTHORS AND A DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
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1925

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PREFACE

The name of this work, "Library," implies exactly its scope and function. That it is a single small unit instead of countless volumes does not impair in the slightest the underlying idea that it is a "library" of poetry. Such a book might serve as a book of reference: to identify a fugitive line; to verify an uncertain phrase; to discover a suitable quotation; to complete a familiar item; to place promptly and accurately any poetry that occupies a permanent nook in English literature, from the time of Chaucer to to-day.

Such a book might serve as a comprehensive exhibit of poetic literature. The history, growth, and condition of poetry from decade to decade. It is like a panorama —vast in size, intimate in detail—of the poetic thoughts and feelings of modern mankind. It reveals the changes in style; the vanity of taste; all the nuances of the harmony in men's thoughts.

Above all such a book might serve as a companion at the will of its possessor, for every mood. Poetry in the rôle of companionship is serving its noblest purpose. It is the joy of reading aloud to your children, to see them respond to the beautiful simplicity of rhyme. It is the solace of loneliness. It is the culture of the home. It is thought and fancy and imagination.

The original editor of this work was William Cullen Bryant, himself one of the illustrious company of poets. He brought to the task his great knowledge, broad sympathies, and skill as the editor of a great metropolitan newspaper. As Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" grew, as the folios mounted into the hundreds, it was found that the actual achievement surpassed the conception. The book promptly assumed its place as one of the most important and popular books of its day. This is the solid foundation of the present work.

It is now over two score years since Bryant's death. Yet the poetry that he skillfully collected and classified is immortal; so in this work all the original assemblage has been retained. With the increasing years new poets have flourished. The world's treasury of poetry and song has acquired additional stores. Therefore, in issuing anew "The Library," it has been augmented and enlarged by a supplement of modern verse and song.

In its present form, this "Library" is believed to be one of the most complete of all the anthologies. But despite its almost immeasurable scope every item is instantly available, and your ready use of the book is assured by the different classifications and indices.

Garden City, N. Y., 1925

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The Poet.

Thou who wouldst wear the name
Of Poet midst thy brethren of mankind,
And clothe, in words of flame,
Thoughts that shall live within the general mind,
Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
The pastime of a drowsy summer-day.

But gather all thy Powers,
And wreak them on the verse that thou dost weave;
And, in thy lovely hours,
At silent morning or at wakeful eve,
While the warm current tingles through thy veins,
Set forth the burning words in fluent strains.

No smooth array of phrase,
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,
Which the cold rhymer lays
Upon the page with languid industry,
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,
Or fill, with sudden tears, the eyes that read.

The secret wouldst thou know
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will,
Let thine eyes overflow;
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
Seize the great thought ere yet its power be past,
And bind in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then, should thy verse appear
Halting and harsh and all unaptly wrought,
Touch the crude line with fear,
Save in the moment of impassioned thought;
Then summon back the original glow and mood
The strain with rapture that with fire was poured.

Yet let no empty gust
Of passion find an utterance in thy lay;
A blast that whirls the dust
Along the howling street and dies away;
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,
Like currents journeying through the windless deep.

MR. BRYANT'S LIBRARY AT CEDARMERE.

Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

BRYANT

From "The Dead Master"

. . . .

To the last hour of his long, honored life,
He never faltered in his love of Nature.
Recluse with men, her dear society,
Welcome at all times, savored of content,
Brightened his happy moments, and consoled
His hours of gloom. . . .
Go where he would, he was not solitary,
Flowers nodded gayly to him, wayside brooks
Slipped by him laughingly, while the emulous birds
Showered lyric raptures that provoked his own.
The winds were his companions on the hills—
The clouds and thunders—and the glorious Sun,
Whose bright beneficence sustains the world,
A visible symbol of the Omnipotent,
Whom not to worship were to be more blind
Than those of old who worshiped stocks and stones.
Who loves and lives with Nature tolerates
Baseness in nothing; high and solemn thoughts
Are his, clean deeds and honorable life.
If he be poet, as our Master was,
His song will be a mighty argument,
Heroic in its structure to support
The weight of the world forever! All great things
Are native to it, as the Sun to Heaven.
Such was thy song, O Master! and such fame
As only the kings of thought receive, is thine;
Be happy with it in thy larger life
Where Time is not, and the sad word—Farewell!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Publishers: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

Seek thou in living lays
To limn the beauty of the earth and sky?
Before thine inner gaze
Let all that beauty in clear vision lie?
Look on it with exceeding love and write
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

Of tempests would'st thou sing,
Or tell of battles, make thyself a part
Of the great tumult; cling
To the tossed wreck with terror in thy heart;
Scale, with the assaulting host, the ramparts' height,
And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shalt thou frame a lay
Which haply may endure from age to age;
And they who read shall say:
"What witching hangs upon this poet's page!
"What art is his the written spells to find
"That sway, from mood to mood, the willing mind!"

William Cullen Bryant.

Copied, Dec^r. 1875.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,—
The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

Personal Talk.

VITAL VERSE OF THE NEW ERA

Poet's Preface to

THE LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG

[NOTE—These prefatory pages are for reading rather than reference and are not cited in either the Index of Authors, Titles, First Lines, or Quotations.]

Go, little wonder-song,
  Into the world of men!
Fill every heart with joy the whole year long,
  And then come back again.

Ring over all the world,
  In country, town and mart;
Inspire each soul that now is downward hurled,
  To rise and do his part.

Encourage those who fall
  On battlefields of life
To rise again, at Duty's bugle-call,
  And conquer in the strife:

WILLIAM JAMES PRICE.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

VITAL VERSE OF THE NEW ERA.

WHO DOES NOT LOVE TRUE POETRY

Who does not love true poetry,
He lacks a bosom friend
  To walk with him
  And talk with him,
And all his steps attend.

Who does not love true poetry—
Its rhythmic throb and swing
  The treat of it
  The sweet of it,
Along the paths of Spring:

Its joyous lilting melody
In every passing breeze,
  The deep of it,
  The sweep of it,
Through hours of toil or ease;

Its grandeur and sublimity—
Its majesty and might—
  The feel of it,
  The peal of it,
Through all the lonely night;

Its tenderness and soothing touch;
Like balm on evening air,
  That feelingly
  And healingly
Cures all the hurts of care:

Who does not love true poetry
Of sea and sky and sod—
  The height of it
  The might of it—
He has not known his God.

HENRY CLAY HALL.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

DEAD AVIATOR

FOR A. H.

It was a sea uncharted that you sailed,
Oh, Mariner, borne by your winged barque
Beyond far ports, where winds sirens wailed,
  Past the flight of the lark.

It was a field of sunlight and of air,
Oh, rider, that your magic steed roamed over,—
Where clouds were left like dust along the glare,
  And the stars were like clover.

It was a land of nothingness and space,
Where, Conquerer, you entered and unfurled
An earthly ensign in a pathless place
  Beyond the certain world.

It was a stairway that the foot of Man
Had never through the ages long ascended—
But toward the sun, oh, Child, you laughed and ran,
  Until your playtime ended.

It was a tryst you went unto, oh, Lover!
With Death, your Bride,—who prays you fare no more
From her small house . . . and gives you grass for cover
  . . . And bars a silent door.

ZOE AKINS.

Publisher: Mitchell Kennerley
From Current Literature, *1912.*

A LINE O' CHEER

The Gardener

Let Trouble Makers trouble make,
And fill the land with qualm and quake,
For me, who deem our whirling earth
A garden-spot of glorious worth,
Committed to our care that we
May make it yield more fruitfully,
I'll turn my back on raucous stir
And like a faithful Gardener
Do what I can in my small space
To bring forth flowers full of grace.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

ICARUS

FRANK PLANT M'CREERY

United States Air Service, 1918.

O Icarus, incarnate soul of flight,
Insatiate of swiftness and of height,
Fit comrade of the lark whose heart of fire
Springs up ecstatic in a wild desire
To quench the sun with song! To thee the sky
Was home, the winds that laugh so sweet on high
Gave eager welcome to thy kindred soul
And thou, as Heaven itself had been thy goal,
Up, up, and up in joyous fearlessness
Wast wont to circle. Who can ever guess
What blithe companionship with voiceless space
Was thine in that free solitary race—
What jocund converse with the sun by day
And with the stars upon the milky way
When thou wouldst seek for stardust at its source
And fragrant night was cold about thy course?
Flying itself was very life to thee,
So dear that nothing but eternity
Could tempt thee from it. Now thy flight is o'er.
The summer sky shall never see thee more
After that day when from a cloudy rift
Thou divedst down to soar again more swift
Than ever man has flown, in Heaven's light
To satiate thy soul with perfect height,
O Icarus—thou disembodied flight!

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER.

From "Spires and Poplars," *Yale University Press, by kind permission of the Author and the Publishers.*

A TOAST TO POETS

To you alone our shivering souls confess,
Since you the inexpressible express.
Magi!—whose wizardries
Shake star-dust in our eyes—
For all Life's hurts and hazards ye have lent
Ointment and alabaster. Rest content!

LAURA SIMMONS.

From Harper's Magazine, *March, 1924.*

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH LIFE

I have a rendezvous with Life
In days I hope will come
Ere youth has sped and strength of mind,
Ere voices sweet grow dumb;
I have a rendezvous with Life
When Spring's first heralds hum.

It may be I shall greet her soon,
Shall riot at her behest,
It may be I shall seek in vain
The peace of her downy breast.
Yet I would keep this rendezvous,
And deem all hardships sweet,
If at the end of the long white road
There Life and I shall meet.

Sure, some will cry it better far
To crown their days in sleep,
Than face the wind, the road, and rain,
To heed the calling deep.
Though wet, nor blow, nor space I fear,
Yet fear I deeply, too,
Lest Death shall greet and claim me ere
I keep Life's rendezvous.

COUNTÉE P. CULLEN.

This poem won the award of the Federated Women's Clubs and the Witten Bynner Prize for under-graduate poetry.

GENESIS

Out of the silence song;
Out of the bud, a rose;
Out of the rose, the scent
The wood-wind blows.

Out of the years a faith;
Out of life's travail truth;
Out of the heart, the charm
Of ageless youth.

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

From The Independent, *1912.*

THE RED CROSS

Wherever war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
  There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
  Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
  The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
  What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
  And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
  Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaller Knights I bore
  The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw Solferino's camp
  The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
  Of pain afar;
I am you, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
  Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
  Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
  Of war's red line.

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.

From American Red Cross.

THE LINCOLN CIRCUIT

In Springfield, where his ashes lie,
A granite column rises high;
To Springfield, year on year, there wends
A caravan, that never ends.
Of pilgrims, eager, come to pay
Their homage to his sacred clay;
And yet methinks the true estate
Of Lincoln, humble, simple, great,
Is better sensed in village street,
Where once he loved to walk and greet
In heartiness his fellows all,
In mart, in courthouse, tavern hall.
Methinks his spirit lingers where
He lived and wrought. No sepulcher
Of stately grandeur, cold and dim,
Can hold the human heart of him.

The little towns, the county seats,
With dreaming squares and idling streets,
Plain homes of plainer pioneers,
Unsung, yet hallowed through the years
Because in distant times they saw
Him come and go to practise law,
Tell homely tales, crack homely jokes
And neighbor with the common folks—
The little towns, the country roads,
The woods, the prairies, the abodes
Of humble men where malice fails
And charity for all avails—
These are the shrines that still enfold
The heart of Lincoln as of old,
Whose living legend runneth thus:
We loved him; he was one of us.

E. O. Laughlin.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

THE HYMN OF ARMAGEDDON

Apocalyptic roll out of the East:
The day of judgment is at hand and we shall slay the Beast.
What are the seven heads of him—the Beast that shall be slain?
Sullivan, Taggart, Barnes, Penrose, Murphy, Crane.
Into what cities leads his trail in venom steeped and gore?
Ask Frisco, ask Chicago, mark New York and Baltimore.
Where shall we wage the battle, for whom unsheathe the sword?
We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

Tho hell spit forth its snarling host we shall not flinch nor quail,
For in the last great skirmish God's own truth must prevail.
Have they not seen the writing that flames upon the wall,
Of how the house is built of sand, and how their pride must fall?
The cough of little lads that sweat where never sun sheds light,
The sob of starving children, and their mothers in the night;
Who stand at Armageddon and who battle for the Lord!

God's soldiers from the West are we, from North, and East and South,
The seed of them who flung the tea into the harbor's mouth,
And those who fought where Grant fought and those who fought with Lee,
And those who under alien stars first dreamed of liberty.
Not those of little faith whose speech is soft, whose ways are dark,
Nor those upon whose forehead the Beast has set his mark.
Out of the hand of justice we snatch her faltering sword;
We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

The sternest militant of God whose trumpet in the fray
Has cleft the city into three shall lead us on this day.
The holy strength that David had in his, the faith that saves,
For he shall free the toilers as Abe Lincoln freed the slaves.
And he shall rouse the lukewarm and those whose eyes are dim,
The hope of twenty centuries has found a voice in him.
Because the Beast shall froth with wrath and perish by his sword.
He leads at Armageddon the legions of the Lord!

For he shall move the mountains that groan with ancient sham,
And mete with equal measure to the lion and the lamb.
And he shall wipe away the tears that burn on woman's cheek,
For in the nation's council, hence the mothers, too, shall speak.
Through him the rose of peace shall blow from the red rose of strife,
America shall write his name into the Book of Life.
And when at Armageddon we battle with the sword
Shall rise the mystic commonwealth, the City of the Lord.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

From Current Literature, *1912.*

WOODROW WILSON

He gave his life for those he loved
The people of the commonwealth;
He gave his strength, he gave his health;
He gave his life for those he loved.

He pled that freedom might obtain
Throughout the land; he strove to raise
The burden and the length of days,
And bring a better hope again.

He faced the rising storm of war,
And firmly held the Ship of State,
Until his purpose consummate
One people welded, near and far.

He drove a despot from his throne,
And called a nation to new birth;
For brotherhood of man on earth,
He stood and fought, and fought alone.

His mind was keen as burnished steel,
Like molten iron his anger flamed,
And burned the traitor who profaned
His love for gain, and stood revealed.

And in the secrets of his heart,
Like flowers which bloom in forest glen,
He was the most beloved of men
To those who, like him, dwelt apart.

* * * * * *

Nor life, nor death, was aught to him;
His splendid purpose stood serene,
Until he gained the heights supreme
With prophet and with seraphim.

He held the faith; the path he trod
Was rough and thorny, yet he fought
Like one by destiny besought,
And kept his covenant with God.

EDWARD PARKER DAVIS.

From Literary Digest.

LAMENT OF THE PLAYERS

Our friend has gone—the one who sat in front
And smiled at us, and gave us heart of cheer
The while his own great heart bore full the brunt
Of all the torment of each passing year.

We see him now, his face, so troubled, stern,
All marked with cares that pierce the souls of men,
And then—a wit, a singer or a fool would turn
The storm to smiles, the man to boy again.

Through all the years when war so took its toll
That strength was sapped, the sharp eyes weary grew,
Steadfast to purpose, courage in the soul,
Ideals unaccomplished—these he knew.
He loved us well—that love our hearts' great balm.
And hallowed be the place where once he sat.
We helped at times to give him joy and calm
. . . Thank God for that!

ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

From the New York Star.

THE WARRIOR PASSES

In S Street trod the fantom guard—
The men of Argonne—men of Aisne—
Who battled well and battled hard
And, sorely wounded, died in vain.
Forgotten dead were on parade—
A mangled crew, if men would know—
But still with faces undismayed,
They marched with majesty and, lo,

On S Street to the rendezvous—
The darkened house—they came at last:
The sergeant silently withdrew—
The lipless bugler shrilled a blast;
The President! The gallant call
Startled the shadows with its flame,
And from the doorway, gaunt and tall,
The President—the Chieftain came!

HUBERT KELLEY.

From Kansas City Journal-Post.

A MAN

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The spiteful will slander, the timid will clamor,
The sordid will barter, the crafty will plan;
But thanks be to God! that the strokes of his hammer
On Destiny's anvil have made us a Man!

One man who was faithful whatever assailed us,
Whose arm we found ready, whose heart we proved just;
A man with a vision, who never has failed us,
The man we have tested, the man whom we trust.

When others could falter, faint-hearted and hollow,
He caught up our banner, he rallied our might;
And glad were the hearts of young men to follow
The leader who laughed in the heat of the fight.

We called him to aid us when evil assailed us,
And still as our champion, still in the van
He battles, the Captain who never yet failed us,
Clear-sighted, true-hearted. Thank God for a Man.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

From New York Evening Mail, *1912.*

TO ROBERT BROWNING

To tell the truth about you, Robert Browning,
I bring no wreath of laurel to your crowning
Save this: that no one who has loved can doubt you, Robert Browning.
An amateur of melody and hue,
Of marble outline and of Italy,
Of heresies and individuals
And every eccentricity of truth:
And yet an Englishman, a healthy brute
Loving old England, thrushes and the dawn;
A scholar loving careful gentlemen;
A man of fashion loving the universe;
A connoisseur loving dead artists' lives,
Their names, their labors and their enemies;
A poet loving all the ways of words;
A human being giving love as love,
Denying death and proving happiness.

WITTEN BYNNER.

From Boston Transcript, *1912.*

THE VACANT LOT

They're going to build a flathouse on the lot next door to me;
And Roger Jones, the janitor's boy, is mad as he can be.
That lot was like a tropic isle, with weeds and rubbish fair,
The rusty cans and coffee pots, that looked like Roger's hair.

'Twas oft we strolled among the weeds, we were in love, you see.
And Roger Jones was going to build a bungalow for me.

We used to rest upon a rock just where the weeds were tall;
We were engaged, I think, until the builders spoiled it all.

But now they've ruined Roger's plans, they've dug up all the lot;
With all the brick and mortar round, you'd never know the spot.

They came with carts and horses; tore our wilderness apart;
No wonder Roger Jones was wild; it nearly broke my heart.

We could have done some wondrous things if time were not so slow;
The weeds, they might have grown to trees, fit for a bungalow.

With rusty cans and broken glass, we'd planned a home so nice:
But they dumped their brick and mortar in our little paradise.

They dumped their brick and mortar 'mid the smoky lakes of lime,
Yet we won't forget, 'twas Eden—Eden, once upon a time.

Eden, where we dreamed supremely—rusty can and coffee pot;
Eden, with the weeds and rubbish, in a vacant city lot.

And now, we're simply waiting, oh, that janitor's boy and me,
Until the janitor's boy grows up and finds himself quite free

To just discover areas where builders never go,
Where we may live forever in a little bungalow.

NATHALIA CRANE
11 years old.

Publisher: Thomas Seltzer, New York.

SLAVES

No puppet master pulls the strings on high,
  Portioning our parts, the tinsel and the paint:
A twisted nerve, a ganglion gone awry,
  Predestinates the sinner and the saint.

Each, held more firmly than by hempen band,
  Slave of his entrails, struts across the scene:
The malnutrition of some obscure gland
  Makes him a Ripper or the Nazarene.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

From "The Three Sphinxes and Other Poems."

THE INCENDIARY SEX

Helen out of Helas came,
Finding home-life slightly slow,
Towered Troy to set aflame:
Priam's whiskers to and fro
Waved and withered in the glow
Like a bunch of spinach greens;
Priam murmured, sad and low,
"*Arson is the sport of Queens.*"

Nero's spouse, the flighty dame,
Was a fire fanatic, so—
Knowing *he* would get the blame—
Touched off Rome and let 'er blow!
Nero said, "*She loves a show,*
Dotes on pyrotechnic scenes,
Sparkles please her, don't you know!
Arson is the sport of Queens."

Cleopatra loathed a tame
Tepid time or bashful beau—
Cats call her a burning shame—
Kate of Russia's wrath, I trow
Scorched the circumjacent snow;
Many a princess in her teens
Thought a torch was made to throw;
Arson is the sport of Queens.

Modern Woman, should you grow
Peeved and burn our old machines
Civic, moral—let 'em go:
Arson is the sport of Queens!

DON MARQUIS.

From "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," *published by D. Appleton & Company.*

AWAY

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To the simple things; where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pities as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just—away!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Afterwhiles" by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1887, 1914.

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HOME FOLKS

Oh, Riley, with your home folks you've won my heart entire;
I wander with them by the creek, I join them at the fire.

They do not shame my shyness with any worldly show—
The plain folks, the kind folks that you have made me know.

I met them and spoke them when I was but a boy,
But never saw the pure gold, only the alloy.

For I was keen to take the road that led towards the Town,
Beyond the range of purple hills to where the sky came down.

There were the great folk, the powerful, the wise;
We were but the toiling hands, they the watchful eyes.

The Town's ways were strange ways, uncivil and unkind;
Grace they had but not the grace of them I left behind.

For pride I bide among them and make their ways my own;
And in their work am one of them, but in my heart—alone.

House have I and wife have I and babes to bear my name;
I think it like my father's house, but it is not the same.

A hunger, deep, unsatisfied, is urging me to roam—
The long road, the lost road, the end of which is Home.

The old home, the old scenes—I long for them in vain:
The dear hearts, the true hearts I shall not meet again.

But sometimes, with your folks, I glimpse the olden glow,
And love them as I never knew I loved them long ago.

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From National Magazine.

THE TESTING

When in the dim beginning of the years,
God mixed in man the raptures and the tears
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
He said, "Behold! Yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit to make sure
That he can dare the vision and endure.

"I will withdraw my face,
Veil me in shadow for a certain space,
And leave behind only a broken clue,
A crevice where the glory glimmers through,
Some whisper from the sky,
Some footprint in the road to track me by.

"I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the no and yes,
Leave him unresting till he rests in me,
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free—
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
With all in life to win or all to lose."

EDWIN MARKHAM.

From The Homiletic Review (*New York*).

WHEN THERE IS MUSIC

Whenever there is Music, it is you
Who came between me and the strings:
The cloudy portals part to let you through,
Troubled and strange with long rememberings.
Your nearness gathers ghostwise down the room,
And through the pleading violins they play,
There drifts the dim and delicate perfume
That once was you, come dreamily astray.

Behind what thin and shadowy doors you wait
That such frail things as these should set you free!
When all my need, like armies at a gate,
Would storm in vain to bring you back to me;
When in this hush of strings you draw more near
Than any sound of music that I hear.

DAVID MORTON.

From The Century Magazine, *July, 1924.*

SOURCE

The pyramids; those domes and spires and towers;
All massive ruins, and fragile things—
Phœnician glass, Etruscan rare-wrought rings;
Frescoes embalming Death's and Beauty's powers;
These myriad wheels that make a jest of time
By multiplying hands and shaming feet;
Steel steeds below, winged men above, more fleet
Than aught but light or sound; steel frames that climb
To touch the stars with trade; steel whales afloat
With thousands in their maws,—for every whim
Of sated sense an instant antidote—
Mammoth unleashed and mite to mote refined
Are dust of thought: "All matter is dead mind."

LEE MITCHELL HODGES.

From The Villager, *Katonah, N. Y.*

THE SOUL SPEAKS

'Here is Honor, the dying knight,
And here is Truth, the snuffed-out light,
And here is Faith, the broken staff,
And here is Knowledge, the throttled laugh,
And there are Fame, the lost surprise,
Virtue, the uncontested prize,
And Sacrifice, the suicide,
And here the wilted flower, Pride.
Under the crust of things that die
Living, unfathomed, here am I."

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER.

From The Step Ladder (*Chicago*).

EPITAPH FOR A POET

Here lies a spendthrift who believed
That only those who spend may keep;
Who scattered seeds, yet never grieved
Because a stranger came to reap:

A failure who might well have risen,
Yet, ragged, sang exultantly
That all success is but a prison,
And only those who fail are free:

Who took what little life had given,
And watched it blaze, and watched it die;
Who could not see a distant heaven
Because of dazzling nearer sky:

Who never flinched till earth had taken
The most of him back home again,
And the last silences were shaken
By songs too lovely for his pen.

DUBOSE HEYWARD.

From The Bookman.

BYRON

(*On the One Hundredth Anniversary of His Death.*)

Byron, the beautiful, the much maligned,
Ill-starred in ancestry, birth and upbringing,
In youthful love, in poesy's earliest winging,
Crippled, misunderstood, what could men find
In the pale brow, a citadel of mind,

To waken dark mistrust or slander stinging?
Dreamer of dreams, in tears you learned your singing,
In grief you live, in war your days declined.
Dead, though in youth! A heart that loved so keenly
And yet so widely met Hate's cruel frown!
Less gallant souls would have surrendered meanly,
Stifled their cries, and fawned upon the Town.
But your proud spirit rose from strife serenely
And passed, through storied Greece, to calm Renown.

CLYDE WALTON HILL.

Published first in The Dallas News.

FELLOWSHIP OF BOOKS

I care not who the man may be,
Nor how his tasks may fret him,
Nor where he fares, nor how his cares
And troubles may beset him
If books have won the love of him,
Whatever fortune hands him,
He'll always own, when he's alone,
A friend who understands him.

Though other friends may come and go,
And some may stoop to treason,
His books remain, through loss or gain,
And season after season
The faithful friends for every mood,
His joy and sorrow sharing,
For old time's sake, they'll lighter make
The burdens he is bearing.

Oh, he has counsel at his side,
And wisdom for his duty,
And laughter gay for hours of play,
And tenderness and beauty,
And fellowship divinely rare,
True friends who never doubt him,
Unchanging love, and God above,
Who keeps good books about him.

EDGAR ALBERT GUEST.

By permission of Mr. Guest's publishers, the Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE THREE ARTS

Fame comes to the artist who paints all alone;
To author who writes in his den.
But we of the stage, when our sketches are shown,
Have used neither brushes nor pen.

The pictures we paint are the largest of all;
The stories we tell are most true.
We carve them in life, when we answer their call.
Ourselves we give freely to you.

But after the last final curtain is drawn,
No tangible art do we give.
Enriching the world with no work of renown,
In memory only we live.

And soon will this tribute fade quickly away,
Though homage for years has been shown.
Achievements forgotten, our names nought convey;
We join the great host—the unknown.

MINERVA FLORENCE SWIGERT.

The Interlude, *Baltimore, Md.*

SPRING IN FLORIDA

There's a mockin' bird a-singin' in a tall pine tree,
An' the meadow larks are chirpin' jus' as merry as can be;
For the mornin' sun is spillin' loads of powdered yellow gold,
An' the birds are full of music—all their little throats will hold.
They swing among the titi an' lift their souls and sing.
'Cause there's nothin' half so lovely as Florida—in Spring.

You can see the jasmine bloomin' and the vi'lets in the grass,
You can smell the honeysuckle in the hammocks as you pass;
An' the Bay is always smilin'—so is every livin' thing,
An' a callin' you, just callin' you in Florida—in Spring.

Night time comes a-stealin' with the tide a-creepin' slow,
All the gold of early mornin' turnin' soft like to a glow,
An' the mockin' bird is sleepin', but to-morrow he will sing,
'Cause the e's nothin' half so lovely as Florida—in Spring.

C. B. ROTH.

From The Sunshine Magazine.

WHAT WE NEED

We were settin' there an' smokin' of our pipes discussin' things.
Like licker, votes for wimmin, an' the totterin' thrones o' Kings,
When he up an' strokes his whiskers with his hand an' says t' me:
"Changin' laws an' legislatures ain't, as fur as I can see,
Goin' to make this world much better, unless somehow we can
Find a way to make a better an' a finer sort o' man.

"The trouble ain't with statutes or with systems—not at all;
It's with humans jest like we are an' their petty ways an' small.
We could stop our writin' law-books an' our regulating rules
If a better sort of manhood was the product of our schools.
For the things we air needin' ain't no writin' from a pen
Or bigger guns to shoot with, but a bigger type of men.

"I reckon all these problems are jest ornery like the weeds.
They grow in soil that oughta nourish only decent deeds,
An' they waste our time an' fret us when, if we were thinkin' straight
An' livin' right, they wouldn't be so terrible an' great.
A good horse needs no snaffle, an' a good man, I opine,
Doesn't need a law to check him or to force him into line.

"If we ever start in teachin' to our children, year by year,
How to live with one another, there'll be less o' trouble here.
If we'd teach 'em how to neighbor an' to walk in honor's ways,
We could settle every problem which the mind o' man can raise.
What we're needin' isn't systems or some regulatin' plan,
But a bigger an' a finer an' a truer type o' man."

EDGAR ALBERT GUEST.

By permission of Mr. Guest's publishers, The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago.

INDIA

"For East is East, and West is West
And never the twain shall meet."—*Kipling.*
[*Others see a spiritual fusion through the non-resistance of Ghandi and the personality and poetry of Tagore.*]

In this laborious world of Thine, tumultuous with toil and struggle,
Among hurrying crowds, shall I stand before Thee, face to face!
And when my work is done in this world, O King of Kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before Thee, face to face.

* * * * * *

This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord,—
Give me the strength never to disown the poor
Or bend my knees before insolent might. . . .
Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high,
Where knowledge is free,
Where the world has not been broken up by narrow domestic walls,
Where words come out the depth of truth,
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way in the dreary desert sand of dead habit,
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake!

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.
Nobel Prize Laureate, 1916.

From "India's Nation Builders"—*Brentano's.*

So I be written in the Book of Love
I do not care about that book above;
Erase my name, or write it as you will,
So I be written in the Book of Love.

From Omar Khayyam.

CLOUDS

Elyphants an' chariots a-ridin' in th' sky,
An' you an' me a-sittin' an' a-watchin' of 'em ride,
Watchin' of a camel an' a lion flittin' by—
Ghostly sort o' camel in a ghostly sort o' glide,
Glidin' out o' Noah's ark that's emptyin' its load
Yonder in th' heavens where th' golden sunbeams play,
Dancin' an' a-skippin' down a shinin' silver road,
An' you an' me a-watchin' of 'em on a summer day.

Here's a ship a-floatin' in a dazzlin' sea o' white,
Here's a head o' Santy Claus, an' here's a sojer hat;
Here's a funny rooster in a funny sort o' flight;
Here's a dog a-chasin' of a spooky witch's cat.
Breeze is pickin' up a bit. There goes ol' Noah's ark
Scuddin' off in pieces an' a-spoilin' of our fun.
Seems as though th' western sky is gettin' sort o' dark—
I jes' felt a drop o' rain! Come on, we better run!

CHARLES R. ANGELL.

From Harper's Magazine, *March, 1924.*

VOYAGE

FOR LEYLAND HUCKFIELD

I do not know what death may bring
  To compensate or woo me;
What melodies the winds will sing
  That blow their cleanness through me;
What unimagined shores may rise
  Beyond the gusty deep,
When I shall sail with eager eyes
  Across the tides of sleep.

But whether there shall gleam a light
  Across the waters stormy,
Somewhere beyond the crouching night
  You wait, who went before me;
And I shall speed with bellied sail
  By winds of blackness blown,
Alert to catch your eager hail,
  Who found the way alone.

VINCENT STARRETT.

From The Midland.

BUM

He's a little dog, with a stubby tail, and a moth-eaten coat of tan,
  And his legs are short, of the wabbly sort:
I doubt if they ever ran;
And he howls at night, while in broad daylight he sleeps like a bloomin' log,
And he likes the food of the gutter breed; he's a most irregular dog.

I call him Bum, and in total sum he's all that his name implies,
For he's just a tramp with a highway stamp that culture cannot disguise;
And his friends, I've found, in the streets abound, be they urchins or dogs
    or men;
  Yet he sticks to me with a fiendish glee.
    It is truly beyond my ken.

I talk to him when I'm lonesome-like, and I'm sure that he understands
When he looks at me so attentively and gently licks my hands:
Then he rubs his nose on my tailored clothes, but I never say nought thereat,
For the good Lord knows I can buy more clothes, but never a friend like that!

W. DAYTON WEDGEFARTH.

Publisher: Sully & Kleinteich Co., New York.

THE SPHINX

Within a sultry desert land,
  Where neither flowers nor shadows are,
Hid to the breast in shifting sand
  There stands an image secular.

Where Pharaoh's sceptre gave the laws,
  The thing that held me captive rests,
Strange compound of a panther's claws
  And of a woman's rounded breasts.

O strange beyond the strangest fears
  And hopes and ancient questionings,
That I who am so young in years
  Have loved the oldest of all things!

O wanderer, stay where life is sweet,
  And jubilant earth is glad of May,
Disturb not with incautious feet
  The mystery of an elder day.

When we have sighed to fold our hands
  And join the Pharaohs in the tomb,
She still shall stare across the sands
  And hearken for the crack of doom!

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

From: "The Haunted House and Other Poems."

SWINBURNE

Eloquent master, thy melodious rage
  Our latter song may not aspire to reach!
  Our eyes beheld the magic of thy speech
Conjure the love-queens of a perished age,
Yea, clothe with life their spectral forms, and wage,
  When the sight stung thee, war with Heaven for each:
  Only the rolling anthem of the beach
Could break the spell and end thy vassalage.

The sea, thy true love, taught thy lyric tongue
  The mighty music of her mutiny:
Thy voice as hers the ages shall prolong,
  And, praising numbers, men shall ask of thee:
"Is it the sea that thunders in his song,
  Or is it his song reverberates in the sea?"

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

From "The Haunted House."

THE GHOST OF OSCAR WILDE

Within the graveyard of Montmartre
  Where wreath on wreath is piled,
Where Paris huddles to her breast
  Her genius like a child,
The ghost of Heinrich Heine met
  The ghost of Oscar Wilde.

The wind was howling desolate,
  The moon's dead face shone bright;
The ghost of Heinrich Heine hailed
  The sad wraith with delight:
"Is it the slow worm's slimy touch
  That makes you walk the night?

"Or rankles still the bitter jibe
  Of fool and Pharisee,
When angels wept that England's law
  Had nailed you to the Tree,
When from her brow she tore the rose
  Of golden minstrelsy?"

Then spake the ghost of Oscar Wilde
  While shrill the night hawk cried:
"Sweet singer of the race that bare
  Him of the Wounded Side,
(I loved them not on earth, but men
  Change somehow, having died).

"In Père La Chaise my head is laid,
  My coffin-bed is cool,
The mound above my grave defies
  The scorn of knave and fool,
But may God's mercy save me from
  The Psychopathic School!

"Tight though I draw my cerecloth, still
  I hear the din thereof
When with sharp knife and argument
  They pierce my soul above,
Because I drew from Shakespeare's heart
  The secret of his love. . . .

SALUTATION

Beyond the sea a land of heroes lies,
Of fairy heaths and rivers, mountains steep,
O'ergrown with vine--her memory I shall keep
Most dear, her heritage most dearly prize.
But lo, a lad I left her, and mine eyes
  Fell on the sea-girt mistress of the deep
  What time my boy's heart heard as in a sleep
The choral walls of rhythmic beauty rise.

O lyric England, thee I call mine own;
  With lyre and lute and wreath I come to thee;
  The realm is thine of song and of the sea,
And thy mouth's speech is heard from zone to zone:
  Turn not in scorn thine ivied brow from me,
Who am a suppliant kneeling at thy throne!

PRAYER

I stood upon the threshold. Musical
Reverberant footsteps ghostlike came and went,
  And my lips trembled as magnificent
Before me rose a vision of that hall
Whereof great Milton is the mighty wall,
  Shakespeare the dome with incense redolent,
  Each latter singer precious ornament,
And Holy Writ the groundwork, bearing all.
"Lord," sobbed I, "take Thy splendid gift of youth
For the one boon that I have craved so long:
Mould Thou my stammering accents and uncouth,
With awful music raise and make me strong,
A living martyr of Thy vocal truth,
A resonant column in the House of Song!"

From "The Haunted House" GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

2. SAMUEL, I. 26

God's iron finger wrote the law
  Upon an adamantine scroll
That thrilled my life with tender awe
  When first I met you soul to soul.

Thence springs the great flame heaven-lit,
  Predestined when the world began,
Whereby my heart to yours is knit
  As David's was to Jonathan.

From "The Haunted House" GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

VIGIL

I dare not slight the stranger at my door—
Threadbare of garb, and sorrowful of lot,
Lest it be Christ that stands—and goes his way
Because I, all unworthy, knew him not.

I dare not miss one flash of kindly cheer
From alien souls, in challenge glad and high;
Ah,—what if God be moving very near,
And I, so blind, so deaf, had passed him by?

LAURA SIMMONS.

From Congregationalist, *Boston.*

MAY

Help me to bear Thy spring, dear Lord; to bless
Each new, dear, well-remembered loveliness;
The silver sheen
Of fresh things, shy and green;
The fragrant lure of lilacs after rain—
The old ache, trampling in my heart again!

LAURA SIMMONS.

From the New York Sun.

A NEW YEAR PRAYER

Oh, Young New Year—Take not these things from me:
The olden faiths; the shining loyalty
Of friends, the long and searching years have proved—
The glowing hearthfires and the books I loved;
All wonted kindnesses and welcoming—
All safe, hardtrodden paths to which I cling!

Oh blithe New Year, glad with the thrill of Spring—
Leave me the ways that were my comforting!

LAURA SIMMONS.

From Life, *New York.*

BE STRONG

Be strong in faith and courage: ever true
To that still Voice which urges you along.
Press onward! There is nought can hinder you:
Be strong!

Have vision: hold the great ideal in view.
God gives man power to conquer hate and wrong.
Christ's message lives for Gentile and for Jew.

Each one of us receives at last his due:
The blind man sight, the luckless poet song.
Go forward, then; your waning strength renew;
Be strong!

WILLIAM JAMES PRICE.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

TO–DAY

To-day is here, and from the sullen skies
The sun has chased the murky clouds away.
What hopes within our seeking souls arise
To-day!

Let fruitless fears no longer tyrannize,
Nor lying doubts again your mind betray.
Go forth upon your cherished enterprise.

Before great courage coward Failure flies.
Doors open wide to them who work and pray.
Push forward! You may enter paradise
To-day!

WILLIAM JAMES PRICE.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

OPEN YOUR HEART

Open your heart to the goodness that lies
All around, of the world a part.
Find greater beauty in earth and in skies:
Open your heart!

Songs for your sadness; time for your art;
Love, truth and beauty are here for men's eyes:
Joys ne'er discovered in mint or in mart.

Love well and greatly. Time nothing denies
Those who give freely all evil to thwart.
No need of Heaven when earth's paradise:
Open your heart!

WILLIAM JAMES PRICE.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

LINCOLN

Surely upon his shoulders, gaunt and worn,
The seamless garment touched, invisibly!
Surely he came upon Gethsemane!
And was there not one single, piercing thorn
From that dark wreath of anguish, for his brow?
Within that grail of bitterness, we know
Was held one drop that he alone must drain—
While, from the crowd, the stinging jibe again
With lurking thrust that sped him to his fate;
Friend of the friendless—meek—compassionate—
Ours be the tragic loss—the aching thought:
"He dwelt amongst us, and we knew him not!"

LAURA SIMMONS.

From Life.

THE TRIMMED LAMP

Oh Heart, keep faith with Him! tho scant and poor
Thy cupboard's meagre spread; lavish the more
Thy love; thy steadfast faith; thy shining cheer—
Tenfold they shall return, more rare, more dear;
Of such as these the multitudes are fed—
The two small fishes, and the barley bread!

LAURA SIMMONS.

BLACK FROST

Go! What does it matter? Go!
What do I care?
Next year when the tulips blow,
She'll not be there.

Let the dahlias freeze and rot—
Tuberoses, too.
Should my grief appear forgot,
They'd wake it new.

Don't say garden to me again!
Let it run to weeds.
First my hurt must heal—till then
I'll plant no seeds.

MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

CARCASSONNE

They brought us yesterday to Carcassonne,
That we might see the ancient citadel,
Made out of somber granite, lying there
And looking over towards the Pyrenees,
Like some old peasant by the chimney-place,
Garbed in his frock and seeking from his pipe
A solace for the times that are no more—
A monument to age-old memories.

The great stone steps that mark the passageways
From tower to tower without a balustrade,
Relate a gruesome story. They were built
For savage men, whose hearts, so like these stones,
Were steeped in warfare and the sole desire
To kill and to possess. Each turret speaks
Not of the cheerful firesides, but of wars—
Hard, cruel wars that blast a nation's soul.

But ah, to-day the scenes around are changed!
Far down within the quaint and narrow streets,
Like cheery fireflies lighting up the night,
Are happy children of the villagers.
They skip and laugh and play about the towers,
And have no fears of enemies without—
Sly little rogues who beg us for our sous.
And is not Carcassonne more lovely now?

MARGARET TALBOTT STEVENS.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

GOD'S RIDING

By night with flogging whip He rides the breeze,
And dreadful hoofs make thunder in the hills.
The servile grasses and the tortured trees
Bow down and tremble where His trumpet shrills.

Again He rides; and when his banners
Gay flowers quicken in the trampled sod,
Earth leaps to beauty 'neath the goading sun—
The pricking rowel on the heel of God.

VINCENT STARRETT.

FAME

Whenever a man has arisen to fame,
As the centuries swiftly have sped,
The envious lads that he passed in the game
Have turned up their noses and said:
"It is hard to believe that he ever got by;
We have known the poor dumbbell for years;
A stranger could see with the half of one eye,
That there's nothing abaft of his ears.
And yet he is there with the crowd like a duck;
It beats all how some folks do have all the luck."

If you took it from Cassius you'd make up your mind
That Cæsar was simply a sap,
And that hundreds of thousands of birds of his kind
Were scattered all over the map.
And when he at last had attained high renown,
And was given great power and place,
And even was offered the emperor's crown,
Poor Cassius despaired for the race.
"We simply must slaughter him, Brutus, old kid,"
Said Cassius, and this they accordingly did.

When William the Conqueror sailed o'er the sea,
And captured the tight little isle,
"This William, pray who in the devil is he?"
The Normans observed with a smile;
"A brawler in taprooms, a laggard in fights,
A bear in a stable-yard row,
Where none of his vassals dare stand for the rights;
And look, he's the Conqueror, now!
Respected, and honored, revered and renowned;
I'll bet that guy carries ten horseshoes around!"

And even to-day when the popular cheers
Unite in a general cry,
As a sudden celebrity bravely appears
Athwart the political sky,
There always are some in the crowd who remain
Sardonic and sneering and grim,
And who say with an air of excessive disdain:
"We cannot see nothing in him!"
And who add with a jeer in their voices, "Good night!"
And perhaps they are wrong; and perhaps they are right!

JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

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THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop
On a Summer's evening we formed a merry group;
Boys and girls together, we would sing and waltz
While the "Ginnie" played the organ
On the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey and little Jimmie Crowe,
With Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough;
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a dude as light as cork,
First picked up the waltz-step
On the sidewalks of New York.

Things have changed since those times,
Some are up in "G"
Others they are wand'rers, but they all feel just like me.
They'd part with all they've got could they but once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl
On the sidewalks of New York.

East side, west side, all around the town
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down";
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rorke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

CHARLES B. LAWLOR AND JAMES W. BLAKE.

From Literary Digest, *July 19, 1924.* *Copyrighted by Pioneer Publishing Co., New York.*
Sung in honor of New York's favorite son, Gov. Alfred E. Smith, at the Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden, 1924.

TOIL AWAY

Toil away and set the stone
That shall stand when you are gone.
Ask not that another see
The meaning of your masonry.

Grind the gem and dig the well,
For what? for whom?—I can not tell.
The stone may mark a boundary line,
The well may flow, the gem may shine.

Be it wage enough for you
To shape them well and set them true.
Of the future who can tell?
Work, my friend, and so farewell.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

From The Atlantic Monthly.

TO A KATYDID

I rather like the music
  You make at night for me;
From far and near your song I hear,
  From weed and bush and tree.

The roses long have faded,
  The wild flowers in the vale
Are overthrown and widely strewn
  By every little gale.
The pleasant sea of summer
  Is more than half waycrossed,
And now you sing—not of the spring,
  But "Frost—six weeks of frost!"

I know as well as you do
  That summer's on the wane,
A shadowy brown is settling down
  On valley, hill and plain.
But I would fain forget it,
  Which I perhaps might do
But for your song, which all night long
  My window echoes through.

Six weeks and all the glamour
  Of outdoor work is lost,
Is that a thing for one to *sing?*
  "Six weeks! Six weeks to frost!"

JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

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A DESERTED FARM

One April when the harrowed fields were dark
Beside the home one set this apple-tree,
And both grew old together: men could see
The lichens gathering on roof or bark.
Others grew old as well, and all could mark
The gray hairs where the yellow used to be.
The wind arose, the loosened leaf went free,
And two there were that heard the lark no more.

GEORGE STERLING.

From The Century Magazine.

PAN ADDRESSES MODERN POETS

Sunsets, rainbows, birds and flowers
  Are the themes of which you sing.
Brooks and mountains, stars and moonlight
  In unending songs you bring.
Thus each poet in succession
  Empties to the world his soul.
But eternal repetition
  Should not be the poet's goal.

Blind and deaf to all about you,
  You forget to soar and dream.
Have you lost prophetic vision,
  Source of each poetic stream?
Men are still upon you leaning
  As they did long, long ago,
Seeking from you inspiration
  For their days of weal and woe.

There are epics in the making
  Which a Homer would create—
Wondrous tragedies enacted
  Daily here beside your gate.
Yours the task these themes heroic
  To emblaze with form sublime
For the unborn generations,
  Welded by immortal rhyme.

I would summon all you poets
  'Round Olympus' mountain-side
For a world-flight, well equipping
  Each his Pegasus to ride.
Greater vision I would give you
  As beneath the heights you throng,
And in thunder-tones command you:
  Off for universal song!

JOHN H. HORST.

From Interludes, *Baltimore.*

CRESCENT MOON

The sight, I think, is more than odd:
Outside the roadhouse kept by God,
The lounging stars, with youthful din,
Shout down the banqueting within,
And with their socialistic roar
Persuade the Landlord to the door.

The stars with mocking laughter fly
Across the prairies of the sky,
While after the vexatious gang
God hurls a silver boomerang.
I hope it will not turn and strike
A kind old Gentleman I like!

VINCENT STARRETT.

KING DOLLAR

Have you ever stopped to study
—As you strolled the busy street—
All the eager, wistful faces
Of the people whom you meet?
Have you noted that expression:
Scheming, cold and full of care,
As they passed you madly rushing:
Not a word or smile to spare?

Some with heads held high and haughty,
Others with their heads bent low;
Some self-satisfied and mighty:
Trampling over those more slow.—
Each one has a destination,
Each one's working towards a goal,
Heeding not the many dangers
They are powerless to control.

Do you know where they are going?
Do you know what they pursue
In this busy, tireless fashion
Making Life's sweet joys so few? . . .
They are working for their Master:
Every hour its Gold will bring,
So they have no time to linger:
For the Dollar is their King!

Thus they rush on Life's long journey,
Storing treasure by the way:
Blind to Love and blind to Duty,
Growing richer day by day,—
Toiling from the dawn 'til sunset:
Not a moment can they give
To the cause of helping others:
They've not even time to live!

All too soon they find King Dollar
But a cruel heartless Knave;
But a rainbow-colored bubble
Luring onward to the grave. . . .
True, he'll give you Power and Plenty,
Comfort for this life's brief space. . . .
But when this old world is fading:
Tell me, is it worth the race?

VICTOR DE KUBINYI.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky
is saffron-yellow—
As the women in the village grind the
corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each
calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern Day
is born.
Oh the white dust on the highway!
Oh the stenches in the byway!
Oh the clammy fog that hovers
over earth!
And at Home they're making merry
'neath the white and scarlet ber-
ry—
What part have India's exiles in
their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is
blue and staring—
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the
yoke,
And they bear One o'er the field-path,
who is past all hope or caring,
To the ghât below the curling wreaths
of smoke.
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye
bear a brother lowly—
Call on Rama—he may hear, per-
haps, your voice!
With our hymn-books and our psal-
ters we appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid "good Christian
men rejoice!"

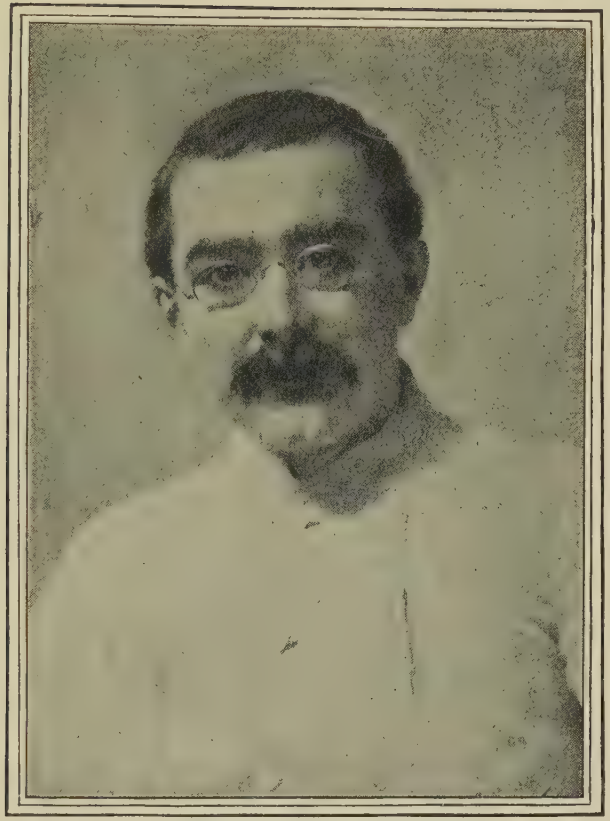
High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun
is hot above us—
As Home the Christmas Day is break-
ing wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner—
those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!

Oh the toil that knows no breaking! Oh!
the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien
Plain!
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it.
Gold was good—we hoped to hold
it,
And to-day we know the fulness of
our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the par-
rots fly together—
As the sun is sinking slowly over Home;
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled
in a lifelong tether
That drags us back howe'er so far we
roam.
Hard her service, poor her payment—
she in ancient, tattered raiment—
India, she the grim Stepmother of
our kind.
If a year of life be lent her, if her tem-
ple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look
behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the
owls begin their chorus—
As the conches from the temple scream
and bray.
With the fruitless years behind us, and
the hopeless years before us,
Let us honor, Oh my brothers, Christ-
mas Day!
Call a truce, then, to our labors—let us
feast with friends and neighbors,
And be merry as the custom of our
caste;
For if "faint and forced the laughter,"
and if sadness follow after,
We are richer by one mocking
Christmas past.

Rudyard Kipling.



Portrait by Collier. *Reproduced by courtesy of McClure's Magazine.*

RECESSIONAL.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,—
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the law,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

POETS AND POETRY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[MR BRYANT'S INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION.]

So large a collection of poems as this demands of its compiler an extensive familiarity with the poetic literature of our language, both of the early and the later time, and withal so liberal a taste as not to exclude any variety of poetic merit. At the request of the Publishers I undertook to write an Introduction to the present work, and in pursuance of this design I find that I have come into a somewhat closer personal relation with the book. In its progress it has passed entirely under my revision, and, although not absolutely responsible for the compilation of its arrangement, I have, as requested, exercised a free hand both in excluding and in adding matter according to my judgment of what was best adapted to the purposes of the enterprise. Such, however, is the wide range of English verse, and such the abundance of the materials, that a compilation of this kind must be like a bouquet gathered from the fields in June, when hundreds of flowers will be left in unvisited spots as beautiful as those which have been taken. It may happen, therefore, that many who have learned to delight in some particular poem will turn these pages, as they might those of other collections, without finding their favorite. Nor should it be matter of surprise, considering the multitude of authors from whom the compilation is made, if it be found that some are overlooked, especially the more recent, of equal merit with many whose poems appear in these pages. It may happen, also, that the compiler, in consequence of some particular association, has been sensible of a beauty and a power of awakening emotions and recalling images in certain poems which other readers will fail to perceive. It should be considered, moreover, that in poetry, as in painting, different artists have different modes of presenting their conceptions, each of which may possess its peculiar merit, yet those whose taste is formed by contemplating the productions of one class take little pleasure in any other. Crabb Robinson relates that Wordsworth once admitted to him that he did not much admire contemporary poetry, not because of its want of poetic merit, but because he had been accustomed to poetry of a different sort, and added that but for this he might have read it with pleasure. I quote from memory.

It is to be hoped that every reader of this collection, however he may have been trained, will find in the great variety of its contents something conformable to his taste.

I suppose it is not necessary to give a reason for adding another to the collections of this nature, already in print. They abound in every language, for the simple reason that there is a demand for them. German literature, prolific as it is in verse, has many of them, and some of them compiled by distinguished authors. The parlor table and the winter fireside require a book which, when one is in the humor for reading poetry, and knows not what author to take up, will supply exactly what he wants.

I have known persons who frankly said that they took no pleasure in reading poetry, and perhaps the number of those who make this admission would be greater were it not for the fear of appearing singular. But to the great mass of mankind poetry is really a delight and a refreshment. To many, perhaps to most, it is not requisite that it should be of the highest degree of merit. Nor, although it be true that the poems which are most famous and most highly prized are works of considerable length, can it be said that the pleasure they give is in any degree proportionate to the extent of their plan. It seems to me that it is only poems of a moderate length, or else portions of the greater works to which I refer, that produce the effect upon the mind and heart which make the charm of this kind of writing. The proper office of poetry, in filling the mind with delightful images and awakening the gentler emotions, is not accomplished on a first and rapid perusal, but requires that the words should be dwelt upon until they become in a certain sense our own, and are adopted as the utterance of our own minds. A collection such as this is intended to be furnishes for this purpose portions of the best English verse suited to any of the varying moods of its readers.

Such a work also, if sufficiently extensive, gives the reader an opportunity of comparing the poetic literature of one period with that of another; of noting the fluctuations of taste, and how the poetic forms which are in fashion during one age are laid aside in the next; of observing the changes which take place in our language, and the sentiments which at different periods challenge the public approbation. Specimens of the poetry of different centuries, presented in this way, show how the great stream of human thought in its poetic form eddies now to the right and now to the left, wearing away its banks first on one side and then on the other. Some author of more than common faculties and more than common boldness catches the public attention, and immediately he has a crowd of followers who form their taste on his and seek to divide with him the praise. Thus Cowley, with his undeniable genius, was the head of a numerous class who made poetry consist in far-fetched conceits, ideas oddly brought together, and quaint turns of thought. Pope, following close upon Dryden, and learning much from him, was the founder

of a school of longer duration, which found its models in Boileau and other poets of the reign of Louis XIV.,—a school in which the wit predominated over the poetry,—a school marked by striking oppositions of thought, frequent happinesses of expression, and a carefully balanced modulation,—numbers pleasing at first, but in the end fatiguing. As this school degenerated, the wit almost disappeared; but there was no new infusion of poetry in its place. When Scott gave the public the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and other poems, which certainly, considered as mere narratives, are the best we have, carrying the reader forward without weariness and with an interest which the author never allows to subside, a crowd of imitators pressed after him, the greater part of whom are no longer read. Wordsworth had, and still has, his school; the stamp of his example is visible on the writings of all the poets of the present day. Even Byron showed himself, in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, to be one of his disciples, though he fiercely resented being called so. The same poet did not disdain to learn of Scott in composing his narrative poems, such as the *Bride of Abydos* and the *Giaour*, though he could never tell a story in verse without occasional tediousness. In our day the style of writing adopted by eminent living poets is often seen reflected in the verses of their younger contemporaries,—sometimes with an effect like that of a face beheld in a tarnished mirror. Thus it is that poets are formed by their influence on one another; the greatest of them are more or less indebted for what they are to their predecessors and their contemporaries.

While speaking of these changes in the public taste, I am tempted to caution the reader against the mistake often made of estimating the merit of one poet by the too easy process of comparing him with another. The varieties of poetic excellence are as great as the varieties of beauty in flowers or in the female face. There is no poet, indeed no author in any department of literature, who can be taken as a standard in judging of others; the true standard is an ideal one, and even this is not the same in all men's minds. One delights in grace, another in strength; one in a fiery vehemence and enthusiasm on the surface, another in majestic repose and the expression of feeling too deep to be noisy; one loves simple and obvious images strikingly employed, or familiar thoughts placed in a new light; another is satisfied only with novelties of thought and expression, with uncommon illustrations and images far sought. It is certain that each of these modes of treating a subject may have its peculiar merit, and that it is absurd to require of those whose genius inclines them to one that they should adopt its opposite, or to set one down as inferior to another because he is not of the same class. As well, in looking through an astronomer's telescope at that beautiful phenomenon, a double star, in which the twin flames are one of a roseate and the other of a golden tint, might we quarrel with either of them because it is not colored like its fellow. Some of the comparisons made by critics between one poet and

another are scarcely less preposterous than would be a comparison between a river and a mountain.

The compiler of this collection has gone as far back as to the author who may properly be called the father of English poetry, and who wrote while our language was like the lion in Milton's account of the creation, when rising from the earth at the Divine command and

> .....pawing to get free
> His hinder parts,"

for it was still clogged by the unassimilated portions of the French tongue, to which in part it owed its origin. These were to be thrown aside in after years. The versification had also one characteristic of French verse, which was soon after Chaucer's time laid aside,—the mute or final *e* had in his lines the value of a syllable by itself, especially when the next word began with a consonant. But though these peculiarities somewhat embarrass the reader, he still finds in the writings of the old poet a fund of the good old English of the Saxon fireside, which makes them worthy to be studied, were it only to strengthen our hold on our language. He delighted in describing natural objects which still retained their Saxon names, and this he did with great beauty and sweetness. In the sentiments also the critics ascribe to him a degree of delicacy which one could scarcely have looked for in the age in which he wrote, though at other times he avails himself of the license then allowed. There is no majesty, no stately march of numbers, in his poetry, still less is there of fire, rapidity, or conciseness; the French and Italian narrative poets from whom he learned his art wrote as if the people of their time had nothing to do but to attend to long stories; and Chaucer, who translated from the French the *Romaunt of the Rose*, though a greater poet than any of those whom he took for his models, made small improvement upon them in this respect. His *Troylus and Cryseyde*, with but little action and incident, is as long as either of the epics of Homer. The *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer's best things, have less of this defect; but even there the narrative is over-minute, and the personages, as Taine, the French critic, remarks, although they talk well, talk too much. The taste for this prolixity in narratives and conversations had a long duration in English poetry, since we find the same tediousness, to call it by its true name, in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece*, written more than two hundred years later. Yet in the mean time the old popular ballads of England and Scotland had been composed, in which the incidents follow each other in quick succession, and the briefest possible speeches are uttered by the personages. The scholars and court poets doubtless disdained to learn anything of these poets of the people; and the *Davideis* of Cowley, who lived three hundred years after Chaucer, is as remarkable for the sluggish progress of the story and the tediousness of the harangues as for any other characteristics.

Between the time of Chaucer and that of Sidney and Spenser we find little in the poetic literature of our language to detain our attention. That age produced many obscure versifiers, and metrical romances continued to be written after the fashion of the French and Italian poets, whom Chaucer acknowledged as his masters. During this period appeared Skelton, the poet and jester, whose special talent was facility in rhyming, who rhymed as if he could not help it,—as if he had only to put pen to paper, and the words leaped of their own accord into regular measure with an inevitable jingle at the endings. Meantime our language was undergoing a process which gradually separated the nobler parts from the dross, rejecting the French additions for which there was no occasion, or which could not easily be made to take upon themselves the familiar forms of our tongue. The prosody of English became also fixed in that period; the final *e*, which so perplexes the modern reader in Chaucer's verse, was no longer permitted to figure as a distinct syllable. The poets, however, still allowed themselves the liberty of sometimes making, after the French manner, two syllables of the terminations *tion* and *ion*, so that *nation* became a word of three syllables and *opinion* a word of four. The Sonnets of Sidney, written on the Italian model, have all the grace and ingenuity of those of Petrarch. In the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser it seems to me that we find the English language, so far as the purposes of poetry require, in a degree of perfection beyond which it has not been since carried, and I suppose never will be. A vast assemblage of poetic endowments contributed to the composition of the poem, yet I think it would not be easy to name one of the same length, and the work of a genius equally great, in any language, which more fatigues the reader in a steady perusal from beginning to end. In it we have an invention ever awake, active, and apparently inexhaustible; an affluence of imagery grand, beautiful, or magnificent, as the subject may require; wise observations on human life steeped in a poetic coloring, and not without touches of pathos; a wonderful mastery of versification, and the aptest forms of expression. We read at first with admiration, yet to this erelong succeeds a sense of satiety, and we lay down the book, not unwilling, however, after an interval, to take it up with renewed admiration. I once heard an eminent poet say that he thought the second part of the *Faerie Queene* inferior to the first; yet I am inclined to ascribe the remark rather to a falling off in the attention of the reader than in the merit of the work. A poet, however, would be more likely to persevere to the end than any other reader, since in every stanza he would meet with some lesson in his art.

In that fortunate age of English literature arose a greater than Spenser. Let me only say of Shakespeare, that in his dramas, amid certain faults imputable to the taste of the English public, there is to be found every conceivable kind of poetic excellence. At the same time and immediately after him flourished a group of dramatic poets who drew their inspiration from nature and

wrote with manly vigor. One would naturally suppose that their example, along with the more illustrious ones of Spenser and Shakespeare, would influence and form the taste of the succeeding age; but almost before they had ceased to claim the attention of the public, and while the eminent divines, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, and others, wrote nobly in prose with a genuine eloquence and a fervor scarcely less than poetic, appeared the school of writers in verse whom Johnson, by a phrase the propriety of which has been disputed, calls the metaphysical poets,—a class of wits whose whole aim was to extort admiration by ingenious conceits, thoughts of such unexpectedness and singularity that one wondered how they could ever come into the mind of the author. For what they regarded as poetic effect they depended, not upon the sense of beauty or grandeur, not upon depth or earnestness of feeling, but simply upon surprise at quaint and strange resemblances, contrasts, and combinations of ideas. These were delivered for the most part in rugged diction, and in numbers so harsh as to be almost unmanageable by the reader. Cowley, a man of real genius, and of a more musical versification than his fellows, was the most distinguished example of this school. Milton, born a little before Cowley, and like him an eminent poet in his teens, is almost the only instance of escape from the infection of this vicious style; his genius was of too robust a mould for such petty employments, and he would have made, if he had condescended to them, as ill a figure as his own Samson on the stage of a mountebank. Dryden himself, in some of his earlier poems, appears as a pupil of this school; but he soon outgrew—in great part, at least—the false taste of the time, and set an example of a nobler treatment of poetic subjects.

Yet though the genius of Dryden reacted against this perversion of the art of verse, it had not the power to raise the poetry of our language to the height which it occupied in the Elizabethan age. Within a limited range he was a true poet; his imagination was far from fertile, nor had he much skill in awakening emotion, but he could treat certain subjects magnificently in verse, and often where his imagination fails him he is sustained by the vigor of his understanding and the largeness of his knowledge. He gave an example of versification in the heroic couplet, which has commanded the admiration of succeeding poets down to our time,—a versification manly, majestic and of varied modulation, of which Pope took only a certain part as the model of his own, and, contracting its range and reducing it to more regular pauses, made it at first appear more musical to the reader, but in the end fatigued him by its monotony. Dryden drew scarcely a single image from his own observation of external nature, and Pope, though less insensible than he to natural beauty, was still merely the poet of the drawing-room. Yet he is the author of more happy lines, which have passed into the common speech and are quoted as proverbial sayings, than any author we have save Shakespeare; and, whatever may be said in his dispraise, he is likely to be quoted as long as the English

LONGFELLOW

IN MEMORIAM

Nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.

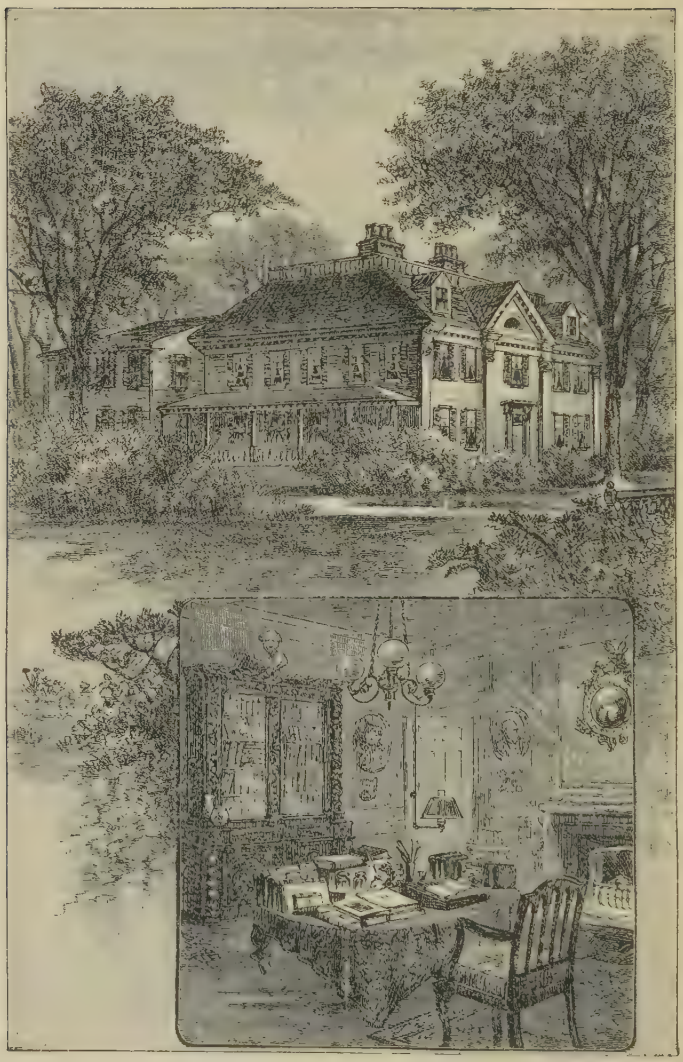
"Not to be tuneless in old age!"
Ah! surely blest his pilgrimage,
  Who, in his winter's snow,
Still sings with note as sweet and clear
As in the morning of the year
  When the first violets blow!

Blest!—but more blest, whom summer's heat,
Whom spring's impulsive stir and beat,
  Have taught no feverish lure;
Whose Muse, benignant and serene,
Still keeps his autumn chaplet green
  Because his verse is pure!

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!
Lie calm, O Dead, that art not dead,
  Since from the voiceless grave
Thy voice shall speak to old and young
While song yet speaks our English tongue
  By Charles' or Thamis' wave.

AUSTIN DOBSON

American Publishers: Dodd, Mead & Co., New York



LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.

Once—ah! once—within these halls
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt.

is a living language. The footprints of Pope are not those of a giant, but he has left them scattered all over the field of our literature, although the fashion of writing like him has wholly passed away.

Certain faculties of the poetic mind seem to have slumbered from the time of Milton to that of Thomson, who showed the literary world of Great Britain, to its astonishment, what a profusion of materials for poetry Nature offers to him who directly consults her instead of taking his images at second-hand. Thomson's blank verse, however, is often swollen and bladdery to a painful degree. He seems to have imagined, like many other writers of his time, that blank verse could not support itself without the aid of a stilted phraseology; for that fine poem of his, in the Spenserian stanza, the *Castle of Indolence*, shows that when he wrote in rhyme he did not think it necessary to depart from a natural style.

Wordsworth is generally spoken of as one who gave to our literature that impulse which brought the poets back from the capricious forms of expression in vogue before his time to a certain fearless simplicity; for it must be acknowledged that until he arose there was scarce any English poet who did not seem in some degree to labor under the apprehension of becoming too simple and natural,—to imagine that a certain pomp of words is necessary to elevate the style and make that grand and noble which in its direct expression would be homely and trivial. Yet the poetry of Wordsworth was but the consummation of a tendency already existing and active. Cowper had already felt it in writing his *Task*, and in his longer rhymed poems had not only attempted a freer versification than that of Pope, but had clothed his thoughts in the manly English of the better age of our poetry. Percy's *Reliques* had accustomed English readers to perceive the extreme beauty of the old ballads in their absolute simplicity, and shown how much superior these were to such productions as Percy's own *Hermit of Warkworth* and Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, in their feeble elegance. Burns's inimitable Scottish poems—his English verses are tumid and wordy—had taught the same lesson. We may infer that the genius of Wordsworth was in a great degree influenced by these, just as he, in his turn, contributed to form the taste of those who wrote after him. It was long, however, before he reached the eminence which he now holds in the estimation of the literary world. His *Lyrical Ballads*, published about the close of the last century, were at first little read, and of those who liked them there were few who were not afraid to express their admiration. Yet his fame has slowly climbed from stage to stage, until now his influence is perceived in all the English poetry of the day. If this were the place to criticise his poetry, I should say, of his more stately poems in blank verse, that they often lack compression,—that the thought suffers by too great expansion. Wordsworth was unnecessarily afraid of being epigrammatic. He abhorred what is called a point as much as Dennis is said to have abhorred

a pun. Yet I must own that even his most diffuse amplifications have in them a certain grandeur that fills the mind.

At a somewhat later period arose the poet Keats, who wrote in a manner which carried the reader back to the time when those charming passages of lyrical enthusiasm were produced which we occasionally find in the plays of Shakespeare, in those of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in Milton's *Comus*. The verses of Keats are occasionally disfigured, especially in his *Endymion*, by a flatness almost childish; but in the finer passages they clothe the thought in the richest imagery and in words each of which is a poem. Lowell has justly called Keats "over-languaged," but there is scarce a word that we should be willing to part with in his *Ode to the Nightingale*, and that on a *Grecian Urn*, and the same thing may be said of the greater part of his *Hyperion*. His poems were ridiculed in the Edinburgh Review, but they survived the ridicule, and now, fifty years after their first publication, the poetry of the present day, by certain resemblances of manner, testifies to the admiration with which he is still read.

The genius of Byron was of a more vigorous mould than that of Keats; but notwithstanding his great popularity and the number of his imitators at one time, he made a less permanent impression on the character of English poetry. His misanthropy and gloom, his scoffing vein, and the fierceness of his animosities, after the first glow of admiration was over, had a repellent effect upon readers, and made them turn to more cheerful strains. Moore had in his time many imitators, but all his gayety, his brilliant fancy, his somewhat feminine graces, and the elaborate music of his numbers, have not saved him from the fate of being imitated no more. Coleridge and Southey were of the same school with Wordsworth, and only added to the effect of his example upon our literature. Coleridge is the author of the two most perfect poetical translations which our language in his day could boast, those of Schiller's *Piccolomini* and *Death of Wallenstein*, in which the English verse falls in no respect short of the original German. Southey divides with Scott the honor of writing the first long narrative poems in our language which can be read without occasional weariness.

Of the later poets, educated in part by the generation of authors which produced Wordsworth and Byron and in part by each other, yet possessing their individual peculiarities, I should perhaps speak with more reserve. The number of those who are attempting to win a name in this walk of literature is great, and several of them have already gained, and through many years held, the public favor. To some of them will be assigned an enduring station among the eminent of their class.

There are two tendencies by which the seekers after poetic fame in our day are apt to be misled, through both the example of others and the applause of critics. One of these is the desire to extort admiration by striking novelties

of expression; and the other, the ambition to distinguish themselves by subtleties of thought, remote from the common apprehension.

With regard to the first of these I have only to say what has been often said before, that, however favorable may be the idea which this luxuriance of poetic imagery and of epithet at first gives us of the author's talent, our admiration soon exhausts itself. We feel that the thought moves heavily under its load of garments, some of which perhaps strike us as tawdry and others as ill-fitting, and we lay down the book to take it up no more.

The other mistake, if I may so call it, deserves more attention, since we find able critics speaking with high praise of passages in the poetry of the day to which the general reader is puzzled to attach a meaning. This is often the case when the words themselves seem simple enough, and keep within the range of the Saxon or household element of our language. The obscurity lies sometimes in the phrase itself, and sometimes in the recondite or remote allusion. I will not say that certain minds are not affected by this, as others are by verses in plainer English. To the few it may be genuine poetry, although it may be a riddle to the mass of readers. I remember reading somewhere of a mathematician who was affected with a sense of sublimity by the happy solution of an algebraical or geometrical problem, and I have been assured by one who devoted himself to the science of mathematics that the phenomenon is no uncommon one. Let us beware, therefore, of assigning too narrow limits to the causes which produce the poetic exaltation of mind. The genius of those who write in this manner may be freely acknowledged, but they do not write for mankind at large.

To me it seems that one of the most important requisites for a great poet is a luminous style. The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man. He who can present them in combinations and lights which at once affect the mind with a deep sense of their truth and beauty is the poet for his own age and the ages that succeed it. It is no disparagement either to his skill or his power that he finds them near at hand; the nearer they lie to the common track of the human intelligence, the more certain is he of the sympathy of his own generation, and of those which shall come after him. The metaphysician, the subtle thinker, the dealer in abstruse speculations, whatever his skill in versification, misapplies it when he abandons the more convenient form of prose and perplexes himself with the attempt to express his ideas in poetic numbers.

Let me say for the poets of the present day that in one important respect they have profited by the example of their immediate predecessors; they have learned to go directly to nature for their imagery, instead of taking it from what had once been regarded as the common stock of the guild of poets. I have often had occasion to verify this remark with no less delight than surprise

on meeting in recent verse new images in their untarnished lustre, like coins fresh from the mint, unworn and unsoiled by passing from pocket to pocket. It is curious, also, to observe how a certain set of hackneyed phrases, which Leigh Hunt, I believe, was the first to ridicule, and which were once used for the convenience of rounding out a line or supplying a rhyme, have disappeared from our poetry, and how our blank verse in the hands of the most popular writers has dropped its stiff Latinisms and all the awkward distortions resorted to by those who thought that by putting a sentence out of its proper shape they were writing like Milton.

I have now brought this brief survey of the progress of our poetry down to the present time, and refer the reader, for samples of it in the different stages of its existence, to those which are set before him in this volume.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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Gifts 571
Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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To All in Heaven 630
Publishers in America: Roberts Bros., Boston, and T. Whittaker, New York.

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Parting 260
Publishers in America: Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

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A Knot of Blue 191
Publishers: The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

PIATT, SARAH MORGAN BRYAN.
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The Witch in the Glass 81
Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN.
New Hampshire, 1838-
The Brooklyn Bridge 684
Publishers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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Publishers: The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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New York, 1837—
Wings 106
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The V-A-S-E 974
Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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Publishers: Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

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Publishers: The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York

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Among the Redwoods 800
Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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Newton, Iowa.
If I Should Die To-Night 301
From:—The Christian Union. (*The Outlook*), New York.

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An Old Battlefield. 535
Publishers: Constitutional Publishing Co., Atlanta, Ga.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.
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The House Beautiful 229
Publishers in America: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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Chatham, Ohio, 1854-
Augury 300
Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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Publishers: Macmillan & Co., New York.

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Publisher: David Mackay, Phila.

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Publishers: W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago.

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Beverley, Mass., 1855-
At Gibraltar 534
Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

WYETH, DR. JOHN ALLAN.
Missionary Station, Marshall Co., Ala., 1845-
My Sweetheart's Face 190
From:—Harper's Magazine.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified! — Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen among his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king; —

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

CRADLE SONG.

FROM "BITTER-SWEET."

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he 'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he 'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls, —
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds, —
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he 'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he 's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they 're too common;
Joan 's too formal for a woman;
Jane 's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith 's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen 's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
How I 'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;—
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that 's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences,—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers,—such sweet angel-seemings
That we 'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we 'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be;—
That 's May Bennett; that 's my baby.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

A CRADLE HYMN.

ABBREVIATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.

HUSH! my dear, lie still, and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the hornèd oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
Here 's no ox anear thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand, —
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms,
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

These rose-white feet, along the doubtful future,
Must bear a mother's load;
Alas! since Woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the harder road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair, —
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways:
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend, —
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

ANONYMOUS.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, little baby of mine,
Night and the darkness are near,
But Jesus looks down
Through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut, little sleepy blue eyes;
Dear little head, be at rest;
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on his own mother's breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Soft on your pillow so white;
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.

O, little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this?

ANONYMOUS.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss!
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE BABY.

ON parents' knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

From the Sanscrit of CALIDASA, by SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SILENT BABY.

THE baby sits in her cradle,
Watching the world go round,
Enwrapt in a mystical silence,
Amid all the tumult of sound.

She must be akin to the flowers,
For no one has heard
A whispered word
From this silent baby of ours.

Wondering, she looks at the children,
As they merrily laughing pass,
And smiles o'er her face go rippling,
Like sunshine over the grass
And into the heart of the flowers;
But never a word
Has yet been heard
From this silent darling of ours.

Has she a wonderful wisdom,
Of unspoken knowledge a store,
Hid away from all curious eyes,
Like the mysterious lore
Of the bees and the birds and the flowers?
Is this why no word
Has ever been heard
From this silent baby of ours?

Ah, baby, from out your blue eyes
The angel of silence is smiling, —
Though silvern hereafter your speech,
Your silence is golden, — beguiling
All hearts to this darling of ours,
Who speaks not a word
Of all she has heard,
Like the birds, the bees, and the flowers.

ELLEN BARTLETT CURRIER.

BABY LOUISE.

I'M in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies, —
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the word said,
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And — you 've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips an' baumy mou',
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face,
We 're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na luve the gift owre weel,
'T wad be nae blessing thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she 'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae Heaven.

J. E. RANKIN.

"THE HOUSEHOLD SOVEREIGN."

FROM "THE HANGING OF THE CRANE."

SEATED I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not, and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books.
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BABY BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn;

And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise), —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!* — our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now: —
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell, —
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow, —
White buds, the summer's drifted snow, —
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know,
'T is far too nice and clean.
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed;
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed;
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse;
No merry frolics after tea, —
No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

FROM "SEA DREAMS."

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby sleep, a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON

A DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we" —
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three —
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

Photo. by Aimé Dupont.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth, to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O, fly — yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall. —
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria (Greek). Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

LULLABY.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

In Ireland they have a pretty fancy, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling! O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"O, blessèd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning, —
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me, —
And say thou wouldst rather
They 'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within —
It was the loveliest picture! — a sweet child
Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,
In pauses, from the fountain, — the white round
Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,
Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm
Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees
With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips
Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast
Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,
Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh: —
And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,
A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,
Looked archly on its world, — the little imp,
As if it knew even then that such a wreath
Were not for all; and with its playful hands
It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,
And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid
Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,
And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek, —
Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;
And the true heart of that young mother then
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep
To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

BABY ZULMA'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A LIGHTER scarf of richer fold
The morning flushed upon our sight,
And Evening trimmed her lamps of gold
From deeper springs of purer light;
And softer drips bedewed the lea,
And whiter blossoms veiled the tree,

And bluer waves danced on the sea
When baby Zulma came to be !

The day before, a bird had sung
Strange greetings on the roof and flown ;
And Night's immaculate priestess flung
A diamond from her parted zone
Upon the crib beside the bed,
Whereunto, as the doctor said,
A king or queen would soon be led
By some sweet Ariel overhead.

Ere yet the sun had crossed the line
When we, at Aries' double bars,
Behold him, tempest-beaten, shine
In stormy Libra's triple stars :
What time the hillsides shake with corn
And boughs of fruitage laugh unshorn
And cheery echoes wake the morn
To gales of fragrance harvest-born.

In storied spots of vernal flame
And breezy realms of tossing shade,
The tripping elves tumultuous came
To join the fairy cavalcade :
From blushing chambers of the rose,
And bowers the lily's buds enclose,
And nooks and dells of deep repose,
Where human sandal never goes,

The rabble poured its motley tide :
Some upon airy chariots rode,
By cupids showered from side to side,
And some the dragon-fly bestrode ;
While troops of virgins, left and right,
Like microscopic trails of light,
The sweeping pageant made as bright
As beams a rainbow in its flight !

It passed : the bloom of purple plums
Was rippled by trumpets rallying long
O'er beds of pinks ; and dwarfish drums
Struck all the insect world to song :
The milkmaid caught the low refrain,
The ploughman answered to her strain,
And every warbler of the plain
The ringing chorus chirped again !

Beneath the sunset's faded arch,
It formed and filed within our porch,
With not a ray to guide its march
Except the twilight's silver torch :
And thus she came from clouds above,
With spirits of the glen and grove,
A flower of grace, a cooing dove,
A shrine of prayer and star of love !

A queen of hearts ! — her mighty chains
Are beads of coral round her strung,
And, ribbon-diademed, she reigns,
Commanding in an unknown tongue
The kitten spies her cunning ways,
The patient cur romps in her plays,
And glimpses of her earlier days
Are seen in picture-books of fays.

To fondle all things doth she choose,
And when she gets, what some one sends,
A trifling gift of tiny shoes,
She kisses both as loving friends ;
For in her eyes this orb of care,
Whose hopes are heaps of frosted hair,
Is but a garland, trim and fair,
Of cherubs twining in the air.

O, from a soul suffused with tears
Of trust thou mayst be spared the thorn
Which it has felt in other years, —
Across the morn our Lord was born,
I waft thee blessings ! At thy side
May his invisible seraphs glide ;
And tell thee still, whate'er betide,
For thee, for thine, for all, He died !

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

BABY'S SHOES.

O, THOSE little, those little blue shoes !
Those shoes that no little feet use.
O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept !

For they mind her forevermore
Of a patter along the floor ;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That 's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled;
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where winged hopes might build!
We saw — though none like us might see —
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave — God's lap — our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing,
"Another bud of infancy
With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat 's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug 's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here 's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue: — glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean 's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he 'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient to rebuke when justly given;
Obedient, easy to be reconciled,
And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left — still by my side,
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love, — bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free, —
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,
The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest, — thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others,
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And O, most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders, curling lips, and dauntless brow,
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call, —
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time, —
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime, —
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet and clear and wild
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:
Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited
Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far, —
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all, — the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone, —
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth to his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the song of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers, —
These, erelong, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round, —
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain, —
Ear of one whose love is surer, —
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;

Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense, —
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflection,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought, —
Tones that never thence depart ;
For she listens — with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE PIPER.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me : —

"Pipe a song about a lamb :"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again :"
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer :"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read — "
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed up on grandpapa's knee ;
Dear little Goldenhair ! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed ?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one ;
"I cannot tell so much things I have done, —
Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made out of some water and soap
Buffitle worlds ! mamma's castles of Hope.

"And I have readed in my picture-book,
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook

"Then I comed home and I eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee.
I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast ;
Dear little Goldenhair ! sweet be thy rest !

We are but children ; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's play !

And O, when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast !

F. Burge Smith.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled greensward dancing,
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy, —
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver !
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

George Darley

UNDER MY WINDOW.

Under my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together : —

There 's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah ! sly little Kate, she steals my roses ;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together : —
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

CHILDHOOD.

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by ; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child ;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll ; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled),
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child :
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow :
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
"O God !" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child ! "

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil ;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robe from off the child, —
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled !

SEBA SMITH.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

MATERNITY.

HEIGH-HO ! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall !
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small !
Here 's two bonny boys, and here 's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups !
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain ;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain ;
Sing, " Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but narrow," —
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow ;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall —
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall !
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all !

JEAN INGELOW.

BOYHOOD.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one, like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But O, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever time destroys, he cannot this; —
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There 's no rain left in heaven.
I 've said my "seven times" over and over, —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, — so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always, — they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You were bright — ah, bright — but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you 're a dusty fellow, —
You 've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it, —
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair; —
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply!
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A CHILD DURING SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness;
Thy thanks to all that aid;
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears, —
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I 've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness, —
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go;
My bird, when prison-bound;
My hand-in-hand companion — No,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed" —
"His voice" — "his face" — is gone,
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on, —
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while, —
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile;
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We 've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the Blackbird, on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What 's your name?" quoth he, —
"What 's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold." —
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks, —
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here 's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird, —
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear, —
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern :
"Squirrel, Squirrel, to your task return ;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away ! the frisky Squirrel hies, —
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes, —
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one.
Hark, how Blackbird pipes to see the fun !
"*Happy* Bell !" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if you 're not afraid,
Come and share with me !"
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare ;
Little Bell gave each his honest share, —
Ah ! the merry three !

And the while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray ;
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel-shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart beside her bed
Prays so lovingly ?"
Low and soft, O, very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, *dear* Bell !" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care ;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee !"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts :
Of humblest friends, bright creature ! scorn not one :
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all ;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe ;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below ;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge ;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep ;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep :
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago ;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face ;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

THE PET NAME.

"The name
Which from THEIR lips seemed a caress."
MISS MITFORD'S *Dramatic Scenes*

I HAVE a name, a little name,
Uncadenced for the ear,
Unhonored by ancestral claim,
Unsanctified by prayer and psalm
The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove
For gay romance, belong.
It never dedicate did move
As "Sacharissa," unto love, —
"Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
Upon the leaves of none,
And afterward, when I am dead,
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call
Perhaps your smile may win.
Nay, do not smile! mine eyelids fall
Over mine eyes, and feel withal
The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain, —
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chestnuts from the hill, —
And through the word our laugh did run
As part thereof. The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it
What none of you can hear, —
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee, —
My father's praise I did not miss,
When, stooping down, he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee, —

And voices which, to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping, —
To some I nevermore can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears;
No murmurs cross my mind.
Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought
With love which softens yet.
Now God be thanked for every thought
Which is so tender it has caught
Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove,
Affections purely given;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And heighten it with Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair, —
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to pray;
And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which he will say.

O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I 'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee ;
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling ;
And his every look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all ; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love ;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given ;
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever ;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be, —
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery, —
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain, —
Oh ! we 'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

JOHN MOULTRIE

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

An Inverary correspondent writes : "Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn' : I quote his own words. 'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie, will ye lick a mitherless bairn!" I hobled up the stair and wrote the sang afore sleepin'.' "

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin' ?
'T is the puir doited loonie, — the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed ;
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair ;
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn !

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid ;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth ;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

O, speak him na harshly, — he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow, for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THOM.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine, — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away !"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize, —
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear !
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, — not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief, —
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, —
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day ;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? — It was. — Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown ;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived, —
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more ;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way, —
Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap, —
'T is now become a history little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, —
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed, —
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, —
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may, —
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, —
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, —
The violet, the pink, the jessamine, —
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while —
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,) —
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart, — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no, — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,

That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou — as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay, —
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed, —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he! —
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell! — Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again, —
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft, —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups, —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD

TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear,)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits, feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that rings the air, —
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents; — (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fairies, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny, —
(Another tumble! That 's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break that mirror with that skipping-rope!)

With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He 'll have that ring off with another shove,)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan,)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick, —
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I 'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he 's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LOST HEIR.

"O where, and O where
Is my bonnie laddie gone?" — OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her East, she turned her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man, —
Her right hand held a frying-pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female ranter moved to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?
Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way —
A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
I am all in a quiver — get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed Motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt-pies.
I wonder he left the court, where he was better off than all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.
When his father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He 'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and the inguns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own concerns, and don't be making a mob in the street;
O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he 's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the priggs;
He 'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trousers considering not very much patched, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.
His shirt, it 's very lucky I 'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
But he 'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.
He 'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at the brim.
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and you 'll know by that if it 's him.
Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman, in want of an orphan,

Had borrowed the child to go a-begging with, but I 'd rather see him laid out in his coffin !

Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys ! I 'll break every bone of 'em I come near,

Go home — you 're spilling the porter — go home — Tommy Jones, go along home with your beer.

This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,

Them vile Savoyards ! they lost him once before all along of following a monkey and an organ :

O my Billy — my head will turn right round — if he 's *got* kiddynapped with them *I*talians,

They 'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.

Billy — where are you, Billy ? — I 'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow !

And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.

O Billy, you 're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more vally,

If I 'm to see other folks' darlin's, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley,

And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair

As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there a'n't no Billy there !

I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only knowed where to run,

Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through stealing a penny bun, —

The Lord forbid of any child of mine ! I think it would kill me raily,

To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.

For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and mileses

And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t' other of St. Giles's.

And if I called him a beauty, it 's no lie, but only as a mother ought to speak ;

You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it has n't been washed for a week ;

As for hair, though it 's red, it 's the most nicest hair when I 've time to just show it the comb ;

I 'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him safe and sound home.

He 's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a little cast he 's certainly got ;

And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;

He 's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large teeth for his age ;

And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the Drury Lane stage.

And then he has got such dear winning ways — but O, I never, never shall see him no more !

O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door !

Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny !

And the threepence he 'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.

And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all, and, drat him ! made a seize of our hog. —

It 's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he 's such a blunderin' drunken old dog ;

The last time he was fetched to find a lost child he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,

And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about Town.

Billy — where are you, Billy, I say ? come, Billy, come home, to your best of Mothers !

I 'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they 'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.

Or maybe he 's stole by some chimbly-sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,

And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketched, and the chimbly 's red hot.

O, I 'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.

For he 's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come back, you 'll see me drop stone dead on the place.

I only wish I 'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and would n't I hug him and kiss him !

Lawk ! I never knew what a precious he was — but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.

Why, there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it 's that Billy as sartin as sin !

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I 'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin !

THOMAS HOOD

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap, —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below ;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all !"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, — a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night !"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight ;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I 'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I 'll be as busy as they !"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,

There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers,
and these
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare, —
"Now, just to set them a thinking,
I 'll bite this basket of fruit," said he ;
"This costly pitcher I 'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they 've left for me
Shall '*tchick !*' to tell them I 'm drinking."

HANNAH FRANCES GOULD.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead !

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart ;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used, in years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
So I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With the wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother —
A serene angelic pair —
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue ;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue :
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A PORTRAIT.

"One name is Elizabeth." — BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air ;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child, —
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient, — waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things,
As young birds, or early wheat,
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure, —
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
Which come softly, — just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks, —
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
"'T is my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
Soften, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!" —
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure HE DOTH.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me intwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I 'm growing old, but add —
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 't were a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What 's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe, —
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came, —
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered, — "I 'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot -
What evil genius put you to 't?"
"'T was she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I could n't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks — boo-hoo —
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

OLD-SCHOOL PUNISHMENT.

OLD Master Brown brought his ferule down,
And his face looked angry and red.
"Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,
Along with the girls," he said.
Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
With his head down on his breast,
Took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet
That he loved, of all, the best.
And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there,
But the rogue only made believe;
For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls,
And ogled them over his sleeve.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;

Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerly, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that 's left me now, —
Tears will unbidden start, —
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past
Here is our family tree ;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear ;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear ;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear !
Her angel face, — I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I 've tried ;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy ;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die !

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well, —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing !
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well; —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well; —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I 've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I 've bedewed it with tears, I 've embalmed it with sighs.
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? — a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped, —
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'T is past, 't is past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I 'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In a'l their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that ol l oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I 've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

ROMANCE.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone :
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be ;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover :
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow ;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather :
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late ;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head ;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree ;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O, bring it !
Such as I wish it to be.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done, —
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds !
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind ;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay then — he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand —
Till I answer, 'Rise and go !
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say ;
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell
I will utter, and dissemble ; —
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he 'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong ;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet ; —
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting !
What wilt thou exchange for it ?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon, —
And the second time, a glove ;

But the third time, I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run, —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master, —
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads, —
Past the boughs she stoops — and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets courtesied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our work is begun."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.
(LORD HOUGHTON.)

THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done, —
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREAD AND SONG.

SWEETER and sweeter,
Soft and low,
Neat little nymph,
Thy numbers flow,
Urging thy thimble,
Thrift's tidy symbol,
Busy and nimble,
To and fro ;
Prettily plying
Thread and song,
Keeping them flying
Late and long,
Through the stitch linger,
Kissing thy finger,
Quick, — as it skips along.

Many an echo,
Soft and low,
Follows thy flying
Fancy so, —
Melodies thrilling,
Tenderly filling
Thee with their trilling,
Come and go ;
Memory's finger,
Quick as thine,
Loving to linger
On the line,
Writes of another,
Dearer than brother :
Would that the name were mine !

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun, —
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ; —
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

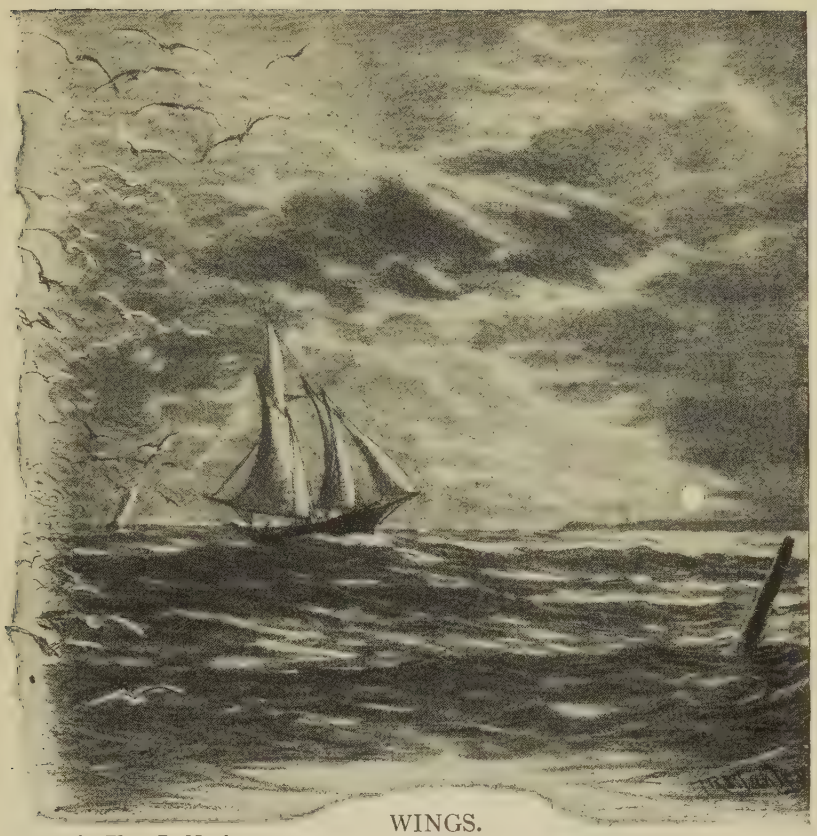
O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.



WINGS.

Drawn by Thos. R. Manley.

THE sunset light is on the sail,
The water all aglow,
And on the billows up and down
The boat rocks to and fro;
The birds float upward to the sky—
Oh, how I long for wings to fly!

The boat has wings, the birds have wings,
But none remain for me
Save wings of kind and loving thought
And wings of memory.
On these I come, and still repeat—
I love, I love, I love you, Sweet!

MARY LOUISE RITTER

THE FIRST BLUE-BIRD.

JEST rain and snow! and rain again!
  And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
  Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
  To *wake* up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
  The first blue-bird of Spring!—
Mother she 'd raised the winder some;—
And in acrost the orchard come,
  Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
  Too sweet for any thing!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—
  The sun bust forth in glee,—
And when *that blue-bird* sung, my hart
  Hopped out o' bed with me!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and O,
The difference to me !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin;
"God save you kindly," quick replies
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes ;
Her fluttering courtesy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone,
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgins feel,
Could make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us in a beechen bowl
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter, — it gilds all my rhyme !

And, while we ate the grateful food
(With weary limbs on bench reclined),
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought, — we stood and pledged
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary, — bless those budding charms! —
Than your own generous heart, I 'm sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms ! "

She turned and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen ;
But, Mary, you have naught to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger-men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign,
Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile ;
She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel, —
'T is all in vain, — she can't but smile !

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face, — I see it yet, —
And though I lived a hundred years
Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light ;
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek,
The rosy cheek that won't be still : —
O, who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill ?

For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I 'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;
And these gray rocks, this household lawn,
These trees, — a veil just half withdrawn, —
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashioned in a dream,
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But O fair Creature ! in the light
Of common day so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ;

For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer ;
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ;
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech, —
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea ; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, — anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place ;
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then why should I be loath to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And thee, the spirit of them all !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SWEET STREAM, THAT WINDS.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid, —
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng ;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.

WILLIAM COWPER

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened ; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, —
Which were blackest none could tell ;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ; —
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

NARCISSA.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS," NIGHT V.

"YOUNG, gay, and fortunate !" Each yields a theme.
And, first, thy youth : what says it to gray hairs ?
Narcissa, I 'm become thy pupil now ; —
Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

FRAGMENTS.

THE BABY.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.
Of Education. M. F. TUPPER.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
Epistle II. POPE.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
Winter's Tale, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O, 't is a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He is all the mother's from the top to toe.
Richard III., Act. iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

EARLY DEATH.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.
Don Juan, Cant. iv. *Stan.* 12. BYRON.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
Epitaph on an Infant. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
New England Primer.

PROPHECIES.

Men are but children of a larger growth.
All for Love, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. DRYDEN.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.
Paradise Regained, Book iv. MILTON

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo.
The Schoolmistress. SHENSTONE.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his.
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey: and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief unto as large a volume.
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. POPE.

BOYISH AMBITION.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.
Motto of No. III. Connoisseur. COWPER

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Love's Cure, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.
Manfred. BYRON.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.
Lines written for a School Declamation. D. EVERETT.

I pray ye, flog them upon all occasions.
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.
Don Juan, Cant. ii. BYRON.

Love is a boy by poets styled ;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.
Hudibras, Part II. Cant. i. BUTLER.

Whipping, that 's virtue's governess,
Tutoress of arts and sciences ;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honors of the gown.
Hudibras. Part II. Cant. i. BUTLER.

Work and Play.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
K. Henry, Part I. Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower !

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
Song XX. WATTS.

Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us.
Fables : The Boys and the Frogs. L'ESTRANGE.

Quarrelling.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
Song XVI. WATTS.

Careless Childhood.

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
Paradise Regained, Book iv. MILTON.

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.
Troilus and Creseide, Book iv. CHAUCER.

Children blessings seem, but torments are ;
When young, our folly, and when old, our fear.
Don Carlos. OTWAY.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by, —
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
I Remember, I Remember. PRAED.

When they are young, they
Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise
And giddiness.
Wit without Money. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow.
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. GRAY

Childish Days.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.
To a Butterfly. WORDSWORTH.

Merry Youth.

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.
Epistle to James Smith. BURNS.

Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !
Youth and Age. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Marmion, Introduc. to Cant. ii. SCOTT.

Naught cared this body for wind or weather
When youth and I lived in 't together.
Youth and Age. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence ! Oh, Milk and Water !
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days !
Manfred. BYRON.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.
The Bard, II. 2. GRAY.

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; — where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. GRAY.

POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS

Home Sweet Home!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, — sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home.

John Howard Payne./

The Shore is lined with anchored ships,
One ships the sun no eye will miss;
But God will know which anchored ships
And send his angels out with this

H. H.

[HELEN HUNT JACKSON.]

POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

FRIENDSHIP.

BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead, —

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine, —
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed, —
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

The half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends, — whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature, —
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure:
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall last endure.

Aubrey De Vere.

FRIENDSHIP.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 2.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Hor. O my dear lord —
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revènue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, —
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled, —
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again;
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

IF stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts, — whate'er we knowledge call, —
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by, —
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew, —
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You 've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You 've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You 've taught your name to half the globe;
You 've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You 've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That 's what it means," —
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill,
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears, —
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long, —
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good
And perfect flower of womanhood!
Thou royal rose of June!
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in the first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'T were better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head! —
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way, —
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From heaven's unclouded day?

O friend so true, O friend so good! —
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms, —
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That, through this lonesome world till now,
We walk with empty arms?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted;
Had life been always fair,
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bonds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled;

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward.

PHŒBE CARY.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow

. . . . . .

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

. . . . . .

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

. . . . . .

I know that this was Life, — the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.
. . . . .
But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crownèd soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.
. . . . .
My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered Time;

Which masters Time, indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this.
. . . . . .
O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.
. . . . . .
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PARTED FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

MARTIAL FRIENDSHIP.

FROM "CORIOLANUS," ACT IV. SC. 5.

[Aufidius the Volscian to Caius Marcius Coriolanus.]

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things, and say,
"'T is true," I 'd not believe them more than thee,
All-noble Marcius. — Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grainèd ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scared the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,

Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me,
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come! go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.
A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT.

SONNET XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before;
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

JAFFAR.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other." — WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had stilled the tide;
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept;
While dancing step and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone;
O, brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore;
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet — O, nevermore!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe;
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, —
O, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

WE have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbere
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent then
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Shall a light word part us now?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

THE QUARREL OF FRIENDS.

FROM "CHRISTABEL."

ALAS! they had been friends in youth:
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline!
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted, — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men;
With thee I 'm slow, and difficult of speech.
With others I may guide the car of talk:
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I 'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme ;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time ?

O friend beloved ! I sit apart and dumb, —
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine ;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me,
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine ;
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime !
Unheeded flew the hours :
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers !

And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass ?

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings ?

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be
If men, when they 're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make ae body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 't is the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine ;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw :
Sae gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride ;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side ;
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw :
Then gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man ;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can ;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a' :
Come, gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e ;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do ;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa :
Sae gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair ;
Hame ! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there !
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw :
Come, gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death ;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa' :
Come, gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'.

ROBERT NICOLL.

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here ;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we ;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom ;
Night-birds are we ;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit, —
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

Life is but short, —
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this ;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust !
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate :
Let the dog wait ;
Happy we 'll be !
Drink, every one ;
Pile up the coals ;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup. —
Friend, art afraid ?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up ;
Empty it yet ;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree !

Sorrows, begone !
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite ;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

OLD wine to drink ! —
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun ;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun !
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water !
These make the long night shorter, —
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn ! —
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak ;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern ;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking ;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read ! —
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time-honored tomes !
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes ;
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie ;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay !
And Gervase Markham's venerie, —
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk ! —
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found ;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk !
Bring WALTER good :
With soulful FRED ; and learned WILL,
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
For every mood).

ROBERT HINCHLEY MESSENGER

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we 've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine ;
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I 'll be mine ;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid ;
Besides, we had our higher loves, — fair science ruled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give :
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man ;
I 'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash, — vows, kisses, tears, and sighs ;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise ;
We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young Ambition reared ;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come,
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruined mills
And rustic bridges, and the like, that picture-makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,
And talked, in long gradation from the poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy.
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of nebulæ,
And thought no more of being *one* than we did of being *three*.

. . . .

"Well, good by, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go.
My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did not know.
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart ;
For although we were but *friends*, 't is hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day, when you 've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob, just behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine, — great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew ;
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before —
Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I 'm sure the *kiss* meant more.

WILLIAM B TERRETT.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."
So the temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship, to place on the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before her
An image, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,
She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you 're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love!"

THOMAS MOORE.

FRAGMENTS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

Friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is;
Of which one cannot sever but the other
Suffers a needful separation.
Revenge. GEO. CHAPMAN.

Friendship 's the image of
Eternity, in which there 's nothing
Movable, nothing mischievous.
Endymion. LILLY.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Youth and Age S. T. COLERIDGE.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
Night Thoughts. YOUNG.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
Burial of the Dead. KEBLE.

I praise the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.
Retirement. COWPER.

CHOICE FRIENDS.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.
Cynthia's Revels. BEN JONSON.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.
Iliad, Book ix. HOMER, *Pope's Trans.*

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.
Epistle to Mr. Addison. POPE.

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.
Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. T. MOORE.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt. POPE.

Though last, not least, in love!
Julius Cæsar, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart;
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.
Henry V. EARL OF ORRERY.

Be kind to my remains; and O, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Epistle to Congreve. DRYDEN

SUMMER FRIENDS.

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.
The Maid of Honor. MASSINGER

* La Bruyère, says *Bartlett.*

Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunneshine.
The Answer. GEORGE HERBERT.

What the declined is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.
Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDS TO BE SHUNNED.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon, or to bear it.
On Friendship. COWPER.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, — perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*
New Morality. GEORGE CANNING.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
How Shall I Woo? T. MOORE.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
. . . .
'T is thus in friendship; who depend
On many rarely find a friend.
The Hare and Many Friends. GAY.

QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.
The Beggar's Opera, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. GAY.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Julius Cæsar, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

HOSPITALITY.

I 've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.
Imitation of Horace, Book ii. *Sat.* 6. SWIFT.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest.
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Odyssey, Book xv *Translation of* POPE. HOMER

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
Written on a Window of an Inn. SHENSTONE.

And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Taming of the Shrew, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
The Merchant of Venice, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Turn him, and see his threads: look if he be
Friend to himself, that would be friend to thee:
For that is first required, a man be his own;
But he that 's too much that is friend to none.
Underwood. BEN JONSON.

Lay this into your breast:
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best
Duchess of Malfy. JOHN WEBSTER.

COMPLIMENT AND ADMIRATION.

WHEN IN THE CHRONICLE OF WASTED TIME.

SONNET CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

SHAKESPEARE.

O MISTRESS MINE.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT II. SC. 3.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true-love 's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting, —
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty, —
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKESPEARE.

PORTIA'S PICTURE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," ACT III. SC. 2.

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes, —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished.

SHAKESPEARE.

OLIVIA.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT I. SC. 5.

Viola. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower:
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning,
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good-will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought;
Far may be sought
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON.

THE FORWARD VIOLET THUS DID I CHIDE.

SONNET XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide: —
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

FROM "AN HOURE'S RECREATION IN MUSICKE," 1606.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALLISON.

MY SWEET SWEETING.

FROM A MS. TEMP. HENRY VIII.

Ah, my sweet sweeting;
My little pretty sweeting,
My sweeting will I love wherever I go;
She is so proper and pure,
Full, steadfast, stable, and demure,
There is none such, you may be sure,
As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my e'e,
That I am glad so oft to see,
As my sweet sweeting.
When I behold my sweeting sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
They seem to me there is none so mete,
As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I,
And love my pretty pygsnye,
For none I find so womanly
As my sweet sweeting.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayest deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw, —
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe were lame
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law:
A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed book without a blot!
All beauty! — and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were:

And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain;
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light, —
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, — what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own, —
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind:
By virtue first, then choice, a queen, —
Tell me, if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it. I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower
Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringèd all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not that face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire?
Though he thought to see no more.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy love-sick swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

NICHOLAS BRETON

PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

Phillis is my only joy
Faithless as the wind or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis, smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix;
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks;

Which though I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

STANZA ADDED BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid,
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

EDMUND WALLER.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

FROM "THE FOREST."

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

PHILOSTRATUS (Greek). Translation of BEN JONSON.

LOVE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," ACT III. SC. 2.

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it, — ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO A LADY ADMIRING HERSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

FAIR lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.

Madam, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace
(Sweet, be not angry), 't is your face.
Hence, then, O, learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot see.
Now you have what to love, you 'll say,
What then is left for me, I pray?
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see:
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

WELCOME, WELCOME, DO I SING.

Welcome, welcome, do I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never
Shall enjoy a spring forever.

Love, that to the voice is near,
Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.

Love, that still looks on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odors of the fields
Never, never shall be missing.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

WHENAS IN SILKS MY JULIA GOES.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, me thinks, how sweetly flowes
That liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me!

R. HERRICK.

A VIOLET IN HER HAIR.

A VIOLET in her lovely hair,
A rose upon her bosom fair!
But O, her eyes
A lovelier violet disclose,
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose
That 's 'neath the skies.

A lute beneath her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command;
But still her tongue
Far richer music calls to birth
Than all the minstrel power on earth
Can give to song.

And thus she moves in tender light,
The purest ray, where all is bright,
Serene, and sweet;
And sheds a graceful influence round,
That hallows e'en the very ground
Beneath her feet!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE TRIBUTE.

No splendor 'neath the sky's proud dome
But serves her for familiar wear;
The far-fetched diamond finds its home
Flashing and smouldering in her hair;
For her the seas their pearls reveal;
Art and strange lands her pomp supply
With purple, chrome, and cochineal,
Ochre, and lapis lazuli;
The worm its golden woof presents;
Whatever runs, flies, dives, or delves,
All doff for her their ornaments,
Which suit her better than themselves;
And all, by this their power to give
Proving her right to take, proclaim
Her beauty's clear prerogative
To profit so by Eden's blame.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE COMPLIMENT.

I DO not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks, — love's bowers ;
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red :
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I 've kissed so oft ;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech whence music still is heard,
Though from those lips a kiss being taken
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
Though that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polished ivory are.

THOMAS CAREW.

THE PORTRAIT.

GIVE place, ye ladies, and begone,
Boast not yourselves at all :
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone :
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy :
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take ;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope ;
In word and eke in deed steadfast :
What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosial color comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than in the rose,
Within her lovely face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Nor at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixt with shamefastness ;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord ! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair
And deck in her such honesty,
Whom Nature made so fair !

How might I do to get a graffe
Of this unspotted tree ?
For all the rest are plain but chaff,
Which seem good corn to be.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines :
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines :
  Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
  Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace :
  Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity :
  Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes ;
  Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
  Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
  Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Nature herself her shape admires ;
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
  Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there 's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine :
  Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Heigh-ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !

THOMAS LODGE.

BELINDA.

FROM THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore,
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those :
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends :
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide ;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

ALEXANDER POPE.

TO A LADY, WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

Flowers to the fair : to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you ;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned ;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows :
But this soft family to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these ;
Your best, your sweetest empire is — to please.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death :
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

Lo, when the Lord made north and south,
  And sun and moon ordainèd, he,
Forth bringing each by word of mouth
  In order of its dignity,
Did man from the crude clay express
  By sequence, and, all else decreed,
He formed the woman ; nor might less
  Than Sabbath such a work succeed.

And still with favor singled out,
  Marred less than man by mortal fall,
Her disposition is devout,
  Her countenance angelical.
No faithless thought her instinct shrouds,
  But fancy checkers settled sense,
Like alteration of the clouds
  On noonday's azure permanence.

Pure courtesy, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed.
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride.

Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.
In mind and manners how discreet!
How artless in her very art!
How candid in discourse! how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart!

How (not to call true instinct's bent
And woman's very nature harm),
How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to charm!
How humbly careful to attract,
Though crowned with all the soul desires,
Connubial aptitude exact,
Diversity that never tires!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

SONG.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair:
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame;
Without whose vital aid
Unfinished all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new:

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

MARK AKENSIDE.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
O, then I saw her eye was bright, —
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold;
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns, —
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain:

But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

"HEBREW MELODIES."

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent, —
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

BYRON.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SLEEP on! and dream of Heaven awhile!
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move, and breathe delicious sighs.

Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow;
Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks,
What most I wish, and fear, to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast;
— And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above control,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee;
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

O, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS!

O, FAIREST of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

HER LIKENESS.

A GIRL, who has so many wilful ways
She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him;
Yet is so rich in all that 's girlhood's praise,
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,
A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,
And very far from angel yet, I trow.
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human;
Yet she 's more lovable as simple woman
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I wish that she may safely keep
This womanhede, and change not, only grow:
From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,
And in perennial blessedness, still reap
On every hand of that which she doth sow.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

I FEAR THY KISSES, GENTLE MAIDEN.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden ;
Thou needest not fear mine ;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ;
Thou needest not fear mine ;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em !
Dear Fanny !

The black eye may say,
"Come and worship my ray ;
By adoring, perhaps you may move me !"
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and am yours, if you love me !"
Dear Fanny !

Then tell me, O why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover ?
Dear Fanny !

THOMAS MOORE.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

HERE 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;
Here 's to the widow of fifty ;
Here 's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here 's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir ;
Here 's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here 's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here 's to the maid with a bosom of snow ;
Now to her that 's as brown as a berry ;
Here 's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that 's merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass, etc.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

MY LITTLE SAINT.

I CARE not, though it be
By the precise sort thought popery :
We poets can a license show
For everything we do.
Hear, then, my little saint ! I 'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,
Amidst its various joys, can leisure find
To attend to anything so low
As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever, — kind.

Let not the blest above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove :
Fain would I thy sweet image see,
And sit and talk with thee ;
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah ! what delight 't would be,
Wouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse with me !
How should I thy sweet commune prize,
And other joys despise !
Come, then ! I ne'er was yet denied by thee

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
Of thy escape below :
Before thou 'rt missed, thou shouldst return again.

Sure, heaven must needs thy love,
As well as other qualities, improve :
Come, then ! and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light ;
'T will cheer my eyes more than the lamps above

But if Fate 's so severe
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so,)
Live happy, and be mindful of me there.

JOHN NORRIS.

A GOLDEN GIRL.

Lucy is a golden girl ;
  But a man, a *man*, should woo her !
They who seek her shrink aback,
  When they should, like storms, pursue her.

All her smiles are hid in light ;
  All her hair is lost in splendor ;
But she hath the eyes of Night
  And a heart that 's over-tender.

Yet the foolish suitors fly
  (Is 't excess of dread or duty ?)
From the starlight of her eye,
  Leaving to neglect her beauty !

Men by fifty seasons taught
  Leave her to a young beginner,
Who, without a second thought,
  Whispers, wooes, and straight must win her.

Lucy is a golden girl !
  Toast her in a goblet brimming !
May the man that wins her wear
  On his heart the Rose of Women !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

THE MILKING-MAID.

THE year stood at its equinox,
  And bluff the North was blowing,
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
  Green hardy things were growing ;
I met a maid with shining locks
  Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,
  Her bare arm showed its dimple,
Her apron spread without a speck,
  Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
  And sang a country ditty, —
An innocent fond lovers' tale,
  That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
  Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
  As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
  Or squeezed it with her fingers ;
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
  As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
  Stood silent for a minute,
To eye the pail, and creamy white
  The frothing milk within it, —

To eye the comely milking-maid,
  Herself so fresh and creamy.
"Good day to you !" at last I said ;
  She turned her head to see me.
"Good day !" she said, with lifted head ;
  Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
  The grave cow heavy-laden :
I 've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
  But not a sweeter maiden ;

But not a sweeter, fresher maid
  Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
  I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I
  Count with a sober sorrow ;
Seven springs have come and passed me by,
  And spring sets in to morrow.

I 've half a mind to shake myself
  Free, just for once, from London,
To set my work upon the shelf,
  And leave it done or undone ;

To run down by the early train,
  Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff north blow again,
  And mark the sprouting thistle
Set up on waste patch of the lane
  Its green and tender bristle ;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
  Crisp primrose-leaves and others,
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,
  And butt their patient mothers.

Alas ! one point in all my plan
  My serious thoughts demur to :
Seven years have passed for maid and man,
  Seven years have passed for her too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,
  Not rosy, or too rosy ;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
  Some husband keeps her cosy,
Where I should show a face unknown, —
  Good-by, my wayside posy !

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
  Yet round about the spot
    Ofttimes I hover ;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
  Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They 've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She 's coming, coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes, — she 's here, she 's past!
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the lovesick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty 's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
O, it should be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there!

T. MOORE.

FRAGMENTS.

COMPLIMENTS.

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country. LORD LYTTLETON.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

WOMAN.

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

The Hare and Many Friends. J. GAY.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved, Act i. *Sc.* 1. T. OTWAY.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Love's Labor Lost, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

PERSONAL CHARMS.

Such was Zuleika! such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul.

Bride of Abydos, Cant. i. BYRON.

Is she not passing fair?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

And she is fair, and fairer than that word.

Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* i. SHAKESPEARE.

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

The Tempest, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As You Like It, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE

Here 's metal more attractive.

Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.
Brennoralt, Act ii. SIR J. SUCKLING.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.
Fables: The Spider and the Bee. E. MOORE.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
An Elegy to an Old Beauty. T. PARNELL.

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
As You Like It, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Angels listen when she speaks:
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.
Song. EARL OF ROCHESTER.

IMPARTIAL AFFECTION.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away.
Beggar's Opera, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. J. GAY.

Had sighed to many, though he loved but one.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Cant. i. BYRON.

COMPLIMENTS FROM NATURE.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Faustus. MARLOWE.

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
The Night Piece to Julia. R. HERRICK.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers. T. TICKELL.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.
Winter's Tale, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls. R. HERRICK.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, — Come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There 's the land, or cherry-isle.
Cherry Ripe. R. HERRICK.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.
Sonnet XVIII. SHAKESPEARE.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
The Bride of Abydos, Cant. ii. BYRON.

THE POET'S ADMIRATION.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing. E. WALLER.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
The Fair Penitent, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. N. ROWE.

'T is sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy!
Jessy. BURNS.

FLATTERY.

Banish all compliments but single truth.
Faithful Shepherdess. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

LOVE.

IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY BEAUTEOUS THING.

If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,
Such I believe my love; for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,
Enamored through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,
As to its end, and honors in admiring;
For who adores the Maker needs must love his work.

MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian). Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

SONNET.

Muses, that sing Love's sensual empirie,
And lovers kindling your enragèd fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
You, that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory;
And let my love the honored subject be
Of love and honor's complete history!
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
That dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

The might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For O, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!
Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian). Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

WERE I AS BASE AS IS THE LOWLY PLAIN.

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honor of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my Love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho !

SAMUEL DANIEL.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I rode, forsooth, a-maying,
When anon by a woodside,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espièd, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not :
She said, " Never man was true :"
He says, " None was false to you."
He said he had loved her long :
She says, " Love should have no wrong."

Corydon he would kiss her then.
She says, " Maids must kiss no men
Till they do for good and all."
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness, truth
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth, —
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse, —
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

LOVE SCORNS DEGREES.

FROM "THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS."

Love scorns degrees ; the low he lifteth high,
The high he draweth down to that fair plain
Whereon, in his divine equality,
Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain ;
'Gainst such sweet levelling Custom cries amain,
But o'er its harshest utterance one bland sigh,
Breathed passion-wise, doth mount victorious still,
For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KING.

Ah ! what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too ;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest face to frown :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded ; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too ;
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd as doth the king his meat,
And blither too ;
For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too ;
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too ;

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

ROBERT GREENE.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move; —
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice than hers can hear;
No other wit but hers approve; —
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove; —
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove; —
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove; —
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

IT was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O, weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O, say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'T is meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Forever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he!
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart,
O, he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O, stay me not, thou holy friar,
O, stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We nevermore will part."

Adapted from old ballads by THOMAS PERCY

THE HERMIT.

FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care:
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly pressed and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppressed:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,—
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I 'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I 'll lay me down and die;
'T was so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide, —
'T was Edwin's self that pressed.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life, — my all that 's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We 'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ON LOVE.

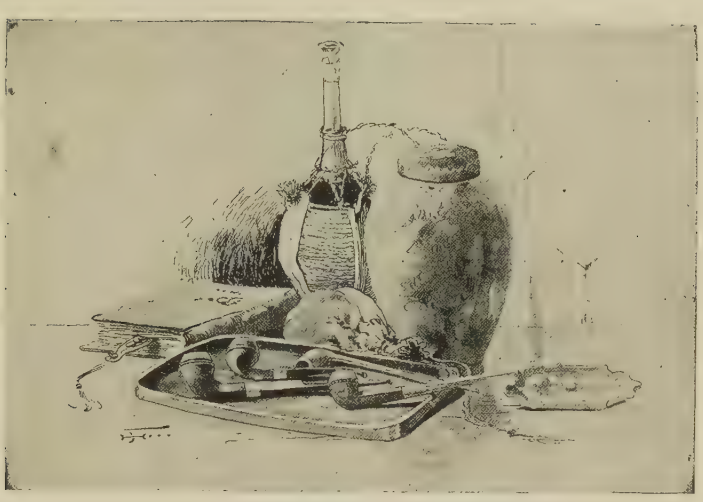
THERE is no worldly pleasure here below,
Which by experience doth not folly prove;
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love:
But not that passion which, with fools' consent,
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.
No, that is not the humor I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion;
For it has no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend;
If all that say they dy had dy'd indeed,
Sure, long ere now the world had had an end.
Besides, we need not love but if we please,
No destiny can force men's disposition;
And how can any die of that disease
Whereof himself may be his own physician?
But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin
To take some of those innocents that sits
In Bedlam out, and put some lovers in.
Yet some men, rather than incur the slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove,
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
I 'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.
Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
As always yield to reason's best advice;
Now, for to love too little or too much
Are both extreams, and all extreams are vice.
Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea I have dy'd for love, as others do;
But, praised be God, it was in such a sort,
That I revived within an hour or two.
Thus have I lived, thus have I loved till now,
And find no reason to repent me yet;
And whosoever otherways will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

MY CHOICE.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 't is she or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.



PERFUME.

WHAT gift for passionate lovers shall we find?
Not flowers nor books of verse suffice for me,
Nor splinters of the odorous cedar-tree,
And tufts of pine-buds, oozy in the wind;
Give me young shoots of aromatic rind,
Or samphire, redolent of sand and sea,
For all such fragrances I deem to be
Fit with my sharp desire to be combined.
My heart is like a poet, whose one room,
Scented with Latakia faint and fine,
Dried rose-leaves, and spilt attar, and old wine,
From curtained windows gathers its warm gloom
Round all but one sweet picture, where incline
His thoughts and fancies mingled with perfume.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

AFFAIRE D'AMOUR.

FOR E. W. W.

ONE pale November day
  Flying Summer paused,
    They say:
And growing bolder,
O'er rosy shoulder
  Threw her lover such a glance
  That Autumn's heart began to dance.
    (O happy lover!)

A leafless peach-tree bold
  Thought for him she smiled,
    I 'm told;
  And, stirred by love,
  His sleeping sap did move,
Decking each naked branch with green
To show her that her look was seen!
    (Alas, poor lover!)

But Summer, laughing, fled,
  Nor knew he loved her!
    'T is said
  The peach-tree sighed,
  And soon he gladly died:
And Autumn, weary of the chase,
Came on at Winter's sober pace
    (O careless lover!)

MARGARET DELAND.

So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath ;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth ;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth.
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung ;
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but somewhat young ;
Be assured 't is she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart ;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever ;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires : —
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ORIGINALLY PRINTED IN 1569.

Love me little, love me long !
Is the burden of my song :
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold, —
Not too backward, nor too bold ;
Love that lasteth till 't is old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long !
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
'T will not prove as true a touch ;
Love me little more than such, —
For I fear the end.
I 'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures ;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth :
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever ;
Give me that with true endeavor, —
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers, — that for me, —
For the land or for the sea :
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat ;
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain :
So to thee — farewell !

ANONYMOUS.

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

It is not Beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair :

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed, —

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers; —

These are but gauds: nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed;
There 's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there 's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find, —

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose, —

My earthly Comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit wonned above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

ANONYMOUS.

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND.

FROM "THE CONTRIVANCES."

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free:
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY CAREY.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Three students were travelling over the Rhine;
They stopped when they came to the landlady's sign;
"Good landlady, have you good beer and wine?
And where is that dear little daughter of thine?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear;
My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier!"
And when to the chamber they made their way,
There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near, and the veil gently raised,
And on her pale face he mournfully gazed:
"Ah! wert thou but living yet," he said,
"I 'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid!"

The second he slowly put back the shroud,
And turned him away and wept aloud:
"Ah! that thou liest in the cold death-bier!
Alas! I have loved thee for many a year!"

The third he once more uplifted the veil,
And kissed her upon her mouth so pale:
"Thee loved I always; I love still but thee;
And thee will I love through eternity!"

From the German of UHLAND. Translation of J. S. DWIGHT.

THREE LOVES.

There were three maidens who loved a king;
They sat together beside the sea;
One cried, "I love him, and I would die
If but for one day he might love me!"

The second whispered, "And I would die
To gladden his life, or make him great."
The third one spoke not, but gazed afar
With dreamy eyes that were sad as Fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,
The second his life with fond love blest;
And yet the woman who never spoke
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O, tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still: if thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit, change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone, —
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake, —
Not thou, — had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*, — I dare not hear;
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember, I *would* risk it all!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

I will not let you say a woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims besides your own.

I love, — what do I not love? Earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things
You would not deign to heed are cherished there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the summer, with her ebb and flow
Of light and warmth and music, that have nursed
Her tender buds to blossoms . . . and you know
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the winter dearly too, . . . but then
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,
Bleak, cold, and stormy, you returned again,
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the stars like friends; so many nights
I gazed at them, when you were far from me,
Till I grew blind with tears . . . those far-off lights
Could watch you, whom I longed in vain to see.

I love the flowers; happy hours lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast:
You have forgotten, dear; but they and I
Keep every fragment of the golden Past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my life, — to make
It better worth the giving, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls; — I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it, my soul was stirred
In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you, all who owe
Comfort to you; and I can find regret
Even for those poorer hearts who once could know,
And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow, — I, who spare
Love for all these? Do I not even hold
My favorite books in special tender care,
And prize them as a miser does his gold?

The poets that you used to read to me
While summer twilights faded in the sky;
But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
Because — because — do you remember why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before
I loved so many things?—Still you the best: —
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
O, more a thousand times, than all the rest!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE LADY'S "YES."

"YES," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below,
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both;
Time to dance is not to woo;
Wooing light makes fickle troth,
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore;
And her *yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes forevermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half quenched appears,
Damped and wavering and benighted
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you 'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOVE'S SILENCE.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to everie one,
Nor do not use set colors for to weare,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd haire,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane, —
The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane
Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,
"What! he?" say they of me. "Now I dare sweare
He cannot love: No, no! let him alone."
And think so still, — if Stella know my minde.
Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;
But you, faire maids, at length this true shall finde, —
That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

GIVE ME MORE LOVE OR MORE DISDAIN.

GIVE me more love or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; If it be love,
Like Danaë in a golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he 's possessed
Of heaven that 's but from hell released;
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love or more disdain.

THOMAS CAREW.

LOVE DISSEMBLED.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT III. SC. 5.

THINK not I love him, though I ask for him;
'T is but a peevish boy: — yet he talks well; —
But what care I for words? — yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

THE "JANSEN" SHAKESPEARE.

But, sure, he 's proud; and yet his pride becomes him :
He 'll make a proper man : The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he 's tall ;
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek ; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me :
I marvel, why I answered not again :
But that 's all one ; omittance is no quittance.

SHAKESPEARE.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

FROM "OTHELLO," ACT I. SC. 3.

OTHELLO. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic, —
For such proceeding I am charged withal, —
I won his daughter.

. . . . .

I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

. . . . .

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; — the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore, — in faith 't was strange, 't was passing strange ;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used :
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

SHAKESPEARE.

AH, HOW SWEET.

FROM "TYRANNIC LOVE," ACT IV. SC. 1.

AH, how sweet it is to love !
Ah, how gay is young desire !
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire !
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'T is but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

WHY, LOVELY CHARMER?

FROM "THE HIVE."

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so shy?
Why does that cold, forbidding air
Give damps of sorrow and despair?
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your art,
By turns to fire and freeze my heart;
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravished soul is charmed all o'er,
I cannot love thee less or more.

ANONYMOUS.

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I 'm best resolved
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;
I will no longer pine;
For I 'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

IF doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I 'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed.
I 'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart,
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I 'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I 'll dight me in array;
I 'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I 'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I 'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O, tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I 'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

GRAHAM OF GARTMORE

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd,
With shriller throat shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are laboring in my breast,
I beg not you would favor me;—
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigors are,
With them alone I 'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

WILLIAM WALSH.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favored you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art;
To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

Here 's the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since:
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince.
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box:
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,—
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.

What a name! was it love or praise?
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell, —
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.
But do not detain me now, for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground;
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not, —
Stay as you are, and be loved forever!
Bud, if I kiss you, 't is that you blow not, —
Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn, and down they nestle:
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee.
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come, bud! show me the least of her traces;
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall:
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces, —
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHY?

WHY came the rose? Because the sun, in shining,
Found in the mould some atoms rare and fine:
And, stooping, drew and warmed them into growing, —
Dust, with the spirit's mystic countersign.

What made the perfume? All his wondrous kisses
Fell on the sweet red mouth, till, lost to sight,
The love became too exquisite, and vanished
Into a viewless rapture of the night.

Why did the rose die? Ah, why ask the question?
There is a time to love, a time to give;
She perished gladly, folding close the secret
Wherein is garnered what it is to live.

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

A MATCH.

IF love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We 'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We 'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We 'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We 'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She 's modest as ony, and blithe as she 's bonnie, —
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha 'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening ! —
Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain ;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I 'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be !
It is the wished, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing, —
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown ;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

O, SAW YE THE LASS ?

O, SAW ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een ?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen ;
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween ;
She 's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild-flowers welcome the wandering bee ;
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen
Is the maid that I love wi' the bonny blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She 'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again ;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I 'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.
As the dove that has wandered away from his nest
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I 'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

RICHARD RYAN.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass, —
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will ;
I 'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
O, whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own !
O, may her choice be fixed on me !
Mine 's fixed on her alone.

JAMES UPTON.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow, —
The noisy wheel was still ;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree ;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind ;
A hand was on my shoulder, —
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,
LORD HOUGHTON.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE, I PRAY.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world, of THEE,
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhore,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne :
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe ;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I 'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I 'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword ;
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I 'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUESS
OF MONTROSE.

LOVE AND TIME.

Two pilgrims from the distant plain
Come quickly o'er the mossy ground.
One is a boy, with locks of gold
Thick curling round his face so fair ;
The other pilgrim, stern and old,
Has snowy beard and silver hair.

The youth with many a merry trick
Goes singing on his careless way ;
His old companion walks as quick,
But speaks no word by night or day.
Where'er the old man treads, the grass
Fast fadeth with a certain doom ;
But where the beauteous boy doth pass
Unnumbered flowers are seen to bloom.

And thus before the sage, the boy
Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,
And proudly bears a pretty toy, —
A crystal glass with diamond sands.
A smile o'er any brow would pass
To see him frolic in the sun, —
To see him shake the crystal glass,
And make the sands more quickly run.

And now they leap the streamlet o'er,
A silver thread so white and thin,
And now they reach the open door,
And now they lightly enter in :
"God save all here," — that kind wish flies
Still sweeter from his lips so sweet ;
"God save you kindly," Norah cries,
"Sit down, my child, and rest and eat."

"Thanks, gentle Norah, fair and good,
We 'll rest awhile our weary feet ;

But though this old man needeth food,
There 's nothing here that he can eat.
His taste is strange, he eats alone,
Beneath some ruined cloister's cope,
Or on some tottering turret's stone,
While I can only live on — Hope !

"A week ago, ere you were wed, —
It was the very night before, —
Upon so many sweets I fed
While passing by your mother's door, —
It was that dear, delicious hour
When Owen here the nosegay brought,
And found you in the woodbine bower, —
Since then, indeed, I 've needed naught."

A blush steals over Norah's face,
A smile comes over Owen's brow,
A tranquil joy illumes the place,
As if the moon were shining now ;
The boy beholds the pleasing pain,
The sweet confusion he has done,
And shakes the crystal glass again,
And makes the sands more quickly run.

"Dear Norah, we are pilgrims, bound
Upon an endless path sublime ;
We pace the green earth round and round,
And mortals call us LOVE and TIME ;
He seeks the many, I the few ;
I dwell with peasants, he with kings.
We seldom meet ; but when we do,
I take his glass, and he my wings.

"And thus together on we go,
Where'er I chance or wish to lead ;
And Time, whose lonely steps are slow,
Now sweeps along with lightning speed.
Now on our bright predestined way
We must to other regions pass ;
But take this gift, and night and day
Look well upon its truthful glass.

"How quick or slow the bright sands fall
Is hid from lovers' eyes alone,
If you can see them move at all,
Be sure your heart has colder grown.
'T is coldness makes the glass grow dry,
The icy hand, the freezing brow ;
But warm the heart and breathe the sigh,
And then they 'll pass you know not how."

She took the glass where Love's warm hands
A bright impervious vapor cast,
She looks, but cannot see the sands,
Although she feels they 're falling fast.
But cold hours came, and then, alas !
She saw them falling frozen through,
Till Love's warm light suffused the glass,
And hid the loosening sands from view !

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME.

SONG OF NOURMAHAL IN "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

"FLY to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
But oh ! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love or thrones without ?

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

"Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gayly springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

"Then come, — thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

"Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

"As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before as then !

"So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone ;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years !

"Then fly with me, if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

"Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, —
Fresh as the fountain underground,
When first 't is by the lapwing found.

"But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place ;

"Then, fare thee well ! — I 'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine ! "

There was a pathos in this lay,
That even without enchantment's art
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart ;

But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of music's spirit, 't was too much !
Starting, he dashed away the cup, —
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 't were fixed by magic there,
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaimed,
"O Nourmahal ! O Nourmahal !
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget — forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off, — the charm is wrought, —
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light !
And well do vanished frowns enhance
The charm of every brightened glance ;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile ;
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses !"

THOMAS MOORE.

THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning ;
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning ;
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever ! "

I 'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them !
Or, after you 've kissed them, they 'll lie on my bosom ;
I 'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
I 'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O, your step 's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor ;
I 'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I 'll wish you in silence to love me.

We 'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie ;
We 'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy ;
We 'll look on the stars, and we 'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
O, she 'll whisper you, "Love, as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming ;
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning ;
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning ;
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever ! "

THOMAS DAVIS.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown !
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky, —
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune, —
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We 'll gae down by Clouden side.
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear:
Thou 'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die — but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye shall be my dearie.

ROBERT BURNS

CHARLIE MACHREE.

COME over, come over
The river to me,
If ye are my laddie,
Bold Charlie machree.

Here 's Mary McPherson
And Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye 're faint-hearted,
And darena plunge in.

But the dark rolling water,
Though deep as the sea,
I know willna scare ye,
Nor keep ye frae me;

For stout is yer back,
And strong is yer arm,
And the heart in yer bosom
Is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over
The river to me,
If ye are my laddie,
Bold Charlie machree!

I see him, I see him!
He 's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing
The big waves aside.

O, the dark rolling water
Shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance
Of his bonny blue e'e.

And his cheeks are like roses,
Twa buds on a bough;
Who says ye 're faint-hearted,
My brave Charlie, now?

Ho, ho, foaming river,
Ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie
To the dark loch below!

Come over, come over
The river to me,
My true-hearted laddie,
My Charlie machree!

He 's sinking, he 's sinking,
O, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly,
Ten strokes and ye 're thro'!

He 's sinking, O Heaven!
Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I 've a kiss for ye, Charlie,
As soon as ye 're here!

He rises, I see him, —
Five strokes, Charlie, mair, —
He 's shaking the wet
From his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current,
He gains on the sea, —
Ho, where is the swimmer
Like Charlie machree?

Come over the river,
But once come to me,
And I 'll love ye forever,
Dear Charlie machree!

He 's sinking, he 's gone, —
O God! it is I,
It is I, who have killed him —
Help, help! — he must die!

Help, help! — ah, he rises, —
Strike out and ye 're free!
Ho, bravely done, Charlie,
Once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock,
Now gie us yer hand, —
Ye 're safe, dearest Charlie,
Ye 're safe on the land!

Come rest in my bosom,
If *there* ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye,
I only can weep.

Ye 've crossed the wild river,
Ye 've risked all for me,
And I 'll part frae ye never,
Dear Charlie machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT 's this dull town to me?
Robin 's not near, —
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear;
Where 's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth,
O, they 're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair:
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there:
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O, it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me,
Robin Adair;
But now I never see
Robin Adair;
Yet him I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
O, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,
Robin Adair!
Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair!

I feel thy trembling hand ;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair.

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair ;
Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair ;
When thou wert far at sea,
Many made love to me,
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair ;
Never to part again,
Robin Adair ;
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair !

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

THE SILLER CROUN.

"AND ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye 'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair."

O, wha wad buy a silken goun
Wi' a puir broken heart ?
Or what 's to me a siller croun
Gin frae my love I part ?

The mind whose meanest wish is pure
Far dearest is to me,
And ere I 'm forced to break my faith,
I 'll lay me doun an' dee.

For I hae vowed a virgin's vow
My lover's fate to share,
An' he has gi'en to me his heart,
And what can man do mair ?

His mind and manners won my heart :
He gratefu' took the gift ;
And did I wish to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft.

The langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And ere I 'm forced to break my faith,
I 'll lay me doun an' dee.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

ANNIE LAURIE.*

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew ;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true ;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'll lay me down and die.

She 's backit like the peacock,
She 's breistit like the swan,
She 's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span ;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
And she has a rolling eye ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'll lay me down and die.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song !" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
"We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

* A daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, whom a Mr. Douglass courted in vain, but whose name he immortalized, says *Chambers*.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lauric."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

O NANNY, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou 'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

BISHOP THOMAS PERCY.

SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,
I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away, and sigh, —
Smile, and never heed me!
If our love, indeed, be such
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn as much? —
Smile, and never heed me!

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for thy guide, —
Smile, and never heed me!
But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet, —
Then — thou then — mayst heed me!

CHARLES SWAIN.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I 'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
And come, etc.
O whistle, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
Yet look, etc.
O whistle, etc.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
For fear, etc.
O whistle, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE WHISTLE.

"YOU have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood,
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline, —

"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it?—tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so, that not even Modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm:"
She smiled,—and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss:
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make!
For only consider, how silly 't would be
To sit there and whistle for—what you might take!"

ROBERT STORY.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.
It wouldna give me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But gudesake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk!

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,
And what a great affair they 'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That 's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
Nor gi'e the tongue o' old and young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

I 'm sure wi' you I 've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
I 'll ne'er submit again to it;
So mind you that—before folk!

Ye tell me that my face is fair:
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush so sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk!

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet:
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;—
At ony rate, it 's hardly meet
To pric their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
Gin that 's the case, there 's time and place,
But surely no before folk!

But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
And when we 're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk!

ALEXANDER RODGER.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,
And will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;

A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;
A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : "Ah me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

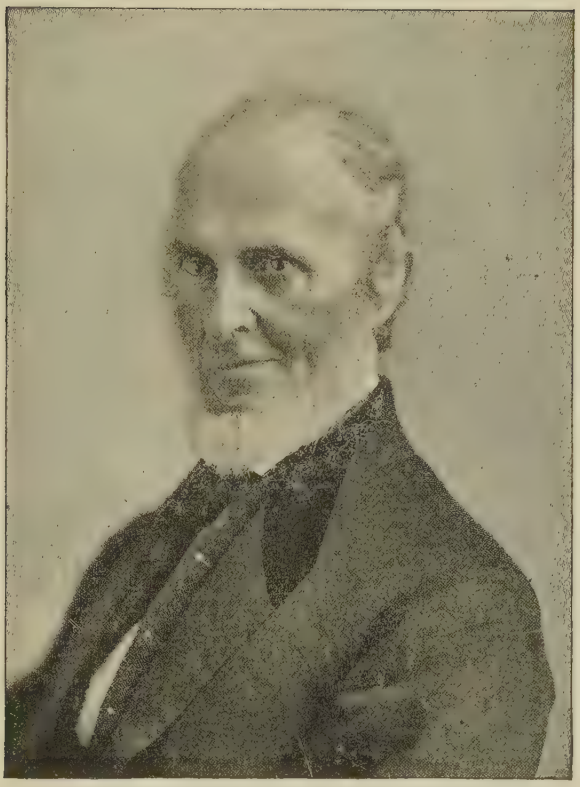
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill
And saw Maud Muller standing still :

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.



John G. Whittier

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

QUAKERDOM.

THE FORMAL CALL.

THROUGH her forced, abnormal quiet
Flashed the soul of frolic riot,
And a most malicious laughter lighted up her downcast eyes;
All in vain I tried each topic,
Ranged from polar climes to tropic, —
Every commonplace I started met with yes-or-no replies.

For her mother — stiff and stately,
As if starched and ironed lately —
Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded thus in curving palms;
There she sat on guard before us,
And in words precise, decorous,
And most calm, reviewed the weather, and recited several psalms.

How without abruptly ending
This my visit, and offending
Wealthy neighbors, was the problem which employed my mental care;
When the butler, bowing lowly,
Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,
"Madam, please, the gardener wants you," —
Heaven, I thought, has heard my prayer.

"Pardon me!" she grandly uttered;
Bowing low, I gladly muttered,
"Surely, madam!" and, relieved, I turned to scan the daughter's face:
Ha! what pent-up mirth outflashes
From beneath those pencilled lashes!
How the drill of Quaker custom yields to Nature's brilliant grace.

Brightly springs the prisoned fountain
From the side of Delphi's mountain
When the stone that weighed upon its buoyant life is thrust aside;
So the long-enforced stagnation
Of the maiden's conversation
Now imparted five-fold brilliance to its ever-varying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,
Witty, winning, from beginning
Unto end I listened, merely flinging in a casual word;
Eloquent, and yet how simple!
Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,
Tongue and lip together made a music seen as well as heard.

When the noonday woods are ringing,
All the birds of summer singing,
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we know a serpent nigh:
So upon the door a rattle
Stopped our animated tattle,
And the stately mother found us prim enough to suit her eye.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight;
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle 's done:
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then have we
Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played;
What is it we have won?
This, this at least, — if this alone:

That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together.

ROBERT BULWER, LORD LYTTON.
(*Owen Meredith.*)

SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'T were madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedge-row, crossed the brook
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not, —
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone.
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood:
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old.
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS.

FORGET THEE?

"FORGET thee?" — If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If wingèd thoughts that flit to thee — a thousand in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot, —
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?" — Bid the forest-birds forget their sweetest tune;
"Forget thee?" — Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its "mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot; —
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, O, bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then; — but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

JOHN MOULTRIE.

DINNA ASK ME.

O, DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye:
Troth, I daurna tell!
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye, —
Ask it o' yoursel'.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lassies see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye 'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I 'm sure my heart wad brak,
Gin ye 'd prove fause to me!

JOHN DUNLOP

SONG.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I 'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I 'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I 'd share
With thee upon yon mountain;
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeigned and tender,
By vows you 're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story, —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain;
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;

— His dying words — but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, — she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept, —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I 'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken :
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'T is to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame !
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame !

'T is not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'T is not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great, —
'T is beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame !
When the kye comes hame, etc.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loes to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he ;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he 'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame !
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Doops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame !
When the kye comes hame, etc.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame !
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there 's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame !
When the kye comes hame, etc.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy ?
O, wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame ?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame !

JAMES HOGG.

LADY BARBARA.

EARL GAWAIN wooed the Lady Barbara,
High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold !
'Mong broad-branched beeches in the summer shaw,
In soft green light his passion he has told.
When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,
The Earl to take her fair reluctant ear
Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold ;
Silent she sat his amorous breath to hear,
With calm and steady eyes ; her heart was otherwhere.

He sighed for her through all the summer weeks ;
Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs
Bore glorious apples with smooth, shining cheeks,
Earl Gawain came and whispered, " Lady, rouse !
Thou art no vestal held in holy vows ;
Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."
Her father's blood leapt up into her brows, —
He who, exulting on the trumpet's breath,
Came charging like a star across the lists of death,

Trembled, and passed before her high rebuke :
And then she sat, her hands clasped round her knee :
Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,
For in a morning cold as misery
She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea ;
Before the north 't was driven like a cloud,
High on the poop a man sat mournfully :
The wind was whistling through mast and shroud,
And to the whistling wind thus did he sing aloud : —

"Didst look last night upon my native vales,
Thou Sun! that from the drenching sea hast clomb?
Ye demon winds! that glut my gaping sails,
Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
Wander forever on the barren foam?
O, happy are ye, resting mariners!
O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home!
A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,
And onward I must float through slow, moon-measured years.

"Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on,
Frothing the waters, and along our way,
Nor cape nor headland through red mornings shone,
One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,
One howled, 'Upon the deep we are astray.'
On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight:
In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
As we went driving on through the cold starry night.

"Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky
Became a dreadful face which did oppress
Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry, —
A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep;
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,
And dragged me forth, and round did dance and leap;
They mouthed on me in dream, and tore me from sweet sleep.

"Strange constellations burned above my head,
Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew,
Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,
As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling through,
Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue."
The lady sighed, "Far, far upon the sea,
My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you!
The wind blows shrill between my love and me."
Fond heart! the space between was but the apple-tree.

There was a cry of joy; with seeking hands
She fled to him, like worn bird to her nest;
Like washing water on the figured sands,
His being came and went in sweet unrest,
As from the mighty shelter of his breast
The Lady Barbara her head uprears
With a wan smile, "Methinks I 'm but half blest:
Now when I 've found thee, after weary years,
I cannot see thee, love! so blind I am with tears."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

ATALANTA'S RACE.

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

ATALANTA VICTORIOUS.

And there two runners did the sign abide
Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near;
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhoped for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

ATALANTA CONQUERED.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk round the running place,
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Than heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race;
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die,
Look down upon us for a little while,
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out,
And forth they sprang; and she must play her part;
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though slackening once, she turned her head about,
But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew,
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had wellnigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit.
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid;
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
To win the day, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet,
Quickly she gained upon him till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet,
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast

After the prize that should her bliss fulfil,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more, an unblest, woful victory —
And yet — and yet — why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? Why do her gray eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new, unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

FATIMA AND RADUAN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Diamante falso y fingido,
Engastado en pedernal," etc.

"FALSE diamond set in flint! hard heart in haughty breast!
By a softer, warmer bosom the tiger's couch is prest.
Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as the wind,
And the restless ever-mounting flame is not more hard to bind.
If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few would be
To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown to me.
Oh! I could chide thee sharply, — but every maiden knows
That she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes.

"Thou hast called me oft the flower of all Grenada's maids,
Thou hast said that by the side of me the first and fairest fades;
And they thought thy heart was mine, and it seemed to every one
That what thou didst to win my love, for love of me was done.
Alas! if they but knew thee, as mine it is to know,
They well might see another mark to which thine arrows go;
But thou giv'st little heed, — for I speak to one who knows
That she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes.

"It wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep and bear
What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills my own with care.
Thou art leagued with those that hate me, and ah! thou know'st I feel
That cruel words as surely kill as sharpest blades of steel.
'T was the doubt that thou wert false that wrung my heart with pain;
But, now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well again.
I would proclaim thee as thou art, — but every maiden knows
That she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes."

Thus Fatima complained to the valiant Raduan,
Where underneath the myrtles Alhambra's fountains ran:
The Moor was inly moved, and, blameless as he was,
He took her white hand in his own, and pleaded thus his cause:
"O lady, dry those star-like eyes, — their dimness does me wrong;
If my heart be made of flint, at least 't will keep thy image long;
Thou hast uttered cruel words, — but I grieve the less for those,
Since she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FIRST LOVE.

FROM "DON JUAN," CANTO I.

'T is sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth ;
Sweet is revenge, — especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

. . . . . .

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink ; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife ; 't is sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend ;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world ; and dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love, — it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
The tree of knowledge has been plucked, — all 's known, —
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

BYRON.

A MAIDEN WITH A MILKING-PAIL.

I.

WHAT change has made the pastures sweet,
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem ?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward, —
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

And here 's the field with light aglow :
How fresh its boundary lime-trees show !
And how its wet leaves trembling shine !
Between their trunks come through to me
The morning sparkles of the sea,
Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool, more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh
Up at the breasts of coot and rail.
There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
A maiden with a milking-pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste,
One hand upon her slender waist,
The other lifted to her pail, —
She, rosy in the morning light,
Among the water-daisies white,
Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod :
I leaned upon the gate to see.
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak ;
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,
And she came up like coming fate,
I saw my picture in her eyes, —
Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes !
Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows
Among white-headed majesties !

I said, "A tale was made of old
That I would fain to thee unfold.
Ah ! let me, — let me tell the tale."
But high she held her comely head :
"I cannot heed it now," she said,
"For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado ?
I held the gate, and she came through,
And took her homeward path anon.
From the clear pool her face had fled ;
It rested on my heart instead,
Reflected when the maid was gone.

With happy youth, and work content,
So sweet and stately, on she went,
Right careless of the untold tale.
Each step she took I loved her more,
And followed to her dairy door
The maiden with the milking-pail.

II.

For hearts where-wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work !
For work does good when reasons fail, —
Good ; yet the axe at every stroke
The echo of a name awoke, —
Her name is Mary Martindale.

I 'm glad that echo was not heard
Aright by other men. A bird
Knows doubtless what his own notes tell ;
And I know not, — but I can say
I felt as shamefaced all that day
As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow
I went — I could not choose but go —
To that same dairy on the hill ;
And while sweet Mary moved about
Within, I came to her without,
And leaned upon the window-sill.

The garden border where I stood
Was sweet with pinks and southernwood.
I spoke, — her answer seemed to fail.
I smelt the pinks, — I could not see.
The dusk came down and sheltered me.
And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell?
I begged a kiss, — I pleaded well:
The rosebud lips did long decline;
But yet, I think — I think 't is true —
That, leaned at last into the dew,
One little instant they were mine!

O life! how dear thou hast become!
She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb!
But evening counsels best prevail.
Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,
Green be the pastures where she treads,
The maiden with the milking-pail!

JEAN INGELOW.

SONG OF THE MILKMAID.

FROM "QUEEN MARY."

SHAME upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kissed me well I vow;
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

TURN, turn, for my cheeks they burn,
Turn by the dale, my Harry!
Fill pail, fill pail,
He has turned by the dale,
And there by the stile waits Harry.
Fill, fill,
Fill, pail, fill,
For there by the stile waits Harry!
The world may go round, the world may stand still,
But I can milk and marry,
Fill pail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh!
O, if we two
Stood down there now by the water,
I know who 'd carry me over the ford
As brave as a soldier, as proud as a lord,
Though I don't live over the water.
Wheugh, wheugh! he 's whistling through.
He 's whistling "The Farmer's Daughter."
Give down, give down,
My crumpled brown!
He shall not take the road to the town,
For I 'll meet him beyond the water.
Give down, give down,
My crumpled brown!
And send me to my Harry.
The folk o' towns
May have silken gowns,
But I can milk and marry,
Fill pail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh! he has whistled through
He has whistled through the water.
Fill, fill, with a will, a will,
For he 's whistled through the water,
And he 's whistling down
The way to the town,
And it 's not "The Farmer's Daughter!"
Churr, churr! goes the cockchafer,
The sun sets over the water,
Churr, churr! goes the cockchafer,
I 'm too late for my Harry!
And, O, if he goes a-soldiering,
The cows they may low, the bells they may ring,
But I 'll neither milk nor marry,
Fill pail,
Neither milk nor marry.

My brow beats on thy flank, Fill pail,
Give down, good wench, give down!
I know the primrose bank, Fill pail,
Between him and the town.
Give down, good wench, give down, Fill pail,
And he shall not reach the town!
Strain, strain! he 's whistling again,
He 's nearer by half a mile.
More, more! O, never before
Were you such a weary while!
Fill, fill! he 's crossed the hill,

I can see him down by the stile,
He 's passed the hay, he 's coming this way,
He 's coming to me, my Harry !
Give silken gowns to the folk o' towns,
He 's coming to me, my Harry !
There 's not so grand a dame in the land,
That she walks to-night with Harry !
Come late, come soon, come sun, come moon,
O, I can milk and marry,
Fill pail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh ! he has whistled through,
My Harry ! my lad ! my lover !
Set the sun and fall the dew,
Heigh-ho, merry world, what 's to do
That you 're smiling over and over ?
Up on the hill and down in the dale,
And along the tree-tops over the vale
Shining over and over,
Low in the grass and high on the bough,
Shining over and over,
O world, have you ever a lover ?
You were so dull and cold just now,
O world, have you ever a lover ?
I could not see a leaf on the tree,
And now I could count them, one, two, three,
Count them over and over,
Leaf from leaf like lips apart,
Like lips apart for a lover.
And the hillside beats with my beating heart,
And the apple-tree blushes all over,
And the May bough touched me and made me start,
And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull ! and the pail is full,
And milking 's done and over.
Who would not sit here under the tree ?
What a fair fair thing 's a green field to see !
Brim, brim, to the rim, ah me !
I have set my pail on the daisies !
It seems so light, — can the sun be set ?
The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet,
I could cry to have hurt the daisies !
Harry is near, Harry is near,
My heart 's as sick as if he were here,
My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,
He has n't uttered a word as yet,
But the air 's astir with his praises.
My Harry !
The air 's astir with your praises.

He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone,
He 's among the kingcups, — he picks me one,
I love the grass that I tread upon
When I go to my Harry !
He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the knowe,
There 's never a faster foot I know,
But still he seems to tarry.
O Harry ! O Harry ! my love, my pride,
My heart is leaping, my arms are wide !
Roll up, roll up, you dull hillside,
Roll up, and bring my Harry !
They may talk of glory over the sea,
But Harry 's alive, and Harry 's for me,
My love, my lad, my Harry !
Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow,
What cares Dolly, whether or no,
While I can milk and marry ?
Right or wrong, and wrong or right,
Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,
But I 'll bring my pail home every night
To love, and home, and Harry !
We 'll drink our can, we 'll eat our cake,
There 's beer in the barrel, there 's bread in the bake,
The world may sleep, the world may wake,
But I shall milk and marry,
And marry,
I shall milk and marry.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

EARLY on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sounds of lightly tripping feet.
'T was a lowly cottage maiden going, — why, let young hearts tell, —
With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.
Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet lane,
And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again.
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm,
With a charmèd heart within her, thinking of no ill nor harm.
Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain
Sought to press their brightening image on her ever-busy brain.
Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-waking dream ;
And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest summer gleam.
At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright,
Singing, soft, its hallelujah to the gracious morning light.

Fern-leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where
its silvery droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted
foxglove bell.
Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the
pitcher in the tide, —
Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er
its glazèd side.
But before her arm could place it on her shiny,
wavy hair,
By her side a youth was standing! — Love re-
joiced to see the pair!
Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the
morning breeze,
Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath
the ancient trees.
But the holy, blessed secrets it becomes me not
to tell:
Life had met another meaning, fetching water
from the well!
Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the
burden-pitcher bore;
She, with dewy eyes down looking, grew more
beauteous than before!
When they neared the silent homestead, up he
raised the pitcher light;
Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of
wavelets bright:
Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of
him she'd bear,
Calling every burden blessed, if his love but
lighted there.
Then, still waving benedictions, further, further
off he drew,
While his shadow seemed a glory that across the
pathway grew.
Now about her household duties silently the
maiden went,
And an ever-radiant halo o'er her daily life was
blent.
Little knew the aged matron as her feet like
music fell,
What abundant treasure found she fetching water
from the well!

ANONYMOUS.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!*

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair:
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'T is thirteen years: once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah yes,
I hear, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these — they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* Till we meet again!

MEETING.

THE gray sea, and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves, that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears:
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.

I GREW assured, before I asked,
That she 'd be mine without reserve,
And in her unclaimed graces basked
At leisure, till the time should serve, —
With just enough of dread to thrill
The hope, and make it trebly dear:
Thus loath to speak the word, to kill
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning late,
Her laughing sisters lagged behind;
And ere we reached her father's gate,
We paused with one presentient mind;

And, in the dim and perfumed mist
  Their coming stayed, who, blithe and free,
And very women, loved to assist
  A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died, my trembling word ;
  To faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
  The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touched me where I stood :
  The warmth of her confided arm ;
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood ;
  Her pleasure in her power to charm ;

Her look, her love, her form, her touch !
  The least seemed most by blissful turn, —
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
  And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
  Was traversed by the breath I drew ;
And O, sweet meeting of desires !
  She, answering, owned that she loved too.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they 've dropt
  into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."
'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter, —
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath
  the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his
  sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I
  cannot tell.

"My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they were pearls
  in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should
  him forget,
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor
  smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as
  those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have
  dropped them in the well,
O, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! he 'll say they
  should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining
  clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance
  insincere ;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not
  befitting well, —
Thus will he think, — and what to say, alas ! I
  cannot tell.

"He 'll think when I to market went I loitered
  by the way ;
He 'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads
  might say ;
He 'll think some other lover's hand among my
  tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my
  rings of pearl unloosed ;
He 'll think when I was sporting so beside this
  marble well,
My pearls fell in, — and what to say, alas ! I
  cannot tell.

"He 'll say I am a woman, and we are all the
  same ;
He 'll say I loved when he was here to whisper
  of his flame —
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had
  broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not
  for his token.
My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! O, luckless, luckless well !
For what to say to Muça, alas ! I cannot tell.

"I 'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will
  believe,
That I have thought of him at morn, and thought
  of him at eve ;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun
  was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain
  all alone ;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from
  my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they
  lie in the well."

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ATHULF AND ETHILDA.

ATHULF. Appeared
The princess with that merry child Prince Guy:
He loves me well, and made her stop and sit,
And sat upon her knee, and it so chanced
That in his various chatter he denied
That I could hold his hand within my own
So closely as to hide it: this being tried
Was proved against him; he insisted then
I could not by his royal sister's hand
Do likewise. Starting at the random word,
And dumb with trepidation, there I stood
Some seconds as bewitched; then I looked up,
And in her face beheld an orient flush
Of half-bewildered pleasure: from which trance
She with an instant ease resumed herself,
And frankly, with a pleasant laugh, held out
Her arrowy hand.
I thought it trembled as it lay in mine,
But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,
And said that she felt nothing.

SIDROC. And what felt'st thou?

ATHULF. A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous tumbling,
As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom.
I said I was ashamed. — Sidroc, you smile;
If at my folly, well! But if you smile,
Suspicious of a taint upon my heart,
Wide is your error, and you never loved.

HENRY TAYLOR.

SEVEN TIMES THREE.

LOVE.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover —
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep, —

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I 've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover;
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I 'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

JEAN INGELOW.

A SPINSTER'S STINT.

SIX skeins and three, six skeins and three!
Good mother, so you stinted me,
And here they be, — ay, six and three!

Stop, busy wheel! stop, noisy wheel!
Long shadows down my chamber steal,
And warn me to make haste and reel

'T is done, — the spinning work complete,
O heart of mine, what makes you beat
So fast and sweet, so fast and sweet?

I must have wheat and pinks, to stick
My hat from brim to ribbon, thick, —
Slow hands of mine, be quick, be quick!

One, two, three stars along the skies
Begin to wink their golden eyes, —
I 'll leave my thread all knots and ties.

O moon, so red! O moon, so red!
Sweetheart of night, go straight to bed;
Love's light will answer in your stead.

A-tiptoe, beckoning me, he stands, —
Stop trembling, little foolish hands,
And stop the bands, and stop the bands!

ALICE CARY.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting, —
"Eileen, a-chora, I hear some one tapping."
"'T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot 's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What 's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"
There 's a form at the casement, — the form of her true-love, —
And he whispers, with face bent, "I 'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We 'll rove in the grove while the moon 's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot 's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat, — longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, — then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel swings;
Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY 's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night;
Somebody 's whispering to somebody,
Somebody 's listening to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and low,
She sits with Somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,
Words never used before
Sound sweet to Somebody.

Under the maple-tree
Deep though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see,
Bright eyes has Somebody.

No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late,
All know she 's at the gate,
Talking with Somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door ;
Two shadows on the floor !
Moonlight, reveal no more, —
Susy and Somebody.

Two, sitting side by side
Float with the ebbing tide,
"Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says Somebody.

Somewhere, Somebody
Makes love to Somebody,
To-night.

ANONYMOUS.

DANCE LIGHT.

"Ah ! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel, —
Your neat little foot will be weary with spinning !
Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree :
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could n't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen, —
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil, —
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee put his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion :
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground ;
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing :
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turnèd arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly ?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love :
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love !

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear !
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

Year after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet,
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown ;
On either side her trancèd form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl ;
The slumberous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
Languidly ever ; and amid
Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,

INSCRIPTION ON MONUMENT

Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington, D. C.

[FRONT]

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Author of "Home, Sweet Home"
Born June 9, 1791. Died April 9, 1852

Erected A.D. 1883

[REAR]

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the azure dome,
With outstretched arms God's angel said,
'Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home.'

BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

Glows forth each softly shadowed arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright.
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmèd heart.
She sleeps; on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE REVIVAL.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,
The maid and page renewed their strife,
The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract.

At last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke,
"By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy," returned the king, "but still
My joints are something stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mentioned half an hour ago?"
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words returned reply:
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him.

"I 'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss;"
"O wake forever, love," she hears,
"O love, 't was such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"O, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOCHINVAR.

FROM "MARMION," CANTO V.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

St. Agnes' Eve, — ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead on each side seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no, — already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft:
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away;
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by, — she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired, not cooled by high disdain.
But she saw not; her heart was otherwhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline;
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss, — in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away!" "Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how —" "Good saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered, "Well-a — well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve, —
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so. It fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art!
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart

From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"
Quoth Porphyro; "O, may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed:
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself ; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo ! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet : —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone : —
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered ;
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez ; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite ;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains ; — 't was a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream :
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies ;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans merci ;"
Close to her ear touching the melody ; —
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan :
He ceased ; she panted quick, — and suddenly
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone :
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep ;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro !" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow ;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear ;
How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear !
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
O, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
Solution sweet ; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes : St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'T is dark ; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline !"
'T is dark ; the icèd gusts still rave and beat :
"No dream ? alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing ; —
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unprunèd wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 't is an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise, arise! the morning is at hand; —
The bloated wassailers will never heed:
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake, arise, my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears;
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone! ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hill-
tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of
one sad day.
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man
and maiden fair, —
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with
sunny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she
with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, —
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing
to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls
dark, damp, and cold,
"I 've a lover in that prison, doomed this very
night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly
help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her
lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper: —
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, — every word
pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly
poisoned dart, —
"Long, long years I 've rung the Curfew from that
gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the
twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just
and right,
Now I 'm old I will not falter, —
Curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and
white her thoughtful brow,
As within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn
vow.
She had listened while the judges read without
a tear or sigh:
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood
must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her
eyes grew large and bright;
In an undertone she murmured: —
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

With quick step she bounded forward, sprung
within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft
he 'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with
eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no
ray of light,
Up and up, — her white lips saying: —
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her
hangs the great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the path-
way down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, — 't is the
hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped
her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eyes
with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly, —
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung — far out; the city seemed a
speck of light below,
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the
bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf,
heard not the bell,
Sadly thought, "That twilight Curfew rang
young Basil's funeral knell."
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with
trembling lips so white,
Said to hush her heart's wild throbbing: —
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the
maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder where for hun-
dred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave
deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of
setting sun
Crimson all the sky with beauty; aged sires,
with heads of white,
Tell the eager, listening children,
"Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie
sees him, and her brow,
Lately white with fear and anguish, has no
anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands
all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with
sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes
with misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Wide they flung the massive portal; led the
prisoner forth to die, —
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the
darkening English sky
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow
with love-light sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon
at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed
the face upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me, —
Curfew will not ring to-night!"

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE LITTLE MILLINER.

My girl hath violet eyes and yellow hair,
A soft hand, like a lady's, small and fair,
A sweet face pouting in a white straw bonnet,
A tiny foot, and little boot upon it;
And all her finery to charm beholders
Is the gray shawl drawn tight around her shoulders,
The plain stuff-gown and collar white as snow,
And sweet red petticoat that peeps below.
But gladly in the busy town goes she,
Summer and winter, fearing nobodie;
She pats the pavement with her fairy feet,
With fearless eyes she charms the crowded street;
And in her pocket lie, in lieu of gold,
A lucky sixpence and a thimble old.

We lodged in the same house a year ago:
She on the topmost floor, I just below, —
She, a poor milliner, content and wise,
I, a poor city clerk, with hopes to rise;
And, long ere we were friends, I learnt to love
The little angel on the floor above.
For, every morn, ere from my bed I stirred,
Her chamber door would open, and I heard, —
And listened, blushing, to her coming down,
And palpitated with her rustling gown,
And tingled while her foot went downward slow,
Creaked like a cricket, passed, and died below;
Then peeping from the window, pleased and sly,
I saw the pretty shining face go by,
Healthy and rosy, fresh from slumber sweet, —
A sunbeam in the quiet morning street.

And every night, when in from work she tript,
Red to the ears I from my chamber slipt,
That I might hear upon the narrow stair
Her low "Good evening," as she passed me there.
And when her door was closed, below sat I,
And hearkened stilly as she stirred on high, —
Watched the red firelight shadows in the room,
Fashioned her face before me in the gloom,
And heard her close the window, lock the door,
Moving about more lightly than before,
And thought, "She is undressing now!" and, oh!
My cheeks were hot, my heart was in a glow!
And I made pictures of her, — standing bright
Before the looking-glass in bed-gown white

Unbinding in a knot her yellow hair,
Then kneeling timidly to say a prayer ;
Till, last, the floor creaked softly overhead,
'Neath bare feet tripping to the little bed, —
And all was hushed. Yet still I hearkened on,
Till the faint sounds about the streets were gone ;
And saw her slumbering with lips apart,
One little hand upon her little heart,
The other pillowing a face that smiled
In slumber like the slumber of a child,
The bright hair shining round the small white ear,
The soft breath stealing visible and clear,
And mixing with the moon's, whose frosty gleam
Made round her rest a vaporous light of dream.

How free she wandered in the wicked place,
Protected only by her gentle face !
She saw bad things — how could she choose but see ! —
She heard of wantonness and misery ;
The city closed around her night and day,
But lightly, happily, she went her way.
Nothing of evil that she saw or heard
Could touch a heart so innocently stirred, —
By simple hopes that cheered it through the storm,
And little flutterings that kept it warm.
No power had she to reason out her needs,
To give the whence and wherefore of her deeds ;
But she was good and pure amid the strife,
By virtue of the joy that was her life.
Here, where a thousand spirits daily fall,
Where heart and soul and senses turn to gall,
She floated, pure as innocent could be,
Like a small sea-bird on a stormy sea,
Which breasts the billows, wafted to and fro,
Fearless, uninjured, while the strong winds blow,
While the clouds gather, and the waters roar,
And mighty ships are broken on the shore.
All winter long, witless who peeped the while,
She sweetened the chill mornings with her smile ;
When the soft snow was falling dimly white,
Shining among it with a child's delight,
Bright as a rose, though nipping winds might blow,
And leaving fairy footprints in the snow !

'T was when the spring was coming, when the snow
Had melted, and fresh winds began to blow,
And girls were selling violets in the town,
That suddenly a fever struck me down.
The world was changed, the sense of life was pained,
And nothing but a shadow-land remained ;
Death came in a dark mist and looked at me,
I felt his breathing, though I could not see,
But heavily I lay and did not stir,
And had strange images and dreams of her.

Then came a vacancy : with feeble breath,
I shivered under the cold touch of Death,
And swooned among strange visions of the dead,
When a voice called from heaven, and he fled ;
And suddenly I wakened, as it seemed,
From a deep sleep wherein I had not dreamed.

And it was night, and I could see and hear,
And I was in the room I held so dear,
And unaware, stretched out upon my bed,
I hearkened for a footstep overhead.

But all was hushed. I looked around the room,
And slowly made out shapes amid the gloom.
The wall was reddened by a rosy light,
A faint fire flickered, and I knew 't was night,
Because below there was a sound of feet
Dying away along the quiet street, —
When, turning my pale face and sighing low,
I saw a vision in the quiet glow :
A little figure, in a cotton gown,
Looking upon the fire and stooping down,
Her side to me, her face illumed, she eyed
Two chestnuts burning slowly, side by side, —
Her lips apart, her clear eyes strained to see,
Her little hands clasped tight around her knee,
The firelight gleaming on her golden head,
And tinting her white neck to rosy red,
Her features bright, and beautiful, and pure,
With childish fear and yearning half demure.

O sweet, sweet dream ! I thought, and strained mine eyes,
Fearing to break the spell with words and sighs.

Softly she stooped, her dear face sweetly fair,
And sweeter since a light like love was there,
Brightening, watching, more and more elate,
As the nuts glowed together in the grate,
Crackling with little jets of fiery light,
Till side by side they turned to ashes white, —
Then up she leapt, her face cast off its fear
For rapture that itself was radiance clear,
And would have clapped her little hands in glee,
But, pausing, bit her lips and peeped at me,
And met the face that yearned on her so whitely,
And gave a cry and trembled, blushing brightly,
While, raised on elbow, as she turned to flee,
"*Polly !*" I cried, — and grew as red as she !

It was no dream ! for soon my thoughts were clear,
And she could tell me all, and I could hear :
How in my sickness friendless I had lain,
How the hard people pitied not my pain ;
How, in despite of what bad people said,
She left her labors, stopped beside my bed,

And nursed me, thinking sadly I would die ;
How, in the end, the danger passed me by ;
How she had sought to steal away before
The sickness passed, and I was strong once more.
By fits she told the story in mine ear,
And troubled all the telling with a fear
Lest by my cold man's heart she should be chid,
Lest I should think her bold in what she did ;
But, lying on my bed, I dared to say,
How I had watched and loved her many a day,
How dear she was to me, and dearer still
For that strange kindness done while I was ill,
And how I could but think that Heaven above
Had done it all to bind our lives in love.
And Polly cried, turning her face away,
And seemed afraid, and answered "yea" nor "nay ;"
Then stealing close, with little pants and sighs,
Looked on my pale thin face and earnest eyes,
And seemed in act to fling her arms about
My neck ; then, blushing, paused, in fluttering doubt ;
Last, sprang upon my heart, sighing and sobbing, —
That I might feel how gladly hers was throbbing !

Ah ! ne'er shall I forget until I die,
How happily the dreamy days went by,
While I grew well, and lay with soft heart-beats,
Hearkening the pleasant murmur from the streets,
And Polly by me like a sunny beam,
And life all changed, and love a drowsy dream !
'T was happiness enough to lie and see
The little golden head bent droopingly
Over its sewing, while the still time flew,
And my fond eyes were dim with happy dew !
And then, when I was nearly well and strong,
And she went back to labor all day long,
How sweet to lie alone with half-shut eyes,
And hear the distant murmurs and the cries,
And think how pure she was from pain and sin, —
And how the summer days were coming in !
Then, as the sunset faded from the room,
To listen for her footstep in the gloom,
To pant as it came stealing up the stair,
To feel my whole life brighten unaware
When the soft tap came to the door, and when
The door was opened for her smile again !
Best, the long evenings ! — when, till late at night,
She sat beside me in the quiet light,
And happy things were said and kisses won,
And serious gladness found its vent in fun.
Sometimes I would draw close her shining head,
And pour her bright hair out upon the bed,
And she would laugh, and blush, and try to scold,
While "Here," I cried, "I count my wealth in gold !"

Once, like a little sinner for transgression,
She blushed upon my breast, and made confession :
How, when that night I woke and looked around,
I found her busy with a charm profound, —
One chestnut was herself, my girl confessed,
The other was the person she loved best,
And if they burned together side by side,
He loved her, and she would become his bride ;
And burn indeed they did, to her delight, —
And had the pretty charm not proven right ?
Thus much, and more, with timorous joy, she said,
While her confessor, too, grew rosy red, —
And close together pressed two blissful faces,
As I absolved the sinner, with embraces.

And here is winter come again, winds blow,
The houses and the streets are white with snow ;
And in the long and pleasant eventide,
Why, what is Polly making at my side ?
What but a silk gown, beautiful and grand,
We bought together lately in the Strand !
What but a dress to go to church in soon,
And wear right queenly 'neath a honeymoon !
And who shall match her with her new straw bonnet,
Her tiny foot and little boot upon it ;
Embroidered petticoat and silk gown new,
And shawl she wears as few fine ladies do ?
And she will keep, to charm away all ill,
The lucky sixpence in her pocket still ;
And we will turn, come fair or cloudy weather,
To ashes, like the chestnuts, close together !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SONG.

FROM "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear :
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I 'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest :
And I should know if it beat right,
I 'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs :
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast :
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung ;

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled ;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled :
My feeble pulse forgot to play —
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

From the Greek of SAPPHO, by AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

O, DO NOT WANTON WITH THOSE EYES.

O, DO not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing ;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

O, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me ;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me ;
Nor spread them as distract with fears ;
Mine own enough betray me.

BEN JONSON.

THE SUN-DIAL.

'T IS an old dial, dark with many a stain ;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain
And white in winter like a marble tomb.

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak, — a worn and shattered row :
I am a Shade : a Shadowe too art thou :
I marke the Time : saye, Gossip, dost thou soe ?

Here would the ring-doves linger, head to head
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time ; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon ;
Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,
That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune, —
Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed ;
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone ;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,
Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail ;
There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale, —
An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,
Straying among the alleys with a book, —
Herrick or Herbert, — watched the circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found
Of some dread secret half-accounted true, —
Who knew what hearts and hands the letter bound,
And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two, —

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone ;
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head ;
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearled and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom ;
Then came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head.

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love ;
So kindly fronted that you marvelled how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove ;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun ;
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge;
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
Took out the note ; — held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall ;
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard ;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast ;
Laughed softly in a flattered, happy way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on his crest,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

. . . . .

The shade crept forward through the dying glow ;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier ;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small gray spot, — the record of a tear.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE GOLDEN FISH.

LOVE is a little golden fish,
Wondrous shy . . . ah, wondrous shy . . .
You may catch him if you wish ;
He might make a dainty dish . . .
But I . . .
Ah, I 've other fish to fry !

For when I try to snare this prize,
Earnestly and patiently,
All my skill the rogue defies,
Lurking safe in Aimée's eyes . . .
So, you see,
I am caught and Love goes free !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame ?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I 'll be, mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, — or perish there too !

THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

"WHEN your beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the skies,
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eyes !

"But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein,
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants at your heart,
Then I know that you 're woman again."

"There 's a passion and pride
In our sex," she replied ;
"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do, —
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you."

THOMAS PARNELL.

THE FIRST KISS.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying.

Yet remember, midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries, —
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver, —
Then bind Love to last forever !

Love 's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured, —
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there 's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire:
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closèd up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies one poor kiss:
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of aught what she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
O, she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I 'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

GEORGE WITHER.

SLY THOUGHTS.

"I SAW him kiss your cheek!" — "'T is true."
"O Modesty!" — "'T was strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

KISSES.

MY love and I for kisses played:
She would keep stakes — I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
"Pray, since I see," quoth she, "your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses; give me mine again."

WILLIAM STRODE.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, — Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows, —
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin, —
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY.

THE KISS.

1. AMONG thy fancies tell me this:
   What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

   It is a creature born and bred
   Between the lips all cherry red,
   By love and warm desires fed;
Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor. And stills the bride too when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, — now here, now there;
'T is now far off, and then 't is near;
Chor. And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? — 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say? — 2. Do you but this:
Part your joined lips, — then speaks your kiss;
Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? — 2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolorings;
And as it flies it gently sings;
Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE PLAIDIE.

Upon ane stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lassies —
And the sweetest I maintain
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wadna hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain:
"Now, laddie!
I winna stay under your plaidie,
If I gang hame in the rain!"

But, on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This selfsame winsome lassie
(We chanced to meet in the lane)
Said, "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"

CHARLES SIBLEY.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now — 't was looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I 'll ne'er meet again!
'T was the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You 're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she 'd break it again.

'T was hay-making season — I can't tell the reason —
Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY

KISSING 'S NO SIN.

Some say that kissing 's a sin;
But I think it 's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this warld
Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu'
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

ANONYMOUS.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie, —
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?

Every lassie has her laddie, —
Ne'er a ane hae I ;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e myself';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Adapted from BURNS.

KISSING HER HAIR.

KISSING her hair, I sat against her feet :
Wove and unwove it, — wound, and found it sweet ;
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies ;
With her own tresses bound, and found her fair, —
Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me, —
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea :
What pain could get between my face and hers ?
What new sweet thing would Love not relish worse ?
Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed me there, —
Kissing her hair.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MAKE BELIEVE.

KISS me, though you make believe ;
Kiss me, though I almost know
You are kissing to deceive :
Let the tide one moment flow
Backward ere it rise and break,
Only for poor pity's sake !

Give me of your flowers one leaf,
Give me of your smiles one smile,
Backward roll this tide of grief
Just a moment, though, the while,
I should feel and almost know
You are trifling with my woe.

Whisper to me sweet and low ;
Tell me how you sit and weave
Dreams about me, though I know
It is only make believe !
Just a moment, though 't is plain
You are jesting with my pain.

ALICE CARY.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean ;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle : —
Why not I with thine ?

See ! the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother ;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea : —
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE MOTH'S KISS, FIRST !

FROM "IN A GONDOLA."

THE Moth's kiss, first !
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up ; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now !
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dared not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

ROBERT BROWNING

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

SERENADE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how ? —
To thy chamber-window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream, —
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O, belovèd as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
O, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Indeed this very love which is my boast,
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost, . . .
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,
I should not love withal, unless that thou
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing of my own.
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,
And placed it by thee on a golden throne, —
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek!)
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently, — for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
For these things in themselves, belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee, — and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, —
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length and say
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee.
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks, the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but Love is justified, —
Take it thou, . . . finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

Say over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it,
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry: "Speak once more — thou lovest!" Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll, —
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me, — toll
The silver iterance! — only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

My letters! all dead paper, . . . mute and white! —
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said, . . . he wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,

Yet I wept for it! this, . . . the paper's light . . .
Said, *Dear, I love thee;* and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said, *I am thine,* — and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed,
If what this said, I dared repeat at last!

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath
To love me, I looked forward to the moon
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one
For such man's love! — more like an out of tune
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed
A wrong on *thee.* For perfect strains may float
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced, —
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O list!"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WAITING FOR THE GRAPES.

That I love thee, charming maid, I a thousand times have said,
And a thousand times more I have sworn it,
But 't is easy to be seen in the coldness of your mien
That you doubt my affection — or scorn it.
Ah me!

Not a single grain of sense is in the whole of these pretences
For rejecting your lover's petitions;
Had I windows in my bosom, O, how gladly I 'd expose 'em,
To undo your fantastic suspicions!
Ah me!

You repeat I 've known you long, and you hint I do you wrong,
In beginning so late to pursue ye;
But 't is folly to look glum because people did not come
Up the stairs of your nursery to woo ye.
Ah me!

In a grapery one walks without looking at the stalks,
While the bunches are green that they 're bearing:
All the pretty little leaves that are dangling at the eaves
Scarce attract e'en a moment of staring.
Ah me!

But when time has swelled the grapes to a richer style of shapes,
And the sun has lent warmth to their blushes,
Then to cheer us and to gladden, to enchant us and to madden,
Is the ripe ruddy glory that rushes.
Ah me!

O, 't is then that mortals pant while they gaze on Bacchus' plant, —
O, 't is then, — will my simile serve ye?
Should a damsel fair repine, though neglected like a vine?
Both erelong shall turn heads topsy-turvy.
Ah me!

WILLIAM MACINN.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair;
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Drawn by John Nelson Marble.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,
And these the boundaries I trace:
Northward her forehead fair;
Beyond a wilderness of auburn hair;
A rosy cheek to east and west;
Her little mouth
The sunny south.
It is the south that I love best.

Her eyes two crystal lakes,
Rippling with light,
Caught from the sun by day,
The stars by night.
The dimples in
Her cheeks and chin
Are snares which Love hath set,
And I have fallen in!

JOHN ALLAN WYETH.

Photo. by Moreno.

A KNOT OF BLUE.

FOR THE BOYS OF YALE.

SHE hath no gems of lustre bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue.
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,—
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple-tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me:
And what I said or what I did
That morn I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part,—
That little knot of blue.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face.
Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
Madder, merrier, chiller still,
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully, do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he has gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What terrible danger you 'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O!

GREEN grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses O!

There 's naught but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An 't were na for the lasses O?

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O!

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie O,
An' warly cares an' warly men
May all gae tapsalteerie O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye 're naught but senseless asses O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly lo'ed the lasses O!

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses O!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'T was then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!

But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan, by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO CHLOE.

AN APOLOGY FOR GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

CHLOE, we must not always be in heaven,
Forever toying, ogling, kissing, billing;
The joys for which I thousands would have given,
Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves;
Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the loves;
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter;
We should be prudent, never live too fast;
Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts, — 't is a shame, —
Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,
Till penury stares them in the face;
And when they find an empty purse,
Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace!
Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
Sunk to an humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose —
Smell twenty times — and then, my dear, thy nose
Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
The twentieth drank less flavor than the first.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
Yet often should the little god retire.
Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
That keeps alive the sacred fire.

DR. WOLCOTT (*Peter Pindar*).

THE EXCHANGE.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I, —
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, O, I trembled like an aspen!

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man, — in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

WHOE'ER she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny,

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistering shoe-tie,

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan;

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face, that 's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest.

A face, made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

. . . . . .

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all — nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy,
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now, if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is She.

'T is She, and here,
Lo, I unclothe and clear
My Wish's cloudy character!

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions, but — her story.

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May, —
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
The turtle-dove or pelican, —
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest, —
Which may merit name of best
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,

Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo:
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe, —
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go; —
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:
Whist! wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence;
I 'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I 'll make you fast it for your sin,
I 'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me!

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god;
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me;
Spare not, but play thee!

THOMAS LODGE.

COUNTY GUY.

FROM "QUENTIN DURWARD."

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know,
But where is County Guy?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove;
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We 'll be constant while we can, —
You can be no more, you know.

ROBERT BURNS.

UNSATISFACTORY.

"HAVE other lovers — say, my love —
Loved thus before to-day?"
"They may have, yes, they may, my love;
Not long ago they may."

"But, though they worshipped thee, my love,
Thy maiden heart was free?"
"Don't ask too much of me, my love;
Don't ask too much of me."

"Yet, now 't is you and I, my love,
Love's wings no more will fly?"
"If love could never die, my love,
Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,
And Love and I must go?"
"Indeed, I do not know, my love,
My life, I do not know."

"You will, you *must* be true, my love, —
Not look and love anew!"
"I 'll see what I can do, my love,
I 'll see what I can do."

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE-LETTERS MADE IN FLOWERS.

ON A PRINT OF ONE OF THEM IN A BOOK.

AN exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss, —
This art of writing *billet-doux*
In buds, and odors, and bright hues!
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies;
Uttering, as well as silence may,
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit too for the lady's bosom!
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

What delight in some sweet spot
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers!
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs, and passionate declarations,
In odorous rhetoric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight us well as bathos,
And watering every day one's pathos!

A letter comes, just gathered. We
Dote on its tender brilliancy,
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea, and its confessions
Made with as sweet a Maiden's Blush
As ever morn bedewed on bush:
('T is in reply to one of ours,
Made of the most convincing flowers.)

Then, after we have kissed its wit
And heart, in water putting it
(To keep its remarks fresh), go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground,
And with enchanted hands compose
Our answer, — all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And Little Darling (mignonette);
Of Look-at-me and Call-me-to-you
(Words that, while they greet, go through you)
Of Thoughts, of Flames, Forget-me-not,
Bridewort, — in short, the whole blest lot
Of vouchers for a lifelong kiss, —
And literally, breathing bliss!

LEIGH HUNT

MY EYES! HOW I LOVE YOU.

My eyes! how I love you,
You sweet little dove you!
There 's no one above you,
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is,
Like a sylph's or a fairy's;
And your neck, I declare, is
Exquisitely pretty.

Quite Grecian your nose is,
And your cheeks are like roses,
So delicious — O Moses!
Surpassingly sweet!

Not the beauty of tulips,
Nor the taste of mint-juleps,
Can compare with your two lips,
Most beautiful Kate!

Not the black eyes of Juno,
Nor Minerva's of blue, no,
Nor Venus's, you know,
Can equal your own!

O, how my heart prances,
And frolics and dances,
When its radiant glances
Upon me are thrown!

And now, dearest Kitty,
It 's not very pretty,
Indeed it 's a pity,
To keep me in sorrow!

So, if you 'll but chime in,
We 'll have done with our rhymin',
Swap Cupid for Hymen,
And be married to-morrow.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T' OTHER day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap.

Should I light on fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, -- Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d' ye think I did? — I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO WOO.

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
On blythe Yule night when we were fou —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan fleeched and Duncan prayed —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to — France, for me!
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick as he grew heal —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Something in her bosom wrings, —
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een they speak sic things!
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case —
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Duncan could na be her death:
Swelling pity smoored his wrath.
Now they 're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE DULE 'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

The dule 's i' this bonnet o' mine:
My ribbins 'll never be reet;
Here, Mally, aw 'm like to be fine,
For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet;
He met me i' th' lone t' other day
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),
An' he begged that aw 'd wed him i' May,
Bi th' mass, if he 'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between;
An' aw durst n't look up in his face,
Becose on him seein' my e'en.
My cheek went as red as a rose;
There 's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt, — for, thae knows,
One could n't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
To let it eawt would n't be reet,
For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung;
So aw towd him aw 'd tell him to-neet.
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
Though it is n't a thing one should own,
Iv aw 'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',
Aw 'd oather ha Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw 've towd thae my mind;
What would to do iv it wur thee?
"Aw 'd tak him just while he 'se inclined,
An' a farrantly bargain he 'll be;
For Jamie 's as greadly a lad
As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;
An' mak th' best o' th' job when it 's done!"

Eh, dear! but it 's time to be gwon:
Aw should n't like Jamie to wait;
Aw connut for shame be too soon,
An' aw would n't for th' wuld be too late.
Aw 'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel:
Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do?
"Be off, lass, — thae looks very weel;
He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, ALL FOR GOOD LUCK.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn, —
He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, —
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith! you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound — "
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.
So, jewel, kape dhraming that same till ye die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste, —
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips, — don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, — you 'll hug me no more, —
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure!
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'T was on a market day:
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far, —
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-back car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste, —
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar;
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh, —
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

SAMUEL LOVER.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart
There 's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
For she 's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that 's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday;
For then I 'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd:
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money!
I 'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my honey;
I would it were ten thousand pound!
I 'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I 'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I 'll marry Sally!
O, then we 'll wed, and then we 'll bed, —
But not in our alley!

HENRY CAREY.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it 's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I 'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that 's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are! how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,
Her hair 's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine, —
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.
The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before;
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and O, but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I 'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;

But you 've as many sweethearts as you 'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there 's not a thumb or little finger stands.

O, you 're the flower o' womankind in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I 'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I 'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
O, might we live together in a cottage mean and small;
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty 's my distress;
It 's far too beauteous to be mine, but I 'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

LIAM ALLINGHAM.

HER LETTER.

I 'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire, —
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I 'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I 've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits — on the stairs — for me yet.
They say he 'll be rich, — when he grows up, —
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And is n't it nice to have riches
And diamonds and silks and all that?"
"And are n't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes, — if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand;
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand, —
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,
You 'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soirée of the year,"
In the mists of a *gaze de chambéry*
And the hum of the smallest of talk, —
Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride, — that to me was the rarest;
Of — the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it 's all past; yet it 's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I 'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I 'm spooning on Joseph, — heigh-ho!
And I 'm to be "finished" by travel,
Whatever 's the meaning of that, —
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night, — here 's the end of my paper;
Good night, — if the longitude please, —
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun 's climbing over the trees.

But know, if you have n't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart 's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you 've struck it, — on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow machree, it 's no wonder you frown, —
Och hone ! widow machree ;
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown, —
Och hone ! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear, —
'T is destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl, —
Och hone ! widow machree.

Widow machree, now the summer is come, —
Och hone ! widow machree;
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum ?
Och hone ! widow machree !
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares ;
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree ;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish, —
Och hone ! widow machree !

Widow machree, and when winter comes in, —
Och hone ! widow machree, —
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone ! widow machree !
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee ;
While alone with your cup
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone ! widow machree !

And how do you know, with the comforts I 've towld, —
Och hone ! widow machree, —
But you 're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld ?
Och hone ! widow machree !
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled ;
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying " Och hone ! widow machree !"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree, —
Och hone ! widow machree !
And with my advice, faith, I wish you 'd take me,
Och hone ! widow machree !
You 'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you 'd me near your heart, —
Och hone ! widow machree !

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The laird o' Cockpen he 's proud and he 's great.
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she 'd look well.
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and guid as when new ;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat, —
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie, —
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;
" Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben :
She 's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine ;
" And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ? "
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he boued fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e ;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie,
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
" She 's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;
"O, for ane I'll get better, it 's waur I'll get ten ;
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there 's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, BARONESS NAIRNE.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I 'd been away from her three years, — about that,
And I returned to find my Mary true;
And though I 'd question her, I did not doubt that
It was unnecessary so to do.

'T was by the chimney-corner we were sitting:
"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,
"I don't think I 've unfaithful been to you:
But for the three years past I 'll tell you what
I 've done; then say if I 've been true or not.

"When first you left my grief was uncontrollable;
Alone I mourned my miserable lot;
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershott.
To flirt with him amused me while 't was new:
I don't count that unfaithfulness — do you?

"The next — oh! let me see — was Frankie Phipps;
I met him at my uncle's, Christmas-tide,
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss — " And here she sighed.
"We stayed six weeks at uncle's — how time flew!
I don't count that unfaithfulness — do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmore — only twenty-one —
Lent me his horse. O, how we rode and raced!
We scoured the downs — we rode to hound. — such fun!
And often was his arm about my waist, —
That was to lift me up and down. But who
Would call just that unfaithfulness? Would you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
We met, — 't was at a picnic. O, such weather!
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, — we two!
I don't count that unfaithfulness to you.

"I 've yet another ring from him; d' ye see
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "O Mary! can it be
That you — " Quoth she, "that I am Mrs. Vere!
I don't call that unfaithfulness — do you?"
"No," I replied, "for I am married too."

ANONYMOUS.

COOKING AND COURTING.

FROM TOM TO NED.

DEAR Ned, no doubt you 'll be surprised
When you receive and read this letter.
I 've railed against the marriage state;
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I 've met a lovely girl out here;
Her manner is — well— very winning:
We 're soon to be — well, Ned, my dear,
I 'll tell you all, from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride
Last Wednesday — it was perfect weather.
She said she could n't possibly:
The servants had gone off together
(Hibernians always rush away,
At cousins' funerals to be looking);
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"O, let me help you," then I cried:
"I 'll be a cooker too — how jolly!"
She laughed, and answered, with a smile,
"All right! but you 'll repent your folly;
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you 'll have to grapple;
So sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take this knife, and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm, —
That lovely arm, so plump and rounded;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright;
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses:
I passed the most delightful hour
Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle;
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted;
But locks would break it, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up — her hands were doughy;
O, it did take the longest time! —
Her arm, Ned was so round and snowy.

She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy;
  Somehow that made me all the bolder;
Her arch lips looked so red that I —
  Well — found her head upon my shoulder.

We 're to be married, Ned, next month;
  Come and attend the wedding revels.
I really think that bachelors
  Are the most miserable devils!
You 'd better go for some girl's hand;
  And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
  Why just try cooking pies together.

ANONYMOUS.

POSSESSION.

A POET loved a Star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine, who shin'st so brightly?
O Beauty wooed and unpossest!
O, might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!"
That Star her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human;
And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,
His Star stooped earthward, and became a Woman.
"Thou who hast wooed and hast possest,
My lover, answer: Which was best,
The Star's beam or the Woman's breast?"
"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

ROBERT BULWER, LORD LYTTON.
(*Owen Meredith.*)

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
  That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin, —
  Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
  Billing and cooing is all your cheer, —
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes, —
  Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass, —
  Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are gray, —
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
  Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed, —
  Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian 's dead! God rest her bier, —
  How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian 's married; but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
  Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE FIRE OF LOVE.

FROM THE "EXAMEN MISCELLANEUM," 1708.

THE fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brushwood,
  But for a moment burns;
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise;
It crackles, and to vapor turns,
  And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins
It slowly burns, and then long remains,
  And with a silent heat,
Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
And though the flame be not so great,
  Yet is the heat as strong.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, LORD OF DORSET

LOVE.

FROM THE "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL," CANTO III.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love?
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

. . . . . .

True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FRAGMENTS.

Power of Love and Beauty.

Love, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre.

Lady of Lyons. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!

Roderick Random, Ch. xl. T. SMOLLETT.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and fearful thing.

Don Juan, Cant. ii. BYRON.

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

Lædamia. WORDSWORTH.

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Lalla Rookh; Light of the Harem. MOORE.

Those curious locks so aptly twined
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.

Think not 'cause men flattering say. T. CAREW.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.

Lycidas. MILTON.

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Rape of the Lock, Cant. ii. POPE.

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Still harping on my daughter.

Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

This is the very ecstasy of love.

Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes.

The time I've lost. MOORE.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.

Love's Labor Lost, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

With a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

Paradise Lost, Book viii. MILTON.

Hung over her enamored, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces.

Paradise Lost, Book v. MILTON.

Love's Blindness.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.

Blind Beggar of Alexandria. GEO. CHAPMAN.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Hero and Leander. C. MARLOWE.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Merchant of Venice, Act ii. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Rape of the Lock, Cant. v. POPE.

Our souls sit close and silently within
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such
That spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

Mariage a la Mode, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. DRYDEN

Love's Pains.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Gold. A. COWLEY.

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love;
The taint of earth, the odor of the skies
Is in it.
Festus. P. J. BAILEY.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
On Sensibility. BURNS.

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway,
And those are punished most who most obey.
Solomon. M. PRIOR.

To be in love where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Love is like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.
On Love. R. HEGGE.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.
Alexander the Great, Act i. *Sc.* 3. N. LEE.

To love you was pleasant enough,
And O, 't is delicious to hate you!
To—— MOORE.

Sighs, Tears, and Smiles.

To love,
It is to be all made of sighs and tears.
As You Like It, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The world was sad, — the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed — till Woman smiled.
Pleasures of Hope, Part i. T. CAMPBELL.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
A Lover's Complaint, St. xlii. SHAKESPEARE.

Sighed and looked unutterable things.
The Seasons; Summer. THOMSON.

Sunshine and rain at once.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.
Paradise Lost, Book ix. MILTON.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
Lady of the Lake, Cant. iv. SCOTT.

Shyness of Love.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne 'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
The Silent Lover. SIR W. RALEIGH.

Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly;
Who can show all his love doth love but lightly.
Sonnet. S. DANIEL.

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Arts of Love.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity 's the straightest.
Knight of Malta, Act i. *Sc.* 1. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III. (Altered), Act iii. *Sc.* 1. COLLEY CIBBER.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
Don Juan, Cant. xv. BYRON.

Love first invented verse, and formed the rhyme,
The motion measured, harmonized the chime.
Cymon and Iphigenia. DRYDEN.

Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late.
Paradise Lost, Book ix. MILTON.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.
Epigram. GEORGE, LORD LYTTLETON.

Idle Love.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me.
The time I've lost. MOORE.

Love in your hearts as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns.
Hudibras, Part ii. *Cant.* 1. BUTLER.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Twelfth Night, Act ii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Discriminating Love.

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me;
Too many eyes are gazing
Upon the costly tree;
But there 's a rose in yonder glen
That shuns the gaze of other men,
For me its blossoms raising, —
O, that 's the rose for me.
The rose that all are praising. T. H. BAYLY.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
The Answer. LADY MARY W. MONTAGU.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is — Lord forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust.
Lamia. KEATS.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.
The Giaour. BYRON.

Love's Dangers.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.
Ill Omens. MOORE.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent," — consented.
Don Juan, Cant. i. BYRON.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets.
Beggar's Opera, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. J. GAY.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love, that run away.
Conquest by Flight. T. CAREW.

The Sweets of Love.

Then awake! — the heavens look bright, my dear!
'T is never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
Young May Moon. MOORE.

Lovers' hours are long, though seeming short.
Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE.

O Love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
Fatima. TENNYSON.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.
Don Juan, Cant. ii. BYRON.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.
Progress of Poesy, i. 3. T. GRAY.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.
Hudibras, Part iii. *Cant. i.* BUTLER.

And dallies with the innocence of love.
Twelfth Night Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Paradise Lost, Book viii. MILTON.

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Imparadised in one another's arms.
Paradise Lost, Book viii. MILTON.

Mutual Love.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
Ingomar the Barbarian, Act ii. MARIA LOVELL.

FERD. Here 's my hand.
MIRAN. And mine, with my heart in 't.
Tempest, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
Measure for Measure, Act. v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We we will not ask her name.
Drink ye to her. CAMPBELL.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?
Song. THOMSON.

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
A Poet's Epitaph. WORDSWORTH

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.
Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry, Ch. xi. POPE.

Sweet to entrance
The raptured soul by intermingling glance.
Psyche. MRS. TIGHE.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
To ——. WORDSWORTH.

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Childe Harold, Cant. iv. BYRON.

With thee, all toils are sweet; each clime hath charms;
Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms.
The Bride of Abydos. BYRON.

TRUE LOVE.

Love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts.
Hymn in Honor of Beauty. SPENSER.

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate.
Laodamia. WORDSWORTH.

In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.
He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
Laodamia. WORDSWORTH.

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act. i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.
Hamlet, Act. v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

TENDER AFFECTION.

So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Venice Preserved, Act v. *Sc.* 1. T. OTWAY.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.
The Bard, i. 3. T. GRAY.

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Julius Cæsar, Act. ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
. . . . .
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
Paradise Lost, Book iv. MILTON.

CONSTANCY.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
Prometheus Unbound, Act. ii. *Sc.* 5. SHELLEY.

Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
. . . . .
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Curse of Kehama, Cant. x. R. SOUTHEY.

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
Curse of Kehama, Cant. x. R. SOUTHEY.

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
Julius Cæsar, Act. iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence
Sex to the last.
Cymon and Iphigenia. DRYDEN

Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false,
The thought is falser far.
Bertram. R. MATURIN.

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long
Love me little, love me long. R. HERRICK.

Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.
Pervigilium Veneris. T. PARNELL.

INCONSTANCY AND JEALOUSY.

All love may be expelled by other love
As poisons are by poisons.
All for Love. DRYDEN.

Frailty, thy name is woman!
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
OPH. 'T is brief, my lord.
HAM. As woman's love.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

A little month.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Framed to make women false.
Othello, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

To beguile many, and be beguiled by one.
Othello, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
Hamlet Act iii, *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.
Othello, Act. iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites!
Othello, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives:
What phrenzy dictates, jealousy believes.
Dione. J. GAY.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Palamon and Arcite, Book ii. DRYDEN.

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
Paradise Lost, Book v. MILTON.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
The Mourning Bride, Act iii. *Sc.* 8. W. CONGREVE.

Who love too much hate in the like extreme.
Homer's Odyssey. POPE.

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!
The Arraignment of Paris: Cupid's Curse. G. PEELE.

POSSESSION.

I die — but first I have possessed,
And come what may, I *have been* blest.
The Giaour. BYRON.

I 've lived and loved.
Wallenstein, Part i. *Act* i. *Sc.* 6. S. T. COLERIDGE.

MARRIAGE.

SONNET.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE.

There are who say the lover's heart
  Is in the loved one's merged;
O, never by love's own warm art
  So cold a plea was urged!
No! — hearts that love hath crowned or crossed
  Love fondly knits together;
But not a thought or hue is lost
  That made a part of either.

. . . .

It is an ill-told tale that tells
  Of "hearts by love made one;"
He grows who near another's dwells
  More conscious of his own;
In each spring up new thoughts and powers
  That, mid love's warm, clear weather,
Together tend like climbing flowers,
  And, turning, grow together.

Such fictions blink love's better part,
  Yield up its half of bliss;
The wells are in the neighbor heart
  When there is thirst in this:
There findeth love the passion-flower
  On which it learns to thrive,
Makes honey in another's bowers,
  But brings it home to hive.

Love's life is in its own replies, —
  To each low beat it beats,
Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,
  And every throb repeats.
Then, since one loving heart still throws
  Two shadows in love's sun,
How should two loving hearts compose
  And mingle into one?

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
  By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
  That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
  And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
  That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
  And the heart that wad part sic luve!
But there 's nae hand can loose the band,
  But the finger o' God abuve.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
  An' my claithing ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve, —
  Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean!

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
  Fu' safter than the down;
An' Luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
  An' sweetly I 'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve!
  Come here and kneel wi' me!
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
  An' I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
  The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kail-yard dike,
  And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Book maun be ta'en whan the carle comes hame,
  Wi' the holie psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
  And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ADAM DESCRIBING EVE.

FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK VIII

MINE eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed:
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or forever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:
"This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfilled
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me; Woman is her name, of man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul."
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired.
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned;
I followed her; she what was honor knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

. . . . .

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

. . . . . .

Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught

. . . . . .

So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixed with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.

MILTON.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

O, FORMED by Nature, and refined by Art,
With charms to win; and sense to fix the heart!
By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me?
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife?
O, listen while thy summers are my theme!
Ah! soothe thy partner in his waking dream!
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy train,
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens arrayed,
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figured out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

Where dost thou lie, thou thinly peopled green,
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen,
Where sons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travelled further than ten furlongs round,
And the tanned peasant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died,
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night?
Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes;
All savage where the embroidered gardens end,
The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend;
And oh! if Heaven the ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble 'cross the gloomy grove, —
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds conveyed,
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.
What cheering scents these bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feathered minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn
The deep-mouthed beagle and the sprightly horn,
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavored nectarine;
Or rob the beehive of its golden hoard,
And bear the unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
O, when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;
Then watch thee, charmed, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reigned our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.

THOMAS TICKELL.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING; OR, TEN YEARS AFTER.

THE country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like Autumn mid his withered leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past, the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour, — and now 't is come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart filled with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. O, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past, —
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm!
Will Love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,
Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 't is only half so fair.
So I love thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 't is the cruel truth)
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.

O, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I 've kissed thee many a million times!
And now 't is done. — My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years,
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;

And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me life's chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No genius, beauty, state or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Filled with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do ye here on a wedding-morn?
For, as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord, rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lightened is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers, —
O may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And — emblem of my happy fate —
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told,
Grim-featured Time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendors, set,
And die into my wedding day.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE BRIDE.

FROM "A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING."

. . . . .

THE maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring, —
It was too wide a peck;
And, to say truth, — for out it must, —
It looked like the great collar — just —
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

. . . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that 's next the sun.

Here lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break.
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

. . . . .

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE BRIDE.

FROM "THE EPITHALAMION."

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race.
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And, being crownèd with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are,
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud, —
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,
Her brest lyke to a bowl of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

EDMUND SPENSER.

HEBREW WEDDING.

FROM "THE FALL OF JERUSALEM."

To the sound of trimbrels sweet
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.
Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously unclosing door,
That the favored youth admits
Where the veilèd virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in, a welcome guest,
To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line;
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye resembleth
Violets, when the dews of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave.

On the bashful sealèd lid!
Close within the bride-veil hid,
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute;
Save that at the soft salute
Of each entering maiden friend,
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
The door unfolds, — 't is he! 't is he!
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

MARRIAGE.

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

Then before All they stand, — the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, — there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject, — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow!

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

SEVEN TIMES SIX.

GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews; —
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart. —
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
"Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I gave with tears;
But, when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears.
O fond, O fool, and blind,
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love — and then to lose.

JEAN INGELOW.

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

IT 's we two, it 's we two for aye,
All the world, and we two, and Heaven be our stay!
Like a laverock * in the lift, † sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What 's the world, my lass, my love! — what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by;
For we two have gotten leave, and once more will try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It 's we two, it 's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins:
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I 'll dry thine.
It 's we two, it 's we two, while the world 's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

JEAN INGELOW.

* Lark. † Cloud.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

A WIFE.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

SHE was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched

No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And, like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietudes and insect stings,
Disturbed her never, she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

HENRY TAYLOR.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CONNUBIAL LIFE.

FROM "THE SEASONS: SPRING."

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
O, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart;
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamored more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

JAMES THOMSON

FRAGMENTS.

FORELOOKINGS.

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?

Why don't the men propose? T. H. BAYLY.

WARNINGS.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.

Emblems, Book ii. 10. F. QUARLES.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

Of Wiving and Thriving. T. TUSSER.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure:
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

The Old Bachelor, Act v. *Sc.* 1. W. CONGREVE.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

As You Like It, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost.

Advice to a Lady. LORD LYTTELTON.

Mercenary Matches.

Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. BYRON.

Possibilities.

Find all his having and his holding
Reduced to eternal noise and scolding, —
The conjugal petard that tears
Down all portcullises of ears.
Hudibras. BUTLER.

Abroad too kind, at home 't is steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
Love of Fame. E. YOUNG.

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Eloisa to Abelard. POPE.

Certainties.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear ;
And something every day they live
To pity and perhaps forgive.
Mutual Forbearance. COWPER.

Advice.

Misses ! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry, —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.
Pairing Time Anticipated. COWPER.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself : so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

. . . . .

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
Twelfth Night, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
Taming of the Shrew, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
Moral Essays : Epistle II. POPE.

And truant husband should return, and say,
" My dear, I was the first who came away."
Don Juan, Cant. i. BYRON.

The Happy Lot.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight.
Paradise Lost, Book v. MILTON.

She is mine own !
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Two Gent. of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
An Irregular Ode. LORD LYTTELTON.

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
The Happy Marriage. E. MOORE.

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.
Winifreda. T. PERCY.

True love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware ;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world.

. . . . .

A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home.
Love J. R. LOWELL.

HOME.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I 'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't:
Wi' her I 'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

SONNETS.

My Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die;
Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,
Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle kiss,
While Time and Peace with hands unlockèd fly,—
Yet care I not where in Eternity
We live and love, well knowing that there is
No backward step for those who feel the bliss
Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high:
Love hath so purified my being's core,
Meseems I scarcely should be startled, even,
To find, some morn, that thou hadst gone before;
Since, with thy love, this knowledge too was given,
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and more,
That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

I cannot think that thou shouldst pass away,
Whose life to mine is an eternal law,
A piece of nature that can have no flaw,
A new and certain sunrise every day;
But, if thou art to be another ray
About the Sun of Life, and art to live
Free from all of thee that was fugitive,
The debt of Love I will more fully pay,
Not downcast with the thought of thee so high,
But rather raised to be a nobler man,
And more divine in my humanity,
As knowing that the waiting eyes which scan
My life are lighted by a purer being,
And ask meek, calm-browed deeds, with it agreeing.

Our love is not a fading, earthly flower:
Its wingèd seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise:
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green.
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness, where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen:
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
Love, — whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of Thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
The wind-flung leaves of Heaven's Palace-gate.

I thought our love at full, but I did err;
Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes; I could not see
That sorrow in our happy world must be
Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter.
But, as a mother feels her child first stir
Under her heart, so felt I instantly
Deep in my soul another bond to thee
Thrill with that life we saw depart from her;
O mother of our angel child! twice dear!
Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wis,
Her tender radiance shall infold us here,
Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,
Threads the void glooms of space without a fear,
To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ADAM TO EVE.

FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK IX.

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress

The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursèd fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart, no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me; flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

. . . . .

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

MILTON.

LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

"But why do you go?" said the lady, while both sate under the yew,
And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the sea-blue.

"Because I fear you," he answered; — "because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your gold-colored hair.

"O, that," she said, "is no reason! Such knots are quickly undone,
And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but too much sun."

"Yet farewell so," he answered; — "the sunstroke's fatal at times.
I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop rings still from the limes."

"O, that," she said, "is no reason. You smell a rose through a fence:
If two should smell it, what matter? who grumbles, and where's the pretence?"

"But I," he replied, "have promised another, when love was free,
To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves me."

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's always free, I am told.
Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?"

"But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a young little child, who was laid
In your lap to be pure; so I leave you: the angels would make me afraid."

"O, that," she said, "is no reason. The angels keep out of the way;
And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please me and stay."

At which he rose up in his anger, — "Why now, you no longer are fair!
Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear."

At which she laughed out in her scorn, — "These men! O, these men overnice,
Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice."

Her eyes blazed upon him — "And *you!* You bring us your vices so near
That we smell them! you think in our presence a thought 't would defame us to hear!

"What reason had you, and what right, — I appeal to your soul from my life, —
To find me too fair as a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife.

"Is the day-star too fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply
I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?

"If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too much
To uses unlawful and fatal. The praise! — shall I thank you for such?

"Too fair? — not unless you misuse us! and surely if, once in a while,
You attain to it, straightway you call us no longer too fair, but too vile.

"A moment, — I pray your attention! — I have a poor word in my head
I must utter, though womanly custom would set it down better unsaid.

"You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when I showed you a ring.
You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No matter! I've broken the thing.

"You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved
at my side now and then
In the senses, — a vice, I have heard, which is
common to beasts and some men.

"Love's a virtue for heroes! — as white as the
snow on high hills,
And immortal as every great soul is that strug-
gles, endures, and fulfills.

"I love my Walter profoundly, — you, Maude,
though you faltered a week,
For the sake of . . . what was it? an eyebrow?
or, less still, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all's said, you're too noble to
stoop to the frivolous cant
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle,
betray, and supplant,

"I determined to prove to yourself that, what-
e'er you might dream or avow
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me
than you have now.

"There! Look me full in the face! — in the
face. Understand, if you can,
That the eyes of such women as I am are clean
as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for
fear we should cost you a scar, —
You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for
the women we are.

"You wronged me: but then I considered . . .
there's Walter! And so at the end,
I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me,
in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then.
Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me
to ask him to dine."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

POSSESSION.

"It was our wedding-day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I know not: I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
And all stood back, and none my right denied,
And forth we walked: the world was free and wide
Before us. Since that day
I count my life: the Past is washed away.

It was no dream, that vow:
It was the voice that woke me from a dream, —
A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now,
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
That turns the mist of former tears to gold.
Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again:
Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more de-
part, —
Thy nest is builded in my heart!

I was the crescent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
Held in its bosom: in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year —
Not the sweet moon of bridal only — we
One lustre, ever at the full, shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul!
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew his chosen time.
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night:
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light:
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.

BAYARD TAYLOR

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line, —
Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more; it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give, —
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live;
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss, — it breaks my heart.

ROBERT BURNS

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time, and care, and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver than some give to gold,
'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine, —
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
O, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all that 's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wingèd wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loath,
On thee he leaves:
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears, — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget; —
All else is flown!

Ah! — With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

B. W. PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE

LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE, WHILE ON A VISIT TO UPPER INDIA.

If thou wert by my side, my love!
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

I thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But never were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings, — wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with — wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of — wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blessed was his home with — wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with — wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him all Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with — wife, children, and friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of — wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of — wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavor
The glass which I fill to — wife, children, and friends.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
"There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If *maidens* but knew what *good wives* know,
They would not be in haste to *wed!*"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzèd brow,
And his eyes half-bashfully fell.

"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek, — "'t was this, that you were the best
And the *dearest* wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She 'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He would n't, I know, if he 'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'T is so sweet to labor for those we love, —
It 's *not* strange that *maids will wed!*"

ANONYMOUS.

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

O, LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
We 're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'T is long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'T will shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And songbirds flown,
We 'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen, — what cares and pleasures, too, —
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new!

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife!
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day 's as dear to you, —
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you; O, how proud I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No — no! no fairer were you then than at this hour to me;
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 't is true;
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there
For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share?
O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new!

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife, — young voices that are here;
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear;
Young loving hearts your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And blessed be God! all he has given are with us yet; around
Our table every precious life lent to us still is found.
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be his name for all his love since this old ring was new!

The past is dear, its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget.
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold.
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;

O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes, — fond as they were when this old ring was new!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go:
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

FILIAL LOVE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THERE is a dungeon in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: loak again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight, —
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain, —
An old man and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar: but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves —
What may the fruit be yet? I know not — Cain was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift: it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No! he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river; — from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky-way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds: — O, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

BYRON.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain, —
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay, —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures, —
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping your face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (*Florence Percy*).

HOME SICK.

COME to me, O my Mother! come to me,
Thine own son slowly dying far away!
Through the moist ways of the wide ocean, blown
By great invisible winds, come stately ships
To this calm bay for quiet anchorage;
They come, they rest awhile, they go away,
But, O my Mother, never comest thou!
The snow is round thy dwelling, the white snow,
That cold soft revelation pure as light,
And the pine-spire is mystically fringed,
Laced with incrusted silver. Hear — ah me! —
The winter is decrepit, under-born,
A leper with no power but his disease.
Why am I from thee, Mother, far from thee?
Far from the frost enchantment, and the woods
Jewelled from bough to bough? O home, my home!
O river in the valley of my home,
With mazy-winding motion intricate,
Twisting thy deathless music underneath
The polished ice-work, — must I nevermore
Behold thee with familiar eyes, and watch
Thy beauty changing with the changeful day,
Thy beauty constant to the constant change?

DAVID GRAY.

TO AUGUSTA.

HIS SISTER, AUGUSTA LEIGH.

MY sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine,
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same, —
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny, —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing, — had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, —
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being gave me that which marred
The gift, — a fate, or will, that walked astray:
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in mylittle day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something — I know not what — does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience; — not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me, — or perhaps of cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur, —
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armor we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love, — but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation; — to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire.
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

O that thou wert but with me! — but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair? but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore;
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resigned forever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply, —
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister, — till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not; for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest, — even the only paths for me, —
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept:
I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame!
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make, — a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over; I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have filled a century,
Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come,
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in thine:
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are intwined, — let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

BYRON.

HOME.

Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,—
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

From the Greek of Leonidas, by Robert Bland.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF "CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN."

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Samuel Rogers.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Alexander Pope.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM "THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.," ACT II. SC. 5.

King Henry. O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

Shakespeare.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find, —
The riches left, not got with pain ;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ;
The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress ;

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance ;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we 'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The world hath nothing to bestow, —
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We 'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given, —
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go ;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead :

While Conscience, like a faithful friend
Shall through the gloomy vale attend.

And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I HAE seen great anes and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I 've been,
When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een ;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, cheery 's the blink o' my ain fireside ;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there 's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain hearthstone ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle ;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I 'm merry, and sigh when I 'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer ;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There 's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there 's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken 't for my ain ;
Care 's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee ;
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
'T is heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there 's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

WHAT is it fades and flickers in the fire,
Mutters and sighs, and yields reluctant breath,
As if in the red embers some desire,
Some word prophetic burned, defying death ?

Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine,
Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom :
A human, household warmth, their death-fires shine ;
Yet fragrant with high memories they come.

Bringing the mountain-winds that in their boughs
Sang of the torrent, and the plashy edge
Of storm-swept lakes ; and echoes that arouse
The eagles from a splintered eyrie ledge ;

And breath of violets sweet about their roots ;
And earthy odors of the moss and fern ;
And hum of rivulets ; smell of ripening fruits ;
And green leaves that to gold and crimson turn.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark !
What rare Octobers drop with every coal !
Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark,
Are hid spring's budding hope, and summer's soul.

Pictures far lovelier smoulder in the fire,
Visions of friends who walked among these trees
Whose presence, like the free air, could inspire
A winged life and boundless sympathies.

Eyes with a glow like that in the brown beech,
When sunset through its autumn beauty shines ;
Or the blue gentian's look of silent speech,
To heaven appealing as earth's light declines ;

Voices and steps forever fled away
From the familiar glens, the haunted hills, —
Most pitiful and strange it is to stay
Without you in a world your lost love fills.

Do you forget us, — under Eden trees,
Or in full sunshine on the hills of God, —
Who miss you from the shadow and the breeze,
And tints and perfumes of the woodland sod ?

Dear for your sake the fireside where we sit
Watching these sad, bright pictures come and go ;
That waning years are with your memory lit
Is the one lonely comfort that we know.

Is it all memory ? Lo, these forest-boughs
Burst on the hearth into fresh leaf and bloom ;
Waft a vague, far-off sweetness through the house,
And give close walls the hillside's breathing room.

A second life, more spiritual than the first,
They find, — a life won only out of death.
O sainted souls, within you still is nursed
For us a flame not fed by mortal breath.

Unseen, ye bring to us, who love and wait,
Wafts from the heavenly hills, immortal air ;
No flood can quench your hearts' warmth, or abate ;
Ye are our gladness, here and everywhere.

LUCY LARCOM.

A WINTER EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

O THOU of home the guardian Lar,
And, when our earth hath wandered far
Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers,
Their sweet secluded evening-star !
'T was with thy rays the English Muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues ;
'T was by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar things ;
By thee she found the homely faith
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,
When Death, extinguishing his torch,
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch ;
The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient wings :
Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets : at thy touch how stirs
Life in the withered words ! how swift recede
Time's shadows ! and how glows again
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse.
As when upon the anvils of the brain
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's thought !
Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
They bent and strained
And broke, beneath the sombre weight
Of any airiest mortal word.

What warm protection dost thou bend
Round curtained talk of friend with friend,
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,
To softest outline rounds the roof,
Or the rude North with baffled strain
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane !
Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire, by her with dreams,
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee ;
And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest revery,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third ;
For thou hast magic beyond wine,
To unlock natures each to each ;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine ;
Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dream-land reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain ;
Sun of all inmost confidences,
To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose !

. . . .

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLED.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here !"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die !

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine !"

THOMAS MOORE.

Drawn by W. H. Drake.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest love,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but sitting silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear you breathing round me in the gloom.

Richard Le Gallienne.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A NAKED house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot;
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moors receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud galleons chase,
Your garden blooms and gleams again
With leaping sun and glancing rain;
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor; here,
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbor hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew dediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart ruts beautiful.
And when snow bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth our heritage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's intricate and bright device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HEART-REST.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

THE heart of man, walk it which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections, — still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.

HENRY TAYLOR.

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

ANNIE D. GREEN (*Marian Douglas*).

HOME.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations makes their blessing even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their small ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land;
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light.
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessèd Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John — John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet);
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said."
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We 'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a gentle way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her, not her!"
We stopped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
"He 's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one —
Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave,
Bid us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from our bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad —
So like his father. "No, John, no —
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

ANONYMOUS

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
O the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,

Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin, —
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
O, these truants from home and from heaven, —
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child?

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on its green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

FAITH AND HOPE.

O, DON'T be sorrowful, darling!
Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There is n't more night than day.
It 's rainy weather, my loved one;
Time's wheels they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There is n't more cloud than sun.

We 're old folks now, companion, —
Our heads they are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You always will find the May.
We 've had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is come, my dear,
For the long dark nights, and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
Of night as well as of day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.
Ay, God of night, my darling!
Of the night of death so grim;
And the gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

FRAGMENTS.

THE WIFE.

To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smile unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty.

Bride of Abydos, Cant. i. BYRON.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

The Sparrow's Nest. WORDSWORTH.

This flour of wifly patience.

The Clerkes Tale, Pars v. CHAUCER.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.

Moral Essays: Epistle II. POPE.

THE MARRIED STATE.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft comparèd been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

Contention betwixt a Wife, etc. SIR J. DAVIES.

O fie upon this single life ! forego it.
Duchess of Malfy, J. WEBSTER.

1. That man must lead a happy life
2. Who is directed by a wife;
3. Who 's free from matrimonial chains
4. Is sure to suffer for his pains.

5. Adam could find no solid peace
6. Till he beheld a woman's face;
7. When Eve was given for a mate,
8. Adam was in a happy state.

Epigram on Matrimony: Read alternate lines, — 1, 3, 2, 4; 5, 7, 6, 8.

INCONSTANCY.

Trust not a man: we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him;
But if he swears, he 'll certainly deceive thee.
The Orphan. T. OTWAY.

Nay, women are frail too;
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Measure for Measure, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride:
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.
A Wife. SIR T. OVERBURY.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.
Moral Essays; Epistle II. POPE.

COMPLETION.

Man is but half without woman; and
As do idolaters their heavenly gods,
We deify the things that we adore.
Festus. P. J. BAILEY.

He is the half part of a blessèd man,
Left to be finishèd by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

HOME LIFE.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
The Task. COWPER.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
Night Thoughts. E. YOUNG.

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose.
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. T. GRAY.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.
Education and Government. T. GRAY.

Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.
Moral Essays; Epistle II. POPE.

Why left you wife and children, —
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love?
Macbeth, Act. iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

MOTHER-LOVE.

The only love which, on this teeming earth,
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.
The Dream. HON. MRS. NORTON.

A mother's love, — how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love? —
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold; —
This is a mother's love.
A Mother's Love. J. MONTGOMERY.

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Richard III., Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight
The young ones in her nest against the owl.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?
Fables; The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy. J. GAY.

HOME PLEASURES.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
The Farmer's Daily Diet. T. TUSSER.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.
Paradise Lost, Book v. MILTON.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
The Traveller. GOLDSMITH.

PARTING.

GOOD BY.

"FAREWELL! farewell!" is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'T is a whispered tone,'— 't is a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good by!"

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech:
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'T is not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good by."

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell," lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
"God bless thee, boy! Good by!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam;
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream:
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand,
A long, a last Good-by.

ANONYMOUS.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day,
Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so, — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence, joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered; —
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides:
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again, —
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, —
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy —
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee !

ROBERT BURNS.

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY Luve 's like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June :
O, my Luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve !
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see :
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone ;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak ;
O, what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weel or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent, ache for thee.

BYRON.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

*Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.**

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind ;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well ;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone.
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul :
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Ζώη μοῦσάς ἀγαπ ῶ.

BYRON.

SONG.

OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER SUMMONED FROM THE SIDE OF HIS BRIDE BY THE "FIERY CROSS" OF RODERICK DHU.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary ;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know ;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

* My life, I love thee.

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase, —
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
"O, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest: —
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africa's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cried; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

HERO TO LEANDER.

O, go not yet, my love,
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her heaven above,
And the waves climb high and fast
O, kiss me, kiss me, once again,
Lest thy kiss should be the last.
O, kiss me ere we part;
Grow closer to my heart.
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main.
O joy! O bliss of blisses!
My heart of hearts art thou.
Come, bathe me with thy kisses,
My eyelids and my brow.
Hark how the wild rain hisses,
And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.
I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh;
Thy locks are dripping balm;
Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,
I 'll stay thee with my kisses.
To-night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;

The ocean with the morrow light
Will be both blue and calm ;
And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as soft as mine.

No Western odors wander
On the black and moaning sea,
And when thou art dead, Leander,
My soul must follow thee !
O, go not yet, my love,
Thy voice is sweet and low ;
The deep salt wave breaks in above
Those marble steps below.
The turret-stairs are wet
That lead into the sea.
Leander ! go not yet.
The pleasant stars have set :
O, go not, go not yet,
Or I will follow thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE PARTING LOVERS.

SHE says, "The cock crows, — hark !"
He says, "No ! still 't is dark."

She says, "The dawn grows bright,"
He says, "O no, my Light."

She says, "Stand up and say,
Gets not the heaven gray ?"

He says, "The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says, "Then quick depart :
Alas ! you now must start ;

But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe !"

ANONYMOUS (Chinese). Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

PARTING LOVERS.

SIENNA.

I LOVE thee, love thee, Giulio !
Some call me cold, and some demure,
And if thou hast ever guessed that so
I love thee . . . well ; — the proof was poor,
And no one could be sure.

Before thy song (with shifted rhymes
To suit my name) did I undo
The persian ? If it moved sometimes,
Thou hast not seen a hand push through
A flower or two.

My mother listening to my sleep
Heard nothing but a sigh at night, —
The short sigh rippling on the deep, —
When hearts run out of breath and sight
Of men, to God's clear light.

When others named thee, . . . thought thy brows
Were straight, thy smile was tender, . . . "Here
He comes between the vineyard-rows ! " —
I said not "Ay," — nor waited, Dear,
To feel thee step too near.

I left such things to bolder girls,
Olivia or Clotilda. Nay,
When that Clotilda through her curls
Held both thine eyes in hers one day,
I marvelled, let me say.

I could not try the woman's trick :
Between us straightway fell the blush
Which kept me separate, blind, and sick.
A wind came with thee in a flush,
As blown through Horeb's bush.

But now that Italy invokes
Her young men to go forth and chase
The foe or perish, — nothing chokes
My voice, or drives me from the place :
I look thee in the face.

I love thee ! it is understood,
Confest : I do not shrink or start :
No blushes : all my body's blood
Has gone to greaten this poor heart,
That, loving, we may part.

Our Italy invokes the youth
To die if need be. Still there 's room,
Though earth is strained with dead, in truth.
Since twice the lilies were in bloom
They had not grudged a tomb.

And many a plighted maid and wife
And mother, who can say since then
"My country," cannot say through life
"My son," "my spouse," "my flower of men,"
And not weep dumb again.

Heroic males the country bears,
But daughters give up more than sons.
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with the guns,
And take your heaven at once !

But we, — we empty heart and home
Of life 's life, love ! we bear to think
You 're gone, . . . to feel youmay no t come, . . .
To hear the door-latch stir and clink
Yet no more you, . . . nor sink.

Dear God! when Italy is one
And perfected from bound to bound, . . .
Suppose (for my share) earth's undone
By one grave in 't! as one small wound
May kill a man, 't is found!

What then? If love's delight must end,
At least we 'll clear its truth from flaws.
I love thee, love thee, sweetest friend!
Now take my sweetest without pause,
To help the nation's cause.

And thus of noble Italy
We 'll both be worthy. Let her show
The future how we made her free,
Not sparing life, nor Giulio,
Nor this . . . this heart-break. Go!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O, then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O, then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O, thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
O, then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O, then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O, still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee, —
O, then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore,
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk with joyous seeming, —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land — Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

BYRON.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

NEGRO SONG.

The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home;
'T is summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door, —
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come, when the darkeys have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar-cane grow;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry:
But in my breast and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

BYRON.

FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again;

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee, —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not:
Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth, —
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou nevermore mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Whither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee, — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now;

But 't is done; all words are idle, —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

BYRON.

JAFFIER PARTING WITH BELVIDERA.

FROM "VENICE PRESERVED."

THEN hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honor, and safety always hover round her:
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much loved;
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

THOMAS OTWAY.

COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE.

SINCE there 's no helpe, — come, let us kisse and parte,
Nay, I have done, — you get no more of me;
And I am glad, — yea, glad with all my hearte,
That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free.
Shake hands forever! — cancel all our vows;
And when me meet at any time againe,
Be it not seene in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retaine.

Now — at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath —
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now! if thou wouldst — when all have given him over —
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FAREWELL! THOU ART TOO DEAR.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,

And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter;
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

SHAKESPEARE.

AN EARNEST SUIT,

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say say! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met — and we parted forever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence, — our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealèd book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, — we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river:
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER.

Farewell! — but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.
His griefs may return — not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain —
But he ne'er can forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening when Pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! will be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest if it tell me that, mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were here!

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled —
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

FRAGMENTS.

FAREWELLS.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell.
Childe Harold, Cant. iv. BYRON.

Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

JULIET. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

So sweetly she bade me "Adieu,"
I thought that she bade me return.
A Pastoral. SHENSTONE.

He did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on, —
How swift his ship.
Cymbeline, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
Sardanapalus. BYRON.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss:
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!
When we two parted. BYRON.

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

ABSENCE.

TO HER ABSENT SAILOR.

FROM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH."

HER window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there at dawn and set of day
In prayer she kneels:
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore,
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
The waves divide.

"O Thou! with whom the night is day
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste, and say
Where lingers he.
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear, —
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
Or dying wail!

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out
The fears that haunt me round about;
O God! I cannot bear this doubt
That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope, instead
Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees,
It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell;

But, with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:
"I wait to meet thee: be of cheer,
For all is well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I 'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I 'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, — their earthly bodies left behind.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

OF a' the airts * the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill 's between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

* The points of the compass.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

FROM "ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL," ACT I. SC. I.

I AM undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table, — heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE.

O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer * thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I 'VE wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!

* Harm.

The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears :
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part ;
Sweet time — sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear ;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame ?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes, —
The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about, —
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time, and o' thee.
O mornin' life ! O mornin' luve !
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang !

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon ?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet ;
The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees, —
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled — unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me ?
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine !
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
I 've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I 've never seen your face nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE RUSTIC LAD'S LAMENT IN THE TOWN.

O, WAD that my time were owre but,
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again,
I' the bonnie birken shaw !
For this is no my ain life,
And I peak and pine away
Wi' the thochts o' hame and the young flowers,
In the glad green month of May.

I used to wauk in the morning
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughman lads,
As they gaed to their wark ;
I used to wear the bit young lambs
Frae the tod and the roaring stream ;
But the warld is changed, and a' thing now
To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me,
On ilka lang dull street ;
Yet, though sae mony surround me,
I ken na ane I meet :
And I think o' kind kent faces,
And o' blithe an' cheery days,
When I wandered out wi' our ain folk,
Out owre the simmer braes.

Waes me, for my heart is breaking !
I think o' my brither sma',
And on my sister greeting,
When I cam frae hame awa.
And O, how my mither sobbit,
As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger land.

There 's nae hame like our ain hame —
O, I wush that I were there !
There 's nae hame like our ain hame
To be met wi' onywhere ;
And O that I were back again,
To our farm and fields sae green ;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And were what I hae been !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee :
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return !

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here ?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell ;
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell !
How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill !
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer !
Ah ! art thou absent, art thou absent still ?

Yet I shall grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull ;
For oh ! I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest !
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest !

ANONYMOUS.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face ?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace ?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing ? — shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day ?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time ?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime ?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near ?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessèd time, and thou art here ?

I 'll tell thee ; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, belovèd one ! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains ;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time ; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

DAY, IN MELTING PURPLE DYING.

DAY, in melting purple dying;
Blossoms, all around me sighing;
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I 'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling, —
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation;
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS (*Maria del Occidente*).

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there:
Then I 'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I 'll ca 't a word frae thee.

I 'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide.
I 'll doat on ilka spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

A PASTORAL.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 't was the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humored, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart — I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'T was pleasure to look at, 't was music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he 's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I 'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe 's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The cornfields and hedges and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'T was naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp! went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody 's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for — a place in her breast?
You put on your colors to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return,
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 't would melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.
Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love!
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

JOHN BYROM.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.*

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he 's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin 's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I 'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin 's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockin's pearly blue;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he 's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he 's been long awa'.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

* Bartlett, in his *Familiar Quotations*, has the following: "*The Mariner's Wife* is now given, 'by common consent,' says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam, 1710-1765."

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair, —
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I 'm like to greet !

If Colin 's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave :
And gin I live to keep him sae
I 'm blest aboon the lave :
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I 'm like to greet.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a' ;
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

WILLIAM JAMES MICKLE.

ABSENCE.

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary !
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

ANONYMOUS.

ON A PICTURE.

WHEN summer o'er her native hills
A veil of beauty spread,
She sat and watched her gentle flocks
And twined her flaxen thread.

The mountain daisies kissed her feet ;
The moss sprung greenest there ;
The breath of summer fanned her cheek
And tossed her wavy hair.

The heather and the yellow gorse
Bloomed over hill and wold,
And clothed them in a royal robe
Of purple and of gold.

There rose the skylark's gushing song,
There hummed the laboring bee ;
And merrily the mountain stream
Ran singing to the sea.

But while she missed from those sweet sounds
The voice she sighed to hear,
The song of bee and bird and stream
Was discord to her ear.

Nor could the bright green world around
A joy to her impart,
For still she missed the eyes that made
The summer of her heart.

ANNE C. LYNCH (MRS. BOTTA).

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

COME to me, dearest, I 'm lonely without thee,
Daytime and night-time, I 'm thinking about thee ;
Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold thee ;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten ;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing ;
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom ;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even ;
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven ;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other ;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple ; —
O, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened ;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened ?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love :
I cannot weep, but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing ;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary, —
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary, —
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee !

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

FRAGMENTS.

Memory in Absence.

And memory, like a drop that night and day
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away !

Lalla Rookh. MOORE.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

The Traveller. GOLDSMITH.

Of all affliction taught the lover yet,
'T is sure the hardest science to forget.

Eloisa to Abelard. POPE.

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate.
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain, — do all things but forget.

Eloisa to Abelard. POPE.

Though absent, present in desires they be ;
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.

M. DRAYTON.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

Marmion, Cant. ii. *Introd.* SCOTT.

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee !

I saw thy form. MOORE.

Hope Deferred.

Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting, — but he came not !

Italy. ROGERS.

Absence strengthens Love

There's not a wind but whispers of thy name.

Mirandola. B. W. PROCTER.

Short absence hurt him more,
And made his wound far greater than before ;
Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.

Henry II. T. MAY.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Pleasures of Hope, Part i. T. CAMPBELL.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder ;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

Isle of Beauty. T. H. BAYLY.

Time in Absence.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years ;
And every little absence is an age.

Amphictrion. DRYDEN.

What ! keep a week away ? Seven days and nights ?
Eightscore eight hours ? And lovers' absent hours
More tedious than the dial eightscore times ?
O, weary reckoning !

Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The Unwelcome Lover.

I dote on his very absence.

Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Presence in Absence.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two ;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.
And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

A Valediction forbidding Mourning. DR. J. DONNE.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND ESTRANGEMENT.

SONNET.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm — my Jamie at the sea —
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, — my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jennie dee?
And wherefore was I spared to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair — my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I 'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
Ae kiss we took — nae mair — I bad him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee,
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ACT I. SC. I.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :
But, either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffèd in respect of years ;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.

BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

[Missolonghi, January 23, 1824. On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year.]

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move :
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone :
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze, —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus*, — and 't is not *here*,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece about us see ;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake ! — not Greece, — she is awake !
Awake my spirit ! think through whom
Thy life-blood tastes its parent lake,
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood ! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, — why live ?
The land of honorable death
Is here : — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest !

BYRON.

LEFT BEHIND.

It was the autumn of the year ;
The strawberry-leaves were red and sear ;
October's airs were fresh and chill,
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me, —
Me whom your keen, artistic sight
Has not yet learned to read aright,
Since I have veiled my heart from you,
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past ;
The tardy honors won at last,
The trials borne, the conquests gained,
The longed-for boon of Fame attained ;
I knew that every victory
But lifted you away from me,
That every step of high emprise
But left me lowlier in your eyes ;
I watched the distance as it grew,
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace
Of anguish sweep across my face ;
You did not hear my proud heart beat,
Heavy and slow, beneath your feet ;
You thought of triumphs still unwon,
Of glorious deeds as yet undone ;
And I, the while you talked to me,
I watched the gulls float lonesomely,
Till lost amid the hungry blue,
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate ;
The wise world smiles, and calls you great ;
The golden fruitage of success
Drops at your feet in plenteousness ;
And you have blessings manifold : —
Renown and power and friends and gold, —

They build a wall between us twain,
Which may not be thrown down again,
Alas! for I, the long years through,
Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,
Have kept the promise of your youth;
And while you won the crown, which now
Breaks into bloom upon your brow,
My soul cried strongly out to you
Across the ocean's yearning blue,
While, unremembered and afar,
I watched you, as I watch a star
Through darkness struggling into view,
And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream in all these years
Of patient faith and silent tears,
That Love's strong hand would put aside
The barriers of place and pride,
Would reach the pathless darkness through,
And draw me softly up to you;
But that is past. If you should stray
Beside my grave, some future day,
Perchance the violets o'er my dust
Will half betray their buried trust,
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
"She loved you better than you knew."

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (*Florence Percy*).

LINDA TO HAFED.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that moonlight flood, —
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold, —
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?" —
Playful she turned, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she marked how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right, —
We part — forever part to-night!
I knew, I knew it *could* not last, —
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!
O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —
O misery! must I lose *that* too?"

THOMAS MOORE.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT I. SC. 4.

VIOLA. Ay, but I know, —
DUKE. What dost thou know?
VIOLA. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
DUKE. And what 's her history?
VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

SHAKESPEARE.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

IN the low-raftered garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world ;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching ;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click : on her little stool
She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor

Her sisters are spinning all day long ;
To her wakening sense the first sweet warning
Of daylight come is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate ;
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate ;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom : —
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret-room ;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together ;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side ;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the door ;
Now they are old, and she is their idol : —
It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall, —
A hand at the latch, — 't is lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed ; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit ;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute :

O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter !
They fill the hour with a glowing tide ;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part :
O, then the weary, weary days !
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road ; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault ? O Benjie, and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so ? —
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe ;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness, —
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she :
A word, and all her life is changed !
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged :
One year : she sits in the old church pew ;
A rustle, a murmur, — O Dorothy ! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view
'T is Benjie leading a white-veiled bride !

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist ; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
Shining an endless vista before her !
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
Groping under the farm-house eaves, —
And life was a brief November day
That sets on a world of withered leaves !

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness ;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A LAY OF LEADENHALL.

[A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware-shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick, for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.]

In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;
Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.
For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'T was a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat:
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in rain;
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes from being broken were known to be glass.

On the rickety sign-board no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he 'd to sell;
But for house and for man a new title took growth,
Like a fungus, — the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust,
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof;
'T was a Spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can;
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding, —
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop, less to buy than to stare;
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so frightful,
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs might they venture, in dirt and in gloom,
To peep at the door of the wonderful room
Such stories are told about, none of them true! —
The keyhole itself has no mortal seen through.

That room, — forty years since, folk settled and decked it.
The luncheon 's prepared, and the guests are expected.
The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best;
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since turned the key in that door.
'T is a room deaf and dumb mid the city's uproar.
The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they 're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go;
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:
But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse
Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust;
The flowers fallen to powder, the wine swathed in crust;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The old man has played out his part in the scene.
Wherever he now is, I hope he 's more clean.
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AN EXPERIENCE AND A MORAL.

I LENT my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by:
'T was little either had to say, —
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things, —
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune, —
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? what hardship bear?
But with her — ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she, with me, so cold and coy,
Seemed a little maid bereft of sense;
But in the crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blushful impudence.

She married, — well, — a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share, —
And little cares sprang up like weeds
And played around her elbow-chair.

And years rolled by, — but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp, and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read, such passion shook
My soul, — I needs must curse or cry.

For, here and there, her love was writ,
In old, half-faded pencil-signs,
As if she yielded — bit by bit —
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah, silvered fool, too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: *Lend no girl a book*
Unless you read it afterward!

FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn, —
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley Hall:

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see, —
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me;
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned, — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs;
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes, —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my `Amy, mine no more !
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung, —
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ? — having known me ; to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is ; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this ? his eyes are heavy, — think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him ; it is thy duty, — kiss him ; take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought, —
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand, —
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule !
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool !

Well — 't is well that I should bluster ! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved,
Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit ?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never ! though my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind ?

I remember one that perished ; sweetly did she speak and move ;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?
No, — she never loved me truly ; love is love forevermore.

Comfort ? comfort scorned of devils ! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry;
'T is a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest, —
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings — she herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffered" — Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry,
Left me with a palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn, —
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit, — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day, —

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag, —
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag, —

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree, —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind —
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage, — what to me were sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time, —

I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as when life begun, —
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun, —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ONLY A WOMAN.

"She loves with love that cannot tire:
And if, ah, woe! she loves alone,
Through passionate duty love flames higher,
As grass grows taller round a stone."
COVENTRY PATMORE.

So, the truth 's out. I 'll grasp it like a snake, —
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break
Awhile, if only for the children's sake.

For his, too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed;
None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,
Except — one trifle scarcely worth being named —

The *heart*. That 's gone. The corrupt dead might be
As easily raised up, breathing, — fair to see,
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,
Or courted him as silly maidens court,
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short

I only loved him, — any woman would:
But shut my love up till he came and sued,
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest! —
So happy that I was his first and best,
As he mine, — when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!
If for one little year, a month or two,
He had given me love for love, as was my due!

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done,
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne —
Poor substitute — because the queen was gone!

O, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,
He had kissed another woman even as this, —

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep
To be thus cheated, like a child asleep; —
Were not my anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground;
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound, —
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder, — colder still,
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All, — anything but him. It was to be
The full draught others drink up carelessly
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again, — he gives me all I claimed,
I and my children never shall be shamed:
He is a just man, — he will live unblamed.

Only — O God, O God, to cry for bread,
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head
Upon a bosom where the old love 's dead!

Dead? — Fool! It never lived. It only stirred
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard:
So let me bury it without a word.

He 'll keep that other woman from my sight.
I know not if her face be foul or bright ;
I only know that it was his delight —

As his was mine ; I only know he stands
Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands,
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.
He need not. When the ship 's gone down, I trow,
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends,
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows, — none heeds. I have a little pride ;
Enough to stand up, wifelike, by his side,
With the same smile as when I was his bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms ;
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms ;
Their kiss — ah ! unlike his — all pain disarms.

And haply as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

DEATH OF THE WHITE FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm ; alas ! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I 'm sure I never wished them ill, —
Nor do I for all this, nor will ;
But if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything ;
And nothing may we use in vain ;
Even beasts must be with justice slain, —
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean, — their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain ;
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.
Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me ; nay, and I know
What he said then, — I 'm sure I do :
Said he, " Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear ! "
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled :
This waxed tame, while he grew wild ;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this ; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game. It seemed to bless
Itself in me ; how could I less
Than love it ? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me !
Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did, — his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed ;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white — shall I say than my hand ?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'T was on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And when 't had left me far away,
'T would stay, and run again, and stay ;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own, —
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the springtime of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips even seemed to bleed ;

And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
O, help! O, help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden phial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It, till it do o'erflow, with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go,
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O, do not run too fast! for I
Will but bespeak thy grave — and die.
First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too. But there
The engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'T was vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And O, pray, too, for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive, —
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang
— Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet:
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak, — I love thee best!"
He exclaimed.
"Let thy love my own foretell," —
I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblamed,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth, —
Since my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

That was all I meant,
— To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised,
Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undreamed,
— Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile, "She never seemed
Mine before.

"What — she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love 's so different with us men,"
He should smile.
"Dying for my sake —
White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles then
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it, — and what comes next?
Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring!

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind, —
Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;
Time dissolve the winter snow;
Winds be soft, and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain:
But again
Blighted love shall never blow!

From the Portuguese of LUIS DE CAMOENS.
Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

FROM "ZOPHIEL, OR THE BRIDE OF SEVEN."

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness: these hurt, impede,
And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers — recoils — then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS (*Maria del Occidente*)

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they strayed
From me, sailing round the world.
And I 've said, "I 'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah ! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail ;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy then all I need, —
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything — except a heart
That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine ;
But she 's something now divine
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Evermore, evermore.

ROBERT STEVENSON COFFIN.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

O THE days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove !
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love !
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream !
O, there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream !

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth 's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last ;
He 'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blushed to hear
The one loved name !

O, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste !
'T was odor fled
As soon as shed ;
'T was morning's wingèd dream ;
'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream !
O, 't was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream !

THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead ;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute, —
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love ! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

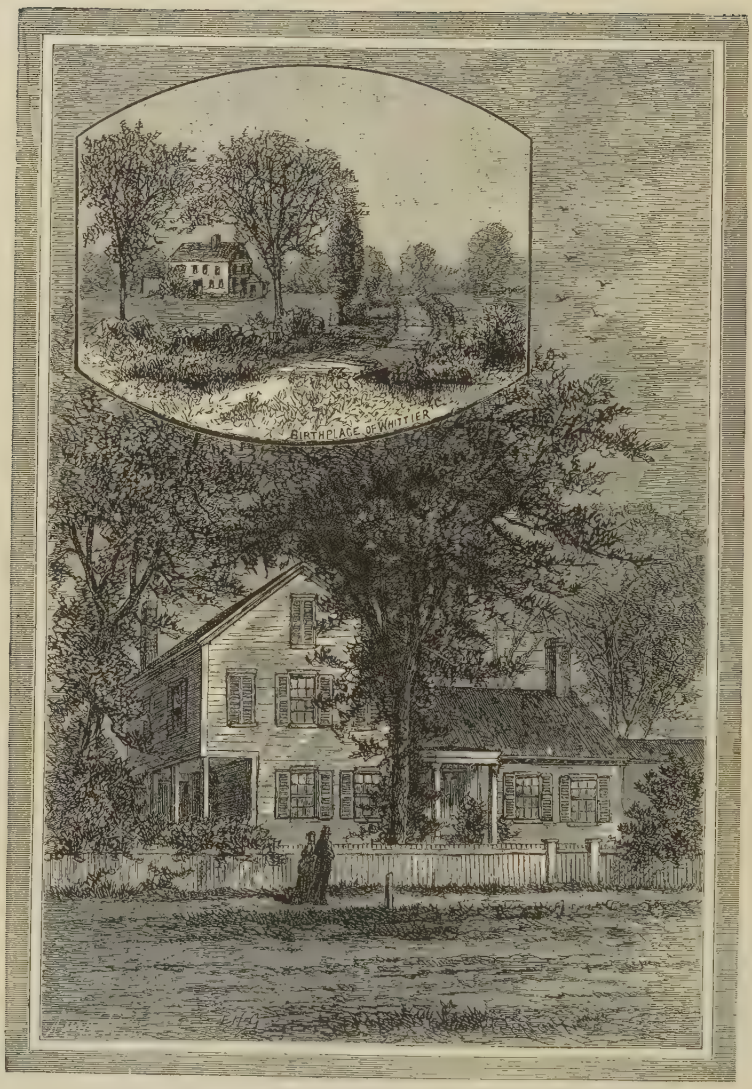
WHITTIER

As some tall pine that from a mountain side
  O'erlooks a hundred verdant vales below,
  And drinks their balm, and hears their waters flow,
While, o'er the lofty summits cloud-allied,
He marks the storm-king in his chariot ride,
  And sees athwart the heaven's lurid glow
  The thunderbolt in zig-zag splendor go.
How towers his crest, uplift in rugged pride!
But when the waning tempest dies apace,
  What reed of Pan, however fine it blew,
Might sweetlier breathe out nature's inmost grace?
  So standest thou within our mortal view.
What star serene is now thy dwelling place,
  Great soul, high heart, O nobler than we knew?

LOUISE A. MCGAFFEY

November, 1892

From Belford's Magazine, Chicago



WHITTIER'S HOME AT AMESBURY.

(*Birthplace at Haverhill.*)

"And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells,
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells."

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.*

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears !
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Pr'y thee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Pr'y thee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Pr'y thee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't ?
Pr'y thee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
This cannot take her :
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

OUTGROWN.

Nay, you wrong her, my friend, she 's not fickle ; her love she has simply outgrown :
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly ? There is much that my heart would say ;
And you know we were children together, have quarrelled and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth, —
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May ;
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either : they ever go up or go down ;
And hers has been steadily soaring, — but how has it been with your own ?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired, — grown purer and wiser each year :
The stars are not farther above you in yon luminous atmosphere !

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder, five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer ; but their vision is clearer as well :
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talked :
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you ? Have you aimed at the highest ? Have you, too, aspired and prayed ?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied ? Have you conquered it undismayed ?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have rolled on ?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won ?

Nay, hear me ! The truth cannot harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood ?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back on the years that have fled ;
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead !

She cannot look down to her lover : her love, like her soul, aspires ;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

* The first stanza of this song appears in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, Act iv. Sc. i. ; the same, with the second stanza added, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, Act v. Sc. 2.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship
I have ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might
in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

ALAS! HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something light as air, — a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken, —
O, love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken!
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowerets fettered round; —
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird, — whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies, —
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!

THOMAS MOORE.

AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me*"?

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You 'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad; —
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curved between!—
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past,)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her — well, we 'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There 's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But O, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O, that music! and O, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet:
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lip grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said, "The staff of my life is gone:
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear —
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said — "The thing is precious to me :
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay ;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet,
There stark she lay on her carven bed :
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath ;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart :
I dared not look on the face of death :
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life, with love ;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'T was the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead, — from the other side :
And at once the sweat broke over my brow :
"Who is robbing the corpse ?" I cried.

Opposite me by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend ?"... The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began ;
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me :
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie !"
He answered, . . . "Let us see."

"Enough !" I returned, "let the dead decide :
And whosesoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place :
We opened it by the tapers' shine :
The gems were all unchanged : the face
Was — neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least !
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled :
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

FROM "VIGNETTES IN RHYME."

Poor Rose ! I lift you from the street —
Far better I should own you
Than you should lie for random feet
Where careless hands have thrown you.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn !
Did heartless Mayfair use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
For chariot-wheels to bruise you ?

I saw you last in Edith's hair.
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
Was Edith's favored lover,

A month — "a little month" — ago —
O theme for moral writer ! —
'Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer ;

But let that pass. She gave you then —
Behind the oleander —
To one, perhaps, of all the men,
Who best could understand her.

Cyril, that, duly flattered, took,
As only Cyril 's able,
With just the same Arcadian look
He used, last night, for Mabel ;

Then, having waltzed till every star
Had paled away in morning,
Lit up his cynical cigar,
And tossed you downward, scorning.

Kismet, my Rose ! Revenge is sweet, —
She made my heart-strings quiver ;
And yet — you sha'n't lie in the street,
I 'll drop you in the River.

AUSTIN DOBSON

TRANSIENT BEAUTY.

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

As, rising on its purple wing,
The insect-queen of Eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer,
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye;
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wind as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid:
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play and man's caprice;
The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught;
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till, charm and hue and beauty gone,
'T is left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No; gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

BYRON.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I 'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God sends me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That if thou might elsewhere inthrall;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I 'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
O your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LINES ON ISABELLA MARKHAM.

WHENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own;
Ah me! 't was from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 't is Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek —
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
O Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that 's like our own.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

THE VOW.

IN holy night we made the vow;
And the same lamp which long before
Had seen our early passion grow
Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever;
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not own a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Yet now she says those words were air,
Those vows were written all in water,
And by the lamp that saw her swear
Has yielded to the first that sought her.

From the Greek of MELEAGER.
Translation of JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

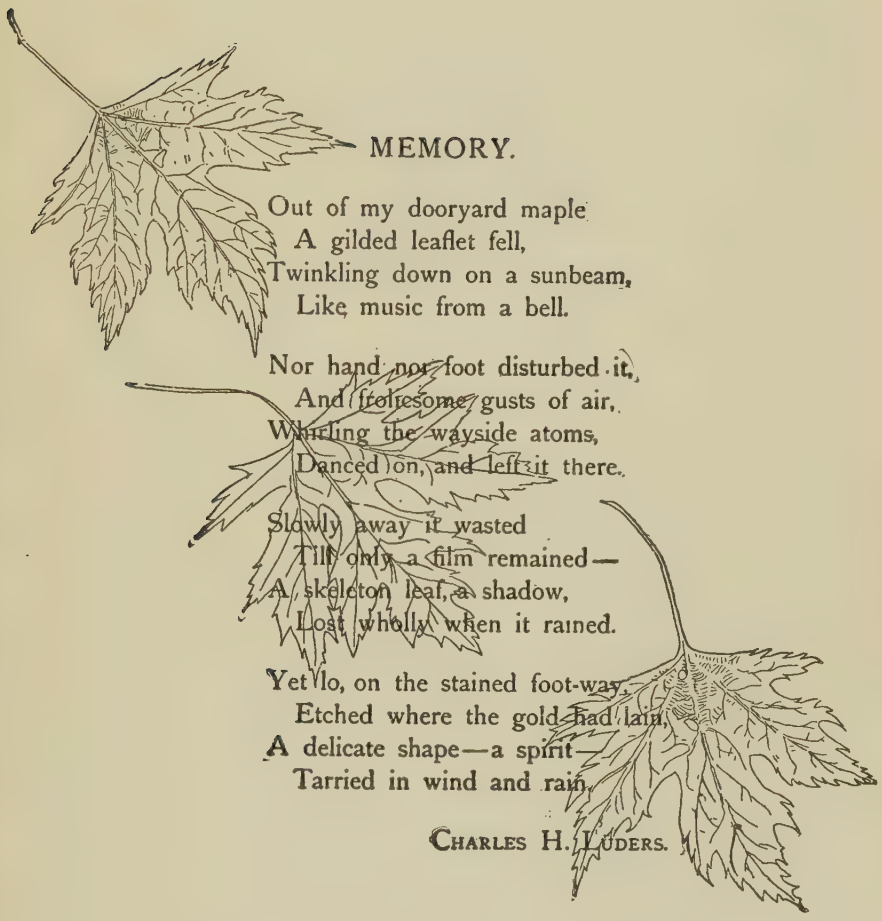
O, WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak —
Sae my true love did lightly me!

O, waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when 't is auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

O, wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed;
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.



MEMORY.

Out of my dooryard maple
A gilded leaflet fell,
Twinkling down on a sunbeam,
Like music from a bell.

Nor hand nor foot disturbed it,
And frolicsome gusts of air,
Whirling the wayside atoms,
Danced on, and left it there.

Slowly away it wasted
Till only a film remained—
A skeleton leaf, a shadow,
Lost wholly when it rained.

Yet lo, on the stained foot-way,
Etched where the gold had lain,
A delicate shape—a spirit—
Tarried in wind and rain.

CHARLES H. LÜDERS.

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I 'm weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I 'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growin' over me!

ANONYMOUS.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy!
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee,
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, etc.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,
And when thou wakest sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, etc.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whaircir he gae, whaireir he ryde,
My luve with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, etc.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, etc.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I 'll together live,
He 'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, etc.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warned by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They 'll use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

ANONYMOUS.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

MY heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I 'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I 'm dyin' for your sake!
O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane, —
O, say ye 'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It 's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I 'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life, —
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met, —
O, wae 's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O, wae 's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae, —
And wae 's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame;
But O, it 's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I 'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart;
O, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet! —
How fast my life-strings break! —
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we 're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be;
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved, — and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger 's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee, —
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

JOHN HAY.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

"NOT yet, the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet, my heart is full of hope,
I cannot bear to die.

"Not yet, I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love, O Death!
I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said,
"I 'm ready now to die!"

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

FRAGMENTS.

Fragility of Love.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

The heart! — Yes, I wore it
As sign and as token
Of a love that once gave it,
A vow that was spoken;
But a love, and a vow, and a heart,
Can be broken.
Hearts. A. A. PROCTER.

A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom.
The Devil's Progress. T. K. HERVEY.

False Hope.

Hope tells a flattering tale,
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah, let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.
The Universal Songster. MISS WROTHER.

Inconstancy of Man.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

There is no music in a voice
That is but one, and still the same;
Inconstancy is but a name
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.
Shepherd's Holiday. J. RUTTER.

The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc* 3 SHAKESPEARE.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Inconstancy of Woman.

There are three things a wise man will not trust:
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.
Madoc. SOUTHEY.

Who trusts himself to woman or to waves
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.
Governor of Cyprus. OLDMIXON.

Away, away — you 're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
O, by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I 've been your slave so long!
T. MOORE.

The Disappointed Heart.

The cold — the changed — perchance the dead — anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost — too many! — yet how few!
Childe Harold, Cant. iv. BYRON

Do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
Sonnet XC. SHAKESPEARE.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
Childe Harold, Cant. iii. BYRON.

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.
From the Greek. COWPER'S *Trans.*

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath naught to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.
The Giaour. BYRON.

BEREAVEMENT AND DEATH.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BURIED TO-DAY.

BURIED to-day.
When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south-wind comes a shout
Of village boys and girls at play
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low underneath the clay,
In his spring, — on this spring day.

Passes away,
All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question when One saith "Nay."
Murmur not, — only pray.

Enters to-day
Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God.
His Christ was buried — and lives alway:
Trust Him, and go your way.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead ;
The dead live, — nevermore to die ;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh !

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim,
(Ah ! through how many different graves
God's children go to him !) —

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass ;
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry, "Alas" ?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
Whose captives have escaped ?

'T is but a mound, — and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears ;
The loved, though wept, are never lost ;
We only lose — our tears !

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead
By bending forward where they are ;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more ;
We look behind us for the Past,
But lo ! 't is all before !

ANONYMOUS.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF "ANNIE," WHO DIED AT MILAN, JUNE 6, 1860.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him.' — JOHN xx. 15.

In the fair gardens of celestial peace
Walketh a gardener in meekness clad ;
Fair are the flowers that wreathe his dewy locks,
And his mysterious eyes are sweet and sad.

Fair are the silent foldings of his robes,
Falling with saintly calmness to his feet ;
And when he walks, each floweret to his will
With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart,
In the mild summer radiance of his eye ;
No fear of storm, or cold, or bitter frost,
Shadows the flowerets when their sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love
Are nurseries to those gardens of the air ;
And his far-darting eye, with starry beam,
Watching the growing of his treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,
O'erwatched with restless longings night and day ;
Forgetful of the high, mysterious right
He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields
Needs the fair presence of an added flower,
Down sweeps a starry angel in the night :
At morn the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave !
Blank, silent, vacant ; but in worlds above,
Like a new star outblossomed in the skies,
The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friend, no more upon that lonely mound,
Strewed with the red and yellow autumn leaf,
Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye
Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

Thy garden rosebud bore within its breast
Those mysteries of color, warm and bright,
That the bleak climate of this lower sphere
Could never waken into form and light.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath borne her hence,
Nor must thou ask to take her thence away ;
Thou shalt behold her, in some coming hour,
Full blossomed in his fields of cloudless day.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight, —

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door, —
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her, —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove, —
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days, —
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility, —
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, — the jewel of the just, —
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —
The wisdom which is love — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.

I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

THE TWO WAITINGS.

I.

DEAR hearts, you were waiting a year ago
For the glory to be revealed;
You were wondering deeply, with bated breath,
What treasure the days concealed.

O, would it be this, or would it be that?
Would it be girl or boy?
Would it look like father or mother most?
And what should you do for joy?

And then, one day, when the time was full,
And the spring was coming fast,
The trembling veil of the body was rent,
And you saw your baby at last.

Was it or not what you had dreamed?
It was, and yet it was not;
But O, it was better a thousand times
Than ever you wished or thought.

II.

And now, dear hearts, you are waiting again,
While the spring is coming fast;
For the baby that was a future dream
Is now a dream of the past:

A dream of sunshine, and all that 's sweet;
Of all that is pure and bright;
Of eyes that were blue as the sky by day,
And as soft as the stars by night.

You are waiting again for the fulness of time,
And the glory to be revealed;
You are wondering deeply with aching hearts
What treasure is now concealed.

O, will she be this, or will she be that?
And what will there be in her face
That will tell you sure that she is your own,
When you meet in the heavenly place?

As it was before, it will be again,
Fashion your dream as you will;
When the veil is rent, and the glory is seen,
It will more than your hope fulfil.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.
His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I 'm very poor — this slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not —
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well —
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb —
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys:
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,

Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
Or fairy hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'T is well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunamite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird 's caressed
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

"ONLY A YEAR."

One year ago, — a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year, — no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago, — what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

One year, — one year, — one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen, —
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I 'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he 's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he 's not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;

My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes, that — he is not there !

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I 'm with his mother, offering up our prayer ;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there !

Not there ! — Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ; — he is not there !

He lives ! — In all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now ;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there !*"

Yes, we all live to God !
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that — he is there !

JOHN PIERPONT.

CASA WAPPY.

THE CHILD'S PET NAME, CHOSEN BY HIMSELF.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy, —
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy ?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy !

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye ;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die ;
Words may not paint our grief for thee ;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony ;
Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given ;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven !
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy !

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
'T was cloudless joy ;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Belovèd boy !
This moon beheld thee blithe and gay ;
That found thee prostrate in decay ;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child !
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight ;
There dost thou glide before me still, —
A form of light !
I feel thy breath upon my cheek —
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak —
Till O, my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth ;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health :
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;
But where art thou ?

A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy !

Even to the last thy every word —
To glad, to grieve —
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve ;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills ;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills :
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All — to the wallflower and wild pea —
Are changed ; we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth ;
We miss thy small step on the stair ;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;
All day we miss thee, — everywhere, —
Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below, —
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return, — but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy !

'T is so ; but can it be — while flowers
Revive again —
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain ?
O, can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save ? —
Casa Wappy !

It cannot be ; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
And truth a lie ;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain ;
Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above !
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy !

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy ;
There past are death and all its woes ;
There beauty's stream forever flows ;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then — for a while, farewell, —
Pride of my heart !
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I 'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

THE MERRY LARK.

THE merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snowyard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright ;
Her little face looked out beneath
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem, —
For sure as morning came,

Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round, —
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day, when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They 're all home long ago;" —
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in the better land.

At home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know, — yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom, —
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home."

MARGARET E. M. SANGSTER.

BABY SLEEPS.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth." — LUKE viii. 52.

THE baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And hushed its fears, and soothed its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present griefs, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

SAMUEL HINDS.

GO TO THY REST.

Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Ere sin has seared the breast,
Or sorrow waked the tear,
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a dear delight,

Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A WIDOW — she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all —
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite — ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained,
Though friends were fewer:
And while she toiled for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, — and now I see
That, though resigned and cheerful, she
Has sorrowed much:
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and carefully laid by,
The little crutch.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

"THEY ARE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see;
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns
That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,
A poor fish-wife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
And spread its scaly store;
With trembling hands and pleading words
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,
"We 're no sae scarce o' cheer;
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways, —
I 'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,
A weary sight to see;
Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife,
"They are dear fish to me!

"Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night,
And when the storm blew o'er,
My husband, and my three brave sons,
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I 've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three;
I maun buy them now to sell again, —
They are dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door, —
What was 't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast,
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her lightsome laddies three ;
The woman's words had pierced her heart, —
"They are dear fish to me ! "

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,
And pity's gathering tear ;
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,
Ye 're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,
Your weary lot to dree ;
"I 'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words :
'They are dear fish to me ! ' "

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The meed of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy, —

How much of manhood's wasted strength,
What woman's misery, —
What breaking hearts might swell the cry :
"They are dear fish to me ! "

ANONYMOUS.

CORONACH.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTO III.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary ;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN, — AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA. 1861.

This was Laura Savio of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaëta.

Dead ! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead ! both my boys ! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at ? O, vain !
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain ?
Ah, boys, how you hurt ! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud by that test.

What art 's for a woman ! To hold on her knees
Both darlings ! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, struggle a little ! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat !
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country," I taught them, no doubt,
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes ! . . .
I exulted ! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. — But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone ! — Then one weeps, then one kneels !
— God ! how the house feels !

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
— My Guido was dead! — I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; — friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere-long:
And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaëta: —
"Shot.
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother; not "mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to me.
What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that 's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'T were imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
And when Italy 's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaëta 's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out or men?
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short, —

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! — My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy 's there, — with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such wail as this! — and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys! — If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut, — no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, —
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;
And now was quiet, now astir, —
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, — naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, — in the years long still, —
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red, —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing — one — in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me, —
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold, —
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; — if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in nature's school,
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind, —
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day, —
A bliss that would not go away, —
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee, —
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. [TIME, 1571.]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three ;
"Pull ! if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells !
Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby !*"

Men say it was a "stolen tyde," —
The Lord that sent it, he knows all,
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall ;
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore ;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes :
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth, —
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha ! Cusha !" all along ;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling ;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow !
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow !
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow ;
From the clovers lift your head !
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long — ay, long ago —
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of *Enderby*.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene.
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath ;
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The Brides of Mavis Enderby.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of *Enderby*.

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys, warping down, —
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring *The Brides of Enderby?*

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe!
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby!*
They rang *The Brides of Enderby.*

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud, —
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout, —
Then beaten foam flew round about, —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee, —
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night;
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high, —
A lurid mark, and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang *Enderby.*

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I, — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O, come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare!
The waters laid thee at his doore
Ere yet the early dawn was clear:
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea, —
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourne his own (she sayth)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river, —
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Lightfoot! rise and follow;
Lightfoot! Whitefoot!
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty! follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed!"

JEAN INGELOW.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Composed by Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget, —
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray, —
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

O, SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM!

O, SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!
Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.

Forever now, O Yarrow Stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring, —
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should nevermore behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I 'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I 'll sleep in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I 'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do ; —
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O, to call back the days that are not !
My eyes were blinded, your words were few :
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas ;
Not half worthy the like of you :
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows —
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew ;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

FIRST SPRING FLOWERS.

I AM watching for the early buds to wake
Under the snow :
From little beds the soft white covering take,
And, nestling, lo !
They lie, with pink lips parted, all aglow !

O darlings ! open wide your tender eyes ;
See ! I am here —
Have been here, waiting under winter skies
Till you appear —
You, just come up from where *he* lies so near.

Tell me, dear flowers, is he gently laid,
Wrapped round from cold ;
Has spring about him fair green garments made,
Fold over fold ;
Are sweet things growing with him in the mould ?

Has he found quiet resting-place at last,
After the fight ?
What message did he send me, as you passed
Him in the night,
Eagerly pushing upward toward the light ?

I will not pluck you, lest *his* hand should be
Close clasping you :
These slender fibres which so cling to me
Do grasp *him* too —
What gave these delicate veins their blood-red hue ?

One kiss I press, dear little bud, half shut,
On your sweet eyes ;
For when the April rain falls at your foot,
And April sun yearns downward to your root
From soft spring skies,
It, too, may reach him, where he sleeping lies.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

O, SING unto my roundelay !
O, drop the briny tear with me !
Dance no more at holiday ;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light ;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead, etc.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note ;
Quick in dance as thought can be ;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;
O, he lies by the willow-tree !
My love is dead, etc.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead, etc.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead, etc.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead, etc.

With my hands I 'll bind the briers
Round his holy corse to gre ;
Ouphant fairy, light your fires ;
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead, etc.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away ;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead, etc.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die ! I come ! my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

[ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, OB. 1833.]

GRIEF UNSPEAKABLE.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel :
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I 'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

DEAD, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain ; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love ;
My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run ;
Dear as the mother to the son.
More than my brothers are to me.

THE PEACE OF SORROW.

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

IF Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Through all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began ;

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

PERSONAL RESURRECTION.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

DEATH IN LIFE'S PRIME.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee?
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,
The head hath missed an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-enfolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

What hope is here for modern rhyme
To him who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshortened in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks:
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darkened ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave:
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried, —
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

From the German of LUDWIG UHLAND.
Translation of SARAH AUSTEN.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry ;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee, —
Like summer tempest came her tears,
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I 'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high ;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;
The day is bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek ;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near, —
The church where we were wed, Mary ;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest, —
For I 've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary, —
My blessin' and my pride ;
There 's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone ;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow, —
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break, —
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake ;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore, —
O, I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary — kind and true !
But I 'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I 'm goin' to ;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there, —
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;

And I 'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, LADY DUFFERIN.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony
A dying warrior lay, —
The stern old Baron Rudiger,
Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, —
That I — ha! ha! — must die.

"And what is Death? I 've dared him oft
Before the Paynim spear, —
Think ye he 's entered at my gate,
Has come to seek me here?
I 've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot, —
I 'll try his might — I 'll brave his power;
Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, —
And fire the culverin, —
Bid each retainer arm with speed, —
Call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall, —
The banquet-board prepare, —
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there!"

A hundred hands were busy then, —
The banquet forth was spread, —
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And thronged around the board.

While at its head, within his dark,
Carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There 's life and strength in every drop, —
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? —
Mine eyes are waxing dim; —
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye 're there, but yet I see ye not.
Draw forth each trusty sword, —
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board:
I hear it faintly: — Louder yet! —
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all, — and shout for Rudiger,
'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, — steel clanged to steel,
And rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high: —
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him? —
Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him here alone?

"But *I* defy him: — let him come!"
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
Old Rudiger sat, *dead*.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

Farewell, — farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea;)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

O, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music and withered its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, forget thee, —
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she 'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We 'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We 'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell! — farewell! — until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They 'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They 'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

GRIEF.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK," ACT I. SC. 2.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, forever, with thy veilèd lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :
Thou know'st 't is common, — all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
HAMLET. Ay, madam, it is common.
QUEEN. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee ?
HAM. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within, which passeth show ;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the west ;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On Earth, my mother's breast.

There 's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity :
These clouds are living things :
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day —
Life's tedious nothing o'er —
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day ;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains :
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear ;
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay :
Yet come, O Death ! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates ! thy rest is bliss !
I would I were away !

From the German of GLUCK.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor 's done ;
Two pale feet crossed in rest, —
The race is won ;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease ;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace :"
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot ;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest
Aye for his praise ;
Two feet that never rest
Walking his ways ;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears ;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears :"
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees ;
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

REST.

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right-hand forgets
Its cunning now ;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong, — all that is past ;
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part, —
I give a patient God
My patient heart ;

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim ;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home ! etc.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home ! etc.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home ! etc.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home ! etc.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I 'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it 's thaw, Jean ;
I 'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There 's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There 's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean ;
Your task 's ended noo, Jean,
And I 'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn 's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean :
O, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal !
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean ;
We 'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRNE.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle death !
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life !
She hath seen her happy day, —
She hath had her bud and blossom ;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear !
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, — sweet love !
Good she was, and fair in youth ;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth :
Take her, then, forevermore, —
Forever — evermore, —

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying." — SHAKESPEARE'S *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 13.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast ;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear ;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's arm that felled him,
'T was his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness —
Altars, augurs, circling wings —
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming — quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra — Rome — farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK," ACT III. SC. I.

HAMLET. To be, or not to be, — that is the question: —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? — To die, to sleep; —
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, — to sleep; —
To sleep! perchance to dream: — ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pains of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

["In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, the nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face, 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't, either.'"]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we 're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know : Our loved and dead, if they
should come this day —
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not
one of us could say.
Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be ;
Yet, O, how dear it is to us, this life we live
and see !

Then might they say — these vanished ones —
and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved ! though we
may show you naught ;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of
death —
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of
breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowl-
edge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little chil-
dren sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is
overhead ;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the
dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE SECRET OF DEATH.

"SHE is dead !" they said to him ; "come away ;
Kiss her and leave her, — thy love is clay !"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair ;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair ;

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch ;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell ;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes —
Which were the whitest no eye could choose !

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away !" they said ; "God understands !"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary ;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and
gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again — he and she !

He and she ; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet
cheek.

He and she ; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-
while.

He and she ; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said : "Cold lips, and breasts without
breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense ?

"See now ; I will listen with soul, not ear ;
What was the secret of dying, dear ?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall ?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal ?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep ?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is ?

"O perfect dead ! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear !

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet !

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed, —

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With a sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

THERE is the hat
With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled —
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and drabbled —
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,
And — that is all.

Ah, here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one — name or date? — none?
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?
Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees;
hen — will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis, —
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last, —
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length, —
But no matter! — I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead, —
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart, — ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,
The pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain, —
With the fever called "Living"
That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated, — the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst!
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst,

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground, —
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed, —
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses, —
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies, —
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie, —
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast, —
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm, —
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm

And I lie so composedly
Now in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
That you fancy me dead; —
And I rest so contentedly
Now in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
That you fancy me dead, —
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead:

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky;
For it sparkles with Annie, —
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie,
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

Addressed to his deceased wife, who died in childbed at the age of twenty-two.

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave:
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enluminèd her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

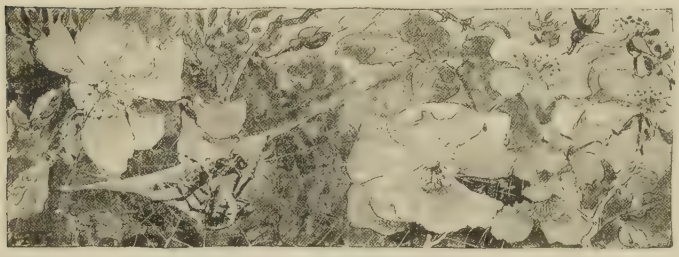
No more, no more! my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all, —
That in herself was so complete
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his paradise,
And with his saints to reign,

AUGURY.

I.

A horse-shoe nailed, for luck, upon a mast;
That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore was cast!
I saw, and thence no fetich I revered,
But safe, through tempest, to my haven steered.

II.

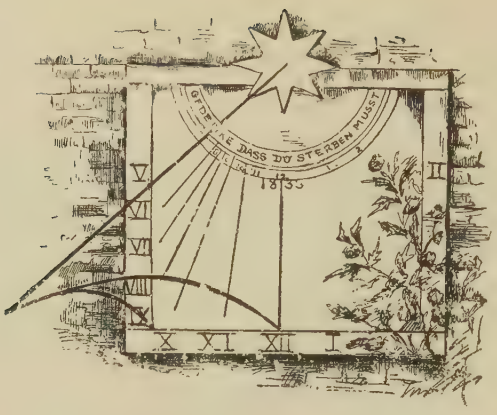


The place with rose and myrtle was o'ergrown,
Yet Fear and Sorrow held it for their own.
A garden then I sowed without one fear,—
Sowed fennel, yet lived griefless all the year.

III.

Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand display.
Not so mine own; yet mine is quick to-day.
Once more in his I read Fate's idle jest,
Then fold it down forever on his breast.

EDITH M. THOMAS.



IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

BELLE E. SMITH.

Whom while on earth each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
All soon or late in death shall sleep;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

From the French of CHARLES DUKE OF ORLEANS.
Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

SONNET.

The funeral sermon was on the text, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee" (John xi. 28).

RISE, said the Master, come unto the feast; —
She heard the call, and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace-gate,
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft;
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

HENRY ALFORD.

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN.

FROM "CYMBELINE," ACT IV. SC. 2.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

SIC VITA.*

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood, —
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, — and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

VIRTUE IMMORTAL.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

* Fields and Whipple, in their admirable *Family Library of British Poets*, add the following note: "This poem, of which there are nine imitations, is claimed for Francis Beaumont by some authorities.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD ?

The following poem was a particular favorite with Abraham Lincoln. It was first shown to him when a young man by a friend, and afterwards he cut it from a newspaper and learned it by heart. He said to a friend, "I would give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." He did afterwards learn the name of the author.

O, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The father that mother and infant who blest, —
Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by ;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre hath borne ;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn ;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, —
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap ;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep ;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread, —
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink ;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved, — but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, — but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved, — but no wail from their slumbers will come ;
They joyed, — but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, — ah ! they died ; — we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain :
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye ; 't is the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud ;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

WILLIAM KNOX

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had, —
E'en such is man ; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done. —

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, — and man he dies !

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan, —
E'en such is man ; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death. —
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended.
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan 's near death, — man's life is done !

SIMON WASTELL.

IF THOU WILT EASE THINE HEART.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love, and all its smart, —
Then sleep, dear, sleep !
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes ;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love, and all its smart, —
Then die, dear, die !
'T is deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye ;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou 'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

A PICTURE OF DEATH.

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose, that 's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore ;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away ;
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

BYRON.

LIFE.

"Animula, vagula, blandula."

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed ?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be !
O, say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee

Life ! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

HUSBAND and wife ! no converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young days of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations and glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies ;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be moves you not.
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence ;
Not like to that in which ye rested once
Most happy, — silence eloquent, when heart
With heart held speech, and your mysterious frames,
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,
Insensible, unheeding, folds you round,
And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in ;
Away from all the living, here ye rest,
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now ; —
Dread fellowship ! — together, yet alone.
Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love ?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits ? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind, the Father of all thought, —
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb ? —
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited, and lived ? —
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
Lifting that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory ? — throne before which even now
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed ? —
Souls that thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence, — are they quenched ?
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not ; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars ?
And do our loves all perish with our frames ?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And then soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers ?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance, —
Are these the body's accidents, no more ?
To live in it, and when that dies go out
Like the burnt taper's flame ?

O listen, man !
A voice within us speaks the startling word.
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls ; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality ;
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O listen, ye, our spirits ! drink it in
From all the air ! 'T is in the gentle moonlight ;
Is floating in day's setting glories ; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears ; —
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb ?
What holds it ? Dust that cumbered those I mourn.
They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
And put on those of light. They 're gone to dwell
In love, — their God's and angels' ! Mutual love,
That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
For full communion ; nor sensations strong,
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each
By natures new impart themselves, though silent.
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love,
Affections sanctified, and the full glow
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames ; — sensation all,

And thought, pervading, mingling sense and thought!
Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
Twofold, yet single, — this is love, this life!
Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest
In these shaped stones and lettered tables figures
Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God
Brought to the old Judeans, — types are these
Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,
That at this simple grave on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, thou art leading me in joy.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

How calm they sleep beneath the shade
Who once were weary of the strife,
And bent, like us, beneath the load
Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here,
From all that curses yonder town!
So deep the peace, I almost long
To lay me down.

For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,
Till wakened in immortal strength
And heavenly light!

CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

[Hark! how the holy calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
The grateful earnest of eternal peace.]*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

* Removed by the author from the original poem

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tryant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

INSCRIPTION ON MELROSE ABBEY.

THE earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth — All this is ours.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a Man; — and WHO WAS HE?
— Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe — a smile, a tear!
— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall, —
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered, — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed, — but his delights are fled;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair, — but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of *him* afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FRAGMENTS.

THE LOT OF MAN.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
Cupid and Death. T. SHIRLEY.

A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.
Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality. COWPER.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.
A Funeral Thought, Book ii. *Hymn* 63. WATTS.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king!
Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.
Old Fortunatus. T. DEKKER.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
Christabel, Part ii. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sure, 't is a serious thing to die! . . .
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair.
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
Night Thoughts, Night v. DR. E. YOUNG.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.
New England Primer.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set; — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
The Hour of Death. MRS. HEMANS.

The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of strange adventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
Lady of the Lake. SCOTT.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker.
School and Schoolfellows. W. M. PRAED.

One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg. WORDSWORTH.

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.
Emblems, Book ii. 13. F. QUARLES.

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
Hudibras, Part i. *Cant.* iii. BUTLER.

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
King John, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Early Death.

Happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall.
Don Juan, Cant. iv. BYRON.

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?" an echo answers, —
"Where?"
Bride of Abydos, Cant. ii. BYRON.

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?
Curse of Kehama, Cant. x. R. SOUTHEY.

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson. W. C. BRYANT.

Thy leaf has perished in the green.
In Memoriam, lxxiv. TENNYSON.

An untimely grave.
On the Duke of Buckingham. T. CAREW.

Death's Choice.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
Night Thoughts, Night v. DR. E. YOUNG.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.
Divine Poems. F. QUARLES.

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.
The Excursion, Book i. WORDSWORTH.

The ripest fruit first falls.
Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Death-Beds.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Night Thoughts, Night ii. DR. E. YOUNG.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
Œdipus, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. DRYDEN.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.
The Dispensary, Cant iii. S. GARTH.

And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.
The Vision. BURNS

He was exhaled; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
On the Death of a very Young Gentleman. DRYDEN.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
The Christian Year: XXIV. Sunday after Trinity. KEBLE.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart:
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same.
Night Thoughts, Night ii. DR. E. YOUNG.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
When words are scarce, they 're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

Death, so called, is a thing that makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.
Don Juan, Canto xiv. BYRON.

Let no man fear to die; we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep.
Humorous Lieutenant. F. BEAUMONT.

Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.
Religio Medici, Part ii. *Sec.* 12. SIR T. BROWNE.

Let guilt, or fear,
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.
Cato. ADDISON.

FEAR OF DEATH.

I fear to die . . .
For oh! it goes against the mind of man
To be turned out from its warm wonted home,
Ere yet one rent admits the winter's chill.
Rayner. JOANNA BAILLIE.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Measure for Measure, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH — CONVENTIONAL AND NATURAL.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.
A Funeral Thought, Book ii. *Hymn* 63. WATTS.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
Two Voices. TENNYSON.

I fled, and cried out DEATH!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded DEATH.
Paradise Lost, Book ii. MILTON.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe.
Paradise Lost, Book ii. MILTON.

Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.
Night Thoughts. DR. E. YOUNG.

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap.
Paradise Lost, Book xi. MILTON.

THE GRAVE.

Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.
. . . . . .
. . . nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.
Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt named; Nature, appalled,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.
The Seasons: Winter. THOMSON.

Brave Percy, fare thee well!
Ill-weaned ambition, how much art thou shrunk:
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.
Henry VI., Part I. Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. POPE.

The bad man's death is horror; but the just
Keeps something of his glory in the dust.
Castara. W. HABINGTON.

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
In Memoriam, xviii. TENNYSON.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell.
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not t' have strewed thy grave.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *hic jacet!*
Ellen Irwin. WORDSWORTH.

The Peace of Death.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
Titus Andronicus, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessèd part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Henry VIII., Act. iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Here may the storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlde's sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle.
Faery Queene. SPENSER.

Longing for Death.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death!
Death. B. PORTEUS.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible,
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside.
Joan of Arc. R. SOUTHEY.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
Colin and Lucy. T. TICKELL.

Thank God for Death! bright thing with dreary name.
Benedicam Domino. SUSAN COOLIDGE.

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.
To a Young Lady. WORDSWORTH.

After Death.

The wisest men are glad to die; no fear
Of death can touch a true philosopher.
Death sets the soul at liberty to fly.
Continuation of Lucan. T. MAY.

Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!
The Graves of a Household. MRS. HEMANS.

'T is not the whole of life to live:
Nor all of death to die.
The Issues of Life and Death. J. MONTGOMERY.

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. DRYDEN.

Mourning.

'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
In Memoriam, xxvii. TENNYSON

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before, —
He gathers round him.
Human Life. ROGERS.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
Verses to his Friend under Affliction. J. POMFRET.

He first deceased ; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.
Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.
SIR H. WOTTON.

Speak me fair in death.
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Patch grief with proverbs.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spared a better man.
Henry IV., Part I. Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

So may he rest : his faults lie gently on him !
Henry VIII., Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The very cypress droops to death —
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.
The Giaour. BYRON.

They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.
Mirza. R. BARON.

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show !
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. POPE.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.
Night Thoughts. Night ii. DR. E. YOUNG.

POEMS OF SORROW AND ADVERSITY

Work fingers weary & worn
Sick eyelids heavy & red
A woman sate in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle & thread -
Stitch, stitch, stitch
In poverty, hunger, & dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this Song of the Shirt!

Thos. Hood

'Twas Ever thus! - Each hour that comes,
Still unremitting, brought
Some newer form of grief or shame,
Some newer care for thought.

W. Gilmore Simms

POEMS OF SORROW AND ADVERSITY.

RETROSPECTION.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge, —
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret, —
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales!
The saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life;
Nor have you e'er began
A theme so wild as man,
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!
Autumn sears not like grief,
Nor kills such lovely flowers;
More terrible the storm,
More mournful the deform,
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre,
Silence, ye vocal choir,
And thou, mellifluous lute,
For man soon breathes his last,
And all his hope is past,
And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,
And when the leaves are dying,
And when the song is o'er,
O, let us think of those
Whose lives are lost in woes,
Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELE.

HENCE, ALL YE VAIN DELIGHTS.

FROM "THE NICE VALOUR," ACT III. SC. 3.

HENCE, all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't
But only melancholy,
O, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

JOHN FLETCHER.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT II. SC. 7.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

SHAKESPEARE.

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS EVER GOING.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing, —
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing, —
And still, O, still their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

AUBREY DE VERE.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Written in the spring of 1819, when suffering from physical depression, the precursor of his death, which happened soon after.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness, —
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth, —
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death.
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
In such an ecstasy! —
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

THE SUN IS WARM, THE SKY IS CLEAR.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight, —
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods', —
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion, —
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned, —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround;
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ROSALIE.

O, POUR upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain
That seems from other worlds to 'plain!
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No, never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before ; that with it brings
This nameless light — if light it be —
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres ;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this, —
So like angelic bliss !

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play, —
So thought the gentle Rosalie
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?
Frozen and dead
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart !
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die ?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart !
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days ;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth ?
O doubting heart !
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night ;
What sound can break the silence of despair ?
O doubting heart !
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I 've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

MY SHIP.

DOWN to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's tumult and dust and din
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,
Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,
Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,
Many and fair, — but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,
Noting the sails as they come in sight, —
" Have you seen my beautiful ship come in ? "

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me;
"Who is her master, and what her name?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

O, mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,
She sailed long since from the port of Youth, —
Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things,
She faded in distance and doubt away, —
With only a tremble of snowy wings
She floated, swan-like, adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious freight, —
All I had gathered by years of pain;
A tempting prize to the pirate, Fate, —
And still I watch for her back again; —

Watch from the earliest morning light
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,
To catch the gleam of her canvas white
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet, — she will never come
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more;
And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,
As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore,

Knowing that tempest and time and storm
Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark;
Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,
And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse, —
And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,
For vain and empty it long hath been,
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (*Florence Percy*).

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead, —
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!
And I, a lone exile remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun, —
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side!
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —
O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand, —
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.

O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan, —
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink ;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye ;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread, — void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, — Man is distant, but God is near !

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE WORLD.

The World 's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span :
In his conception wretched, from the womb,
So to the tomb ;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,
What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools :
The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men :
And where 's a city from foul vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head :
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse :
Some would have children : those that have them, moan
Or wish them gone :
What is it, then, to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife ?

Our own affection still at home to please
Is a disease :
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil :
Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,
We are worse in peace ; —
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die ?

FRANCIS, LORD BACON.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay !
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers, —
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not !

Love not ! the thing ye love may change ;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not !

Love not ! the thing you love may die, —
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth ;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not !

Love not ! O warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by !
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not !

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN.
(HON. MRS. NORTON.)

SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES."

O Loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O, worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!

MILTON.

FROM "PARADISE LOST."

EVE'S LAMENT.

BOOK XI.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods; where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

EVE TO ADAM.

BOOK XI.

With sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation, yet secure,
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

BOOK XII.

In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

WOLSEY'S FALL.

FROM "HENRY VIII.," ACT III. SC. 2.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

WOLSEY'S ADVICE TO CROMWELL.

FROM "HENRY VIII.," ACT III. SC. 2.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king ; and — pr'ythee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

SHAKESPEARE.

THE LATE SPRING.

She stood alone amidst the April fields, —
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare.
"The spring is late," she said, "the faithless spring,
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro ;
For them no green boughs wait, — their memories
Of last year's April had deceived them so."

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad spring,
The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees.
"Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said ;
"I wait my spring-time, and am cold like these.

"To them will come the fulness of their time ;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair ;
Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed ?
I am his own, — doth not my Father care ?"

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A LAMENT.

O world ! O Life ! O Time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before ·
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more, — O nevermore !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight :
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more, — O nevermore !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT DIE ?"

Spring it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly
When he 's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey, —
What can an old man do but die ?

June it was jolly,
O for its folly !
A dancing leg and a laughing eye !
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly, —
What can an old man do but die ?

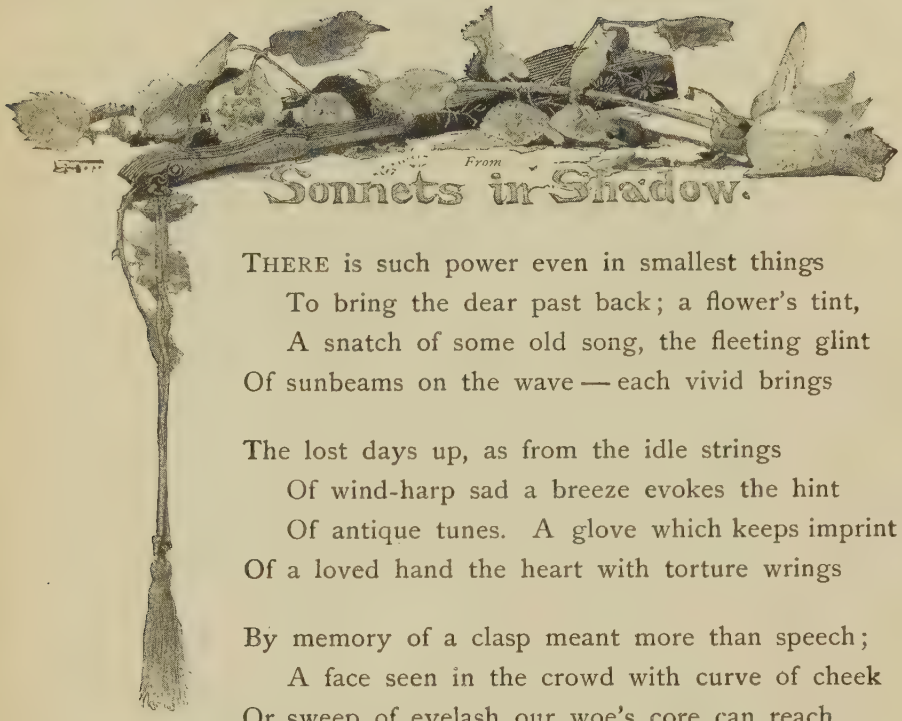
Friends they are scanty,
Beggars are plenty,
If he has followers, I know why ;
Gold 's in his clutches
(Buying him crutches !) —
What can an old man do but die ?

THOMAS HOOD.

PERISHED.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Wave after wave of greenness rolling down
From mountain top to base, a whispering sea
Of affluent leaves through which the viewless breeze
Murmurs mysteriously.



THERE is such power even in smallest things
To bring the dear past back; a flower's tint,
A snatch of some old song, the fleeting glint
Of sunbeams on the wave — each vivid brings

The lost days up, as from the idle strings
Of wind-harp sad a breeze evokes the hint
Of antique tunes. A glove which keeps imprint
Of a loved hand the heart with torture wrings

By memory of a clasp meant more than speech;
A face seen in the crowd with curve of cheek
Or sweep of eyelash our woe's core can reach.

How strong is love to yearn, and yet how weak
To strive with fate: the lesson all things teach,
As of the past in myriad ways they speak.

ARLO BATES.

LIFE.

Life, like a romping school-boy full of glee,
Doth bear us on his shoulders for a time:
There is no path too steep for him to climb,
With strong lithe limbs, as agile and as free
As some young roe, he speeds by vale and sea,
By flowery mead, by mountain-peak sublime,
And all the world seems motion set to rhyme,
Till, tired out, he cries, "Now carry me!"
In vain we murmur. "Come," Life says, "Fair play,"
And seizes on us. God! He goads us so.
He does not let us sit down all the day.
At each new step we feel the burden grow,
Till our bent backs seem breaking as we go,
Watching for Death to meet us on the way.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

And towering up amid the lesser throng,
A giant oak, so desolately grand,
Stretches its gray imploring arms to heaven
In agonized demand.

Smitten by lightning from a summer sky,
Or bearing in its heart a slow decay,
What matter, since inexorable fate
Is pitiless to slay.

Ah, wayward soul, hedged in and clothed about,
Doth not thy life's lost hope lift up its head,
And, dwarfing present joys, proclaim aloud, —
"Look on me, I am dead!"

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, — and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

FROM "TALES OF THE HALL."

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks:
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less, —
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft, — in short, began to prose.

GEORGE CRABBE.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat;
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding;
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat;
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding;
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens;
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool," —
Its grave import still my fancy ladens, —
"Here 's a fool!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,
I remember well, too well, that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,
O, to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core:
I have tottered here to look once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house! it is still the same;
There 's the very step I so oft mounted;
There 's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game.
Old stone school-house, it is still the same.

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn;
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see
Then were planted just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There 's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!
There 's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising;
Traps and trails!
There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails.

"There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing, —
Mary Jane!
There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There 's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table;
Taken wing!
There 's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When around it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!
I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters, and my little brother,
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways;
Bless the holy lesson! — but, ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown!
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,
Wheel me into the shadow,
There must be leaves on the woodbine,
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow,
Down to the little river,
In sun or in shadow
I shall not dazzle or shiver,
I shall be happy anywhere,
Every breath of the morning air
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,
By the mount or under the hill,
Or down by the little river:
Stay as long as you please,
Give me only a bud from the trees,
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;
There must be odors round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flowery hair
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thickest hazels of the brake
Perchance some nightingale doth shake
His feathers, and the air is full of song;
In those old days when I was young and strong,
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,
Beside the nursery.
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,
And find him singing on the self-same bough
(I know it even now)
Where, since the flit of bat,
In ceaseless voice he sat,
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,
Beneath the vernal moon;
And while I listed long,
Day rose, and still he sang,
And all his stanchless song,
As something falling unaware,
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang, —
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

. . . . .

My soul lies out like a basking hound, —
A hound that dreams and dozes;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each through each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;

As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses, —
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,
To feel I may dream and to know you deem
My work is done forever,
And the palpitating fever,
That gains and loses, loses and gains,
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a thousand pains,
Cooled at once by that blood-let
Upon the parapet ;
And all the tedious taskèd toil of the difficult long endeavor
Solved and quit by no more fine
Than these limbs of mine,
Spanned and measured once for all
By that right-hand I lost,
Bought up at so light a cost
As one bloody fall
On the soldier's bed,
And three days on the ruined wall
Among the thirstless dead.

O, to think my name is crost
From duty's muster-roll ;
That I may slumber though the clarion call,
And live the joy of an embodied soul
Free as a liberated ghost.
O, to feel a life of deed
Was emptied out to feed
That fire of pain that burned so brief awhile, —
That fire from which I come, as the dead come
Forth from the irreparable tomb,
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear
Through years of segregated care,
And takes the total load
Upon his shoulders broad,
And steps from earth to God.

O, to think, through good or ill,
Whatever I am you 'll love me still ;
O, to think, though dull I be,
You that are so grand and free,
You that are so bright and gay,
Will pause to hear me when I will,
As though my head were gay ;
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes ;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses, —
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,
To feel I may dream and to know you deem
My work is done forever,
And the palpitating fever,
That gains and loses, loses and gains,
And she,
Perhaps, O even she
May look as she looked when I knew her
In those old days of childish sooth,
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.
I will not seek nor sue her,
For I 'm neither fonder nor truer
Than when she slighted my lovelorn youth,
My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,
And I only lived to rue her.
But I 'll never love another,
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,
She shall love me yet, my brother !

As a child that holds by his mother,
While his mother speaks his praises,
Holds with eager hands,
And ruddy and silent stands
In the ruddy and silent daisies,
And hears her bless her boy,
And lifts a wondering joy,
So I 'll not seek nor sue her,
But I 'll leave my glory to woo her,
And I 'll stand like a child beside,
And from behind the purple pride
I 'll lift my eyes unto her,
And I shall not be denied.
And you will love her, brother dear,
And perhaps next year you 'll bring me here
All through the balmy April tide,
And she will trip like spring by my side,
And be all the birds to my ear.
And here all three we 'll sit in the sun,
And see the Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps too far for mortal eyes,

New springs of fresh primroses,
Springs of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, APRIL, 1845.

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night, —
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows, —
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn, —
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold, —
I smell the rose above the mould!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year, —
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

There 's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say:
So I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and garlands gay;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday, —
But I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he 's dying all for love, — but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother, — what is that to me?
There 's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year ;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you 're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see, —
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set, — he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;
And the new-year 's coming up, mother ; but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers ; we had a merry day, —
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May ;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There 's not a flower on all the hills, — the frost is on the pane ;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high, —
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill, —
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother ; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive me now ;
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow ;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild ;
You should not fret for me, mother — you have another child.

If I can, I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
Though you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I 'm far away.

Good night ! good night ! when I have said good night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don 't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green, —
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor.
Let her take 'em — they are hers ; I shall never garden more.

But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor window and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother! Call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year, —
So, if you 're waking, call me, ca'l me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet 's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow;
And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there 's One will let me in.
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat, —
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call, —
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, — and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed;
And then did something speak to me, — I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It 's not for them, — it 's mine;"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars;
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There 's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.

If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have
been his wife ;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my
desire of life.

O, look ! the sun begins to rise ! the heavens are
in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them
I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his
light may shine, —
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than
mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere
this day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond
the sun, —
Forever and forever with those just souls and
true, —
And what is life, that we should moan ? why
make we such ado ?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie
come, —
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast, —
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood
Made her wish only for solitude :
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,
For innermost shame, on another's to look ;
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear ! —
She still was young, and she had been fair ;
But weather-stains, hunger, toil, and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colors of youth depart
From the sallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea-foam,
Far from her country, far from her home ;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide and a memory to weep !
And her future held forth but the felon's lot, —
To live forsaken, to die forgot !
She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and withered from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein,
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain ;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping-place,
A strange, wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone, —
The sound from mine ear hath never gone ! —
"I had last night the loveliest dream :
My own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain ;
There stood on the hills the green pine-tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
A long and a weary way I had come ;
But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet
home.
I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,
With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair !
The Bible lay open upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echoed one to my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since
fled,
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were
dead !
— We have not spoken, but still I have hung
On the Northern accents that dwell on thy
tongue.
To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by Memory's pall !
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him." . . . .

Next day
Upon the deck a coffin lay ;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept over the surge ;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave, —
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE DREAMER.

FROM "POEMS BY A SEAMSTRESS.

NOT in the laughing bowers,
Where by green swinging elms a pleasant shade
At summer's noon is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of enamored flowers,
Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea ;
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace a smooth ascent from Earth to Heaven !

Not on a couch of ease,
With all the appliances of joy at hand, —
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command ;
Viands that might a godlike palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies,
Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on Earth !

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is gone, and darkness doth begin,
Dream I, — as in the corner where I lie,
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky ! —
Such is my fate, — and, barren though it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream !

And yet I dream, —
Dream what, were men more just, I might have been ;
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene,
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien ;
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene,
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen, —
Such is my dream !

And yet I dream, —
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eyes,
Bright with the lustre of integrity,
In unappealing wretchedness, on high,
And the last rage of Destiny defy ;
Resolved alone to live, — alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery !

And yet I dream, —
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall come,
My last, my first, my only welcome home !
Rest, unbeheld since Life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage,
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace the past forget !
Thus do I dream !

ANONYMOUS.

A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

THE ENGLISH GAME LAWS.

THE merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping,
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread,
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley
Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where, under the gloomy fir-woods,
One spot in the lea throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran,
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
And the hares, and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
Rose up to the throne of God :

"I am long past wailing and whining,
I have wept too much in my life :
I 've had twenty years of pining
As an English laborer's wife.

"A laborer in Christian England,
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's,
For a few more brace of game.

"There 's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
There 's blood on your pointer's feet ;
There 's blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there 's blood on the game you eat.

"You have sold the laboring man, squire,
Both body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

"You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
When you 'd give neither work nor meat,
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children's feet ;

"When, packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay ;
While the rain pattered in on the rotten bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day ;

"When we lay in the burning fever,
On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
At the cursèd workhouse door.

"We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders ?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep ?

"Our daughters, with base-born babies,
Have wandered away in their shame;
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,
Your misses might do the same.

"Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking,
With handfuls of coals and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price?

"You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools,
But you 've run up a debt that will never
Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

"In the season of shame and sadness,
In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
Are eating your race away;

"When to kennels and liveried varlets
You have cast your daughters' bread,
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

"When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,
You will find in your God the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave."

She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.*

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride, —
I 've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man, while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway:
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, O, what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn, —
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;

* Gilbert Burns, the brother of the poet, says: "He (Burns) used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, *Man was made to mourn*, was composed."

And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, 'though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I 'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed, —
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the last !
The poor, oppressèd, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

"O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But O, a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn ! "

ROBERT BURNS.

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known ;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down ;
But one had wilder woe —
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green ;
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more ;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free :
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet ;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas ! " these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead —
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea !
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWN.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she ; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air ;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair, —
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo, —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair, —
A slight girl, lily-pale ;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail, —
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray ;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way ! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

LONDON CHURCHES.

I stood, one Sunday morning,
Before a large church door,
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score, —
From one out stepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette ;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set, —
But above the Cross there glistened
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide ;
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide, —
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline, —
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray ;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array, —
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and crept away.

Richard Monckton Milnes.
(Lord Houghton.)

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below !
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow ! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek ;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak ;
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love !

O the snow, the beautiful snow !
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye ;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song !
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, —
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye !
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow :
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by ;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, — but I fell :
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven — to hell :
Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street :
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow !

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow ;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace, —
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh ;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !

How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

JAMES W. WATSON.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!" — HAMLET.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly, —
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, —
One of Eve's family, —
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb, —
Her fair auburn tresses, —
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed, —
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver:
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly, —
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran —
Over the brink of it!
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,

Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest !
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.

ON WOMAN.

FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy ?
What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street ;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is on her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, tattered mantle the wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom, —
There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the room ;
And children with grave faces are whispering one another
Of presents for the New Year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak ;
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.

. . . . .

Her home is cold and desolate ; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her for warmth her little feet ;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears the clock strike slowly, up high in a church-tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

She remembered her of stories her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell,
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger when winter was most wild ;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone ;
And she thought the song had told her he was ever with his own,
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones were his, —
" How good of him to look on me in such a place as this ! "

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure on her bosom, and the weight upon her brow ;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,

That she might look around her, and see if he was there.
The single match was kindled ; and, by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Maggie that the wall was rent in two.
And she could see the room within, the room all warm and light,
With the fire-glow red and blazing, and the tapers burning bright.

And kindred there were gathered round the table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine, and pleasant bread.
She could smell the fragrant odor ; she could hear them talk and play ;
Then all was darkness once again — the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see,
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas-tree.
The branches all were laden down with things that children prize ;
Bright gifts for boy and maiden they showed before her eyes.
And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout ;
Then darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried, — they will not light ;
Then all her little store she took, and struck with all her might.
And the whole place around her was lighted with the glare :
And lo ! there hung a little Child before her in the air !
There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide.
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow, — ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas-tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn :

And she folded both her thin white hands and turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O Lord !"

The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.
In her scant and tattered garments, with her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
They lifted her up fearfully, and shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night ! the child is frozen dead."
The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin ;
Men said, "It was a bitter night ; would no one let her in ?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed : they could not see
How much of happiness there was after that misery.

From the Danish of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread, —
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work ! work
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work — work — work
Till the stars shine through the roof
It 's, O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim !
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam, —
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt, —
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death, —
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own, —
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags,
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work
From weary chime to chime!
Work — work — work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band, —
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work
In the dull December light!
And work — work — work
When the weather is warm and bright!
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet, —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"O, but for one short hour, —
A respite, however brief!
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread, —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

Give me three grains of corn, mother, —
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother, —
Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother, —
A wolf that is fierce for blood;
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother
How could I look to you
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother, —
The Queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold, —
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother, —
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother, —
The great men and the high, —
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the Channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give life to *me* and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when *he* died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, O, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'T was vain; — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE MANIAC.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I 'm now too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I 'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail, —
O jailer, haste that fate to tell!
O, haste my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see, —
'T is gone ! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold ! — No warmth ! no light !
Life, all thy comforts once I had ;
Yet here I 'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not *mad ; no, no, — not mad !*

'T is sure some dream, some vision vain ;
What ! *I*, the child of rank and wealth, —
Am *I* the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which nevermore my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head ;
But 't is not *mad ; no, 't is not mad !*

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?
She 'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;
Nor how with her you sued to stay ;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;
Nor how — I 'll drive such thoughts away !
They 'll *make* me mad, they 'll *make* me mad !

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
None ever bore a lovelier child,
And art thou now forever gone ?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?
I will be free ! unbar the door !
I am not mad ; I am not mad !

O, hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?
His chain some furious madman breaks ;
He comes, — I see his glaring eyes ;
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help ! Help ! — He 's gone ! — O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see !
My brain, my brain, — I know, I know
I am *not* mad, but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon ; — for, lo you ! while I speak, —
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare !
He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror ! — the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends ; — I feel the truth ;
Your task is done, — I 'M MAD ! I 'M MAD !

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

THE BEGGAR.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes, — why should we repine ?
'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you see :
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot ;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, — once the comfort of my age !
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, — sweet soother of my care ! —
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, — lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward slave, we pass him by ;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil 's obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, —
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that ?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, —
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that, —
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that ;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man 's aboon his might, —
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that ;
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, —
As come it will for a' that, —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that, —
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, — bow the head, —
In reverent silence bow, —
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With lowly reverence bow ;
There 's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo ! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend ;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppressed, — again
That short deep gasp, and then —
The parting groan.

O change ! O wondrous change !
Burst are the prison bars, —
This moment, *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now, —
Beyond the stars.

O change ! stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod ;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes, —
Wakes with his God !

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE 's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot, —
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot ;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs ;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings ;
Rattle his bones over the stones !
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns !

O, where are the mourners ? Alas ! there are none ;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he 's gone, —

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man ;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can :
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din !
The whip, how it cracks ! and the wheels, how they spin !
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled !
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world !
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he 's stretched in a coach !
He 's taking a drive in his carriage at last ;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins ! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid !
And be joyful to think, when by death you 're laid low,
You 've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go !
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend !
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he 's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

Over the hill to the poor-house I 'm trudgin' my weary way —
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray —
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I 've told,
As many another woman that 's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house — I can't quite make it clear !
Over the hill to the poor-house — it seems so horrid queer !
Many a step I 've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame ?
Am I lazy or crazy ? am I blind or lame ?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout ;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way ;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I 'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some — I was, upon my soul —
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal ;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'T ain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me ;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part ;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together : and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way ;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one ;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done ;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rn 's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones ! —
I 'd have died for my daughters, I 'd have died for my sons ;

And God he made that rule of love; but when
we 're old and gray,
I 've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work
the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls
was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they 'd left us
there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer
seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him
away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe
or fall —
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now
my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce
a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife
from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' had n't a pleasant
smile —
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o'
style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her,
I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I could n't make
it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for
her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin'
things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost
made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rith-
metic.

So 't was only a few days before the thing was
done —
They was a family of themselves, and I another
one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big
enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could
please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I did n't
try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a
blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I
could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was
small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was
for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what
with child'rn three,
'T was easy to discover that there was n't room
for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I 've
got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an
acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me — I could n't
stand their sauce —
And Thomas said I need n't think I was comin'
there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives
out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her — some twenty
miles at best;
And one of 'em said 't was too warm there for
any one so old,
And t' other had an opinion the climate was too
cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted
me about —
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my
old heart out;
But still I 've borne up pretty well, an' was n't
much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me
on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house — my child'rn
dear, good by!
Many a night I 've watched you when only God
was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays
pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

WILL M. CARLETON.

THE BLIND BOY.

O, say, what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight,
O, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy :
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done, — the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task ;
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends, —
Let 's close it with a parting rhyme ;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As flits the merry Christmas time ;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts
That fate erelong shall bid you play ;
Good night ! — with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway !

Good night ! — I 'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age ;
I 'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men, —
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys, —
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys ;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I 'd say how fate may change and shift, —
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift :
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?
Blessèd be He who took and gave !
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave ?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That 's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit, —
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen ! — whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.

Who misses, or who wins the prize, —
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !
(Bear kindly with my humble lays ;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days ;
The shepherds heard it overhead, —
The joyful angels raised it then :
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men !

My song, save this, is little worth ;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still, —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

FRAGMENTS.

The Lot of Mankind.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
In Memoriam, vi. TENNYSON.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Hymn to Adversity. T. GRAY.

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried !
The Goblet of Life. LONGFELLOW.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
Night Thoughts, Night iii. DR. E. YOUNG.

O life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Despondency. BURNS.

A man I am, crossed with adversity.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity.
Comedy of Errors, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Sympathy and Scorn.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
Endymion. LONGFELLOW.

What precious drops are those,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew ?
Conquest of Granada, Part II. Act iii. *Sc.* 1. DRYDEN.

'T is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
Romeo and Juliet, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Press not a falling man too far.
King Henry VIII., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.
London. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Disappointed Ambition.

Here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne ; bid kings come bow to it.
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.
Paradise Lost, Book i. MILTON.

WOLSEY. I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
King Henry VIII., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !
King Henry VIII., Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
Macbeth, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

WORLD-WEARINESS.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Man delights not me ; no, nor woman neither.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

THE MEMORY OF SORROWS.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
The Course of Time, Book i. POLLOK.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe.
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. T. GRAY.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone :
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
The Queen of Corinth, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. J. FLETCHER.

THE MEMORY OF JOYS.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.
Inferno, Cant. v. DANTE.

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
King Richard II., Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

BAD NEWS.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.
King Henry IV., Part II. Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

VARIED MISERY.

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe !
Lara, Cant. i. BYRON.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
King John, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Moping melancholy,
And moonstruck madness.
Paradise Lost, Book xi. MILTON.

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.
King Lear, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass : he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
King Lear, Act v. *Sc.* iii. SHAKESPEARE.

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.
Epistle from Esopus to Maria. BURNS.

Consolation in Adversity.

Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Hudibras, Part I. *Cant.* iii. BUTLER.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Othello, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes.
Verses to his Friend under Affliction. J. POMFRET.

The weariest and most loathèd worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Measure for Measure, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul.
Art of Preserving Health, Book iv. J. ARMSTRONG.

Loss of Property.

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing.
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry : June's Abstract. T. TUSSER.

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert ;
The happy man 's without a shirt.
Be Merry, Friends. J. HEYWOOD.

If ever you have looked on better days ;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

We have seen better days.
Timon of Athens, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

My pride fell with my fortunes.
As You Like It, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The High and the Low.

He that is down needs fear no fall.
Pilgrim's Progress, Part II. BUNYAN.

I am not now in fortune's power ;
He that is down can fall no lower.
Hudibras, Part I. Cant. iii. BUTLER.

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt.
Epistle to Mr. Pope. E. YOUNG.

'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
King Henry VIII., Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor !
Urania. O. W. HOLMES.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
The Fair Penitent : Prologue. N. ROWE.

None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Love of Fame, Satire i. DR. E. YOUNG.

Hope in Misery.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
The Captivity, Act ii. GOLDSMITH.

The worst is not
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.
Measure for Measure, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Macb. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Briefness of Joys.

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
Pleasures of Hope, Part II. T. CAMPBELL.

How fading are the joys we dote upon !
Like apparitions seen and gone ;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong ;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long.
The Parting. J. NORRIS.

Despair.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!
King Lear, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I am a tainted wether of the flock.
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.
The Corsair, Cant. iii. BYRON.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all.
Paradise Lost, Book i. MILTON.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
Paradise Lost, Book ii. MILTON.

Resignation.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.
Addressed to Sir G. H. B. WORDSWORTH.

'T is impious in a good man to be sad.
Night Thoughts, Night iv. DR. E. YOUNG.

Heaven a Refuge for the Wretched.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.
Hyperion, Book i.: *Motto: from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.* LONGFELLOW.

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.
The Lord of the Isles, Cant. i. SCOTT.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady. COWPER.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Sacred Songs: Come, ye Disconsolate. MOORE.

The Uses of Adversity.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
As You Like It, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Philip Van Artevelde, Part I. Act i. *Sc.* 5. H. TAYLOR.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.
Jacqueline. S. ROGERS.

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But, crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
The Captivity, Act i. GOLDSMITH.

As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
Fire Worshippers. MOORE.

Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae otherwhere.
Epistle to Davie. BURNS.

By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.
On the Earl of Southampton. S. DANIEL.

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.
Paradise Lost, Book vii. MILTON.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.
Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honor, Sc. 1. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 't was thrown
So in affliction's violence, he that 's wise
The more he 's cast down will the higher rise.
Microcosmos. NABB.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong, —
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
The Light of Stars. LONGFELLOW

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